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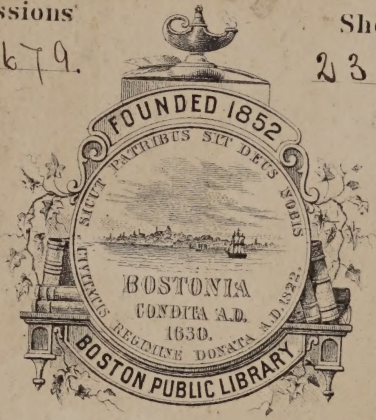

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RICHARDSON

and

RANGELEY LAKES

JOHNSON-DYER SC. BOSTON.

ILLUSTRATED

Boston, Concord and Montreal,

—AND—

WHITE MOUNTAINS R. R.

Shortest, Pleasantest and Most Popular Route of Travel

TO THE

MOUNTAIN AND LAKE REGIONS

OF

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND VERMONT.

Also, the Only Rail Route to the

SUMMIT OF MT. WASHINGTON

and FRANCONIA NOTCH.

☞ Through train, with elegant Parlor Cars attached, leaves **Lowell Depot, Boston,** at **8.10 A.M.,** for

WEIRS, PLYMOUTH, LITTLETON,
BETHLEHEM, PROFILE HOUSE,
TWIN MOUNTAINS, FABYAN,
and MOUNT WASHINGTON,
Jefferson, Lancaster, and Groveton Junction,

where connection is made with the **Grand Trunk Railroad.** At **NORTH STRATFORD** connection is made with Bailey's Line of Stages for Colebrook,

DIXVILLE NOTCH,

and **Errol Dam,** connecting at the latter place with **Steamer Diamond,** for

LAKE UMBAGOG AND THE RICHARDSON LAKES,
The Trout Fisher's Paradise.

The new Narrow Gauge Railroad for **Profile House** connects with this Line at Bethlehem, and the Whitefield & Jefferson R. R. for **Jefferson** connects with this R. R. at Whitefield, making the only direct route to these points.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

From BOSTON to COLEBROOK and RANGELEY LAKES and Return, are for sale at the

COMPANY'S OFFICE, - - No. 5 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

J. A. DODGE, Gen'l Manager.

W. R. BRACKETT, G. T. A., Plymouth, N. H.

SEASON of SUMMER TRAVEL, 1879

Bryants Pond, Rumford, ANDOVER, RICHARDSON & RANGELEY LAKES.

A DAILY LINE OF FIRST-CLASS STAGES

Makes daily connections with trains on Grand Trunk Railroad, between Bryants Pond and Andover. This is an old established line, and has been in charge of the present proprietors, Messrs. Tuttle and Woodman, for many years. Fine coaches, good horses and experienced drivers, are to be found on this line, which is one of the most pleasant stage routes in this country. The stage leaves the Grand Trunk Railroad Depot daily, on the arrival of train from Boston, which is due at 4.30 P. M., for Andover. At Rumford, three-quarters of an hour is given for supper. The time between Bryants Pond and Andover is three hours. **Fare from Bryants Pond to Rumford, 75 cents. From Bryants Pond to Andover, $1.50.**

Returning, the stage leaves the ANDOVER HOUSE each morning, arriving at Bryants Pond in time to connect with through trains for Boston.

Bryants Pond, Rumford Centre, E. Rumford, Mexico and Dixfield.

Stage leaves Railroad Depot at Bryants Pond

Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY,

On arrival of train from Boston, for the above places,

Returning every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY,

Reaching Bryants Pond in time to connect with through train for Boston. Stage connects at Mexico with stages for ROXBURY and BYRON.

Fare from Bryants Pond to		Rumford Centre	$ .75
"	"	East Rumford	1.00
"	"	Mexico	1.25
"	"	Dixfield	1.50

TUTTLE & WOODMAN, Proprietors.

Bryants Pond, June 2, 1879.

ANDOVER HOUSE,

ANDOVER, MAINE.

ALBERT W. THOMAS, Proprietor.

Only 12 miles from the Richardson Lakes, and the most Direct Route to the

MIDDLE AND UPPER DAMS,

THE TWO BEST PLACES FOR

TROUT FISHING

In the Entire Lake Region.

This popular Hotel is now open for the summer travel, and is capable of giving good accommodations to fifty guests. It is most desirably situated in the charming village of Andover, 21 miles from Bryants Pond, a station on the Grand Trunk Road, with which it is connected by a first-class line of stages.

ONLY 12 HOURS FROM BOSTON.

The house commands a very fine view of the mountains by which it is entirely surrounded. There are many beautiful walks and drives in the vicinity, and very pleasant excursions may be made by means of private teams to various places, within a radius of five to twenty miles.

The hotel is located in the centre of the village, and near post-office, and telegraph-office, churches, stores, etc.

The trout brooks about Andover, are all within easy walking or riding distance of the Hotel, and furnish excellent sport.

Terms $2.00 per day.

$7 to 10 by the week.

Parties going to the Richardson or Rangeley Lakes will be furnished with teams, guides and boats, by Mr. Thomas, at reasonable prices.

Any further information in regard to Andover or the Lakes will be cheerfully furnished, by Mr. Thomas.

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT!

The Nearest, Cheapest and Most Direct Route

—TO—

Richardson (Rangeley Lakes),
Middle Dam,
Upper Dam, and
Indian Rock,

—IS—

Via ANDOVER, Maine.

MILES OF TRAVEL AND
SEVERAL DOLLARS SAVED,

BY PURCHASING TICKETS AT

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OFFICE,

280 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

ANDOVER ROUTE.		FARMINGTON ROUTE.	
Portland to Bryant's Pond,	62 miles.	Portland to Farmington,	90 miles.
Bryant's Pond to Andover,	21 "	Farmington to head of Rangeley Lake,	36 miles.
Andover to Lakes,	12 "	Head of Lake to Outlet,	10 "
South Arm to Upper Dam,	12 "	Carry to Indian Rock,	2 "
Upper Dam to Indian Rock,	10 "		
Total,	117 miles.	Total,	138 miles.

By reading the above table it will be seen that the Farmington route to Indian Rock is **TWENTY-ONE MILES MORE** than the Andover route, and to the Upper Dam, **THIRTY-ONE MILES MORE** than the Andover route.

Passengers who go to Indian Rock *via* Farmington, Phillips and Rangeley, are landed in the woods, two miles from the hotel at Indian Rock, and have to walk that distance, and have their baggage hauled across the Carry.

Those who visit Indian Rock *via* Bryant's Pond, Andover, and the Richardson Lakes, are landed within a few yards of the hotel, directly in front of it, and their baggage is carried to the hotel **Free of Expense.**

ALWAYS PURCHASE TICKETS

FOR ALL POINTS IN THE

RICHARDSON (RANGELEY) LAKES REGION,

BY WAY OF

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

French's Hotel,

ANDOVER, MAINE.

JOHN A. FRENCH, PROPRIETOR:

Terms, $2.00 per day, Transient.

Special Rates by the Week or Month.

This fine hotel was erected during the summer of 1878, and is the largest hotel in Andover, having good accommodation for 100 guests. The interior finish is superior to that of any hotel in the county, and the furniture is all new. The sleeping rooms are large and airy, and contain excellent beds. Special attention is given to the table; the dining room is pleasantly located in the front of the house, and is large enough for dancing and other amusements. The parlor is a handsome apartment, and contains a fine piano for the use of guests. This house stands on the main street, in the centre of the village, near stores, churches, post and telegraph offices. It commands beautiful views of mountain and vale, and from the cupola one can overlook the entire Ellis River Valley.

Among the places of interest within easy walking or riding distance of the hotel are the "Cataracts," "Dunn's Notch," "Bald Pate," "Devil's Den," "Hermit Falls," "Roxbury Pond," "Rumford Falls," "Zircon Springs," etc., etc.

The numerous trout streams in the vicinity offer splendid opportunities for brook trout fishing, and those who wish to visit the Rangeley Lakes, only 12 miles from Andover, for the larger brook trout, can go at any time, as a daily team runs from the hotel to the south arm of Richardson Lake, connecting with Steamer Welokennebacook for the Middle and Upper Dams, Bemis Stream, Indian Rock, and other points on the Lakes.

For beautiful drives and fine scenery, Andover is unexcelled by any village in New England.

There are several large pine groves in the village, and these, combined with the mountain air, make the place unusually healthy. Persons troubled with hay fever, catarrh, or consumption in its earlier stages, find immediate and permanent relief, from a visit to this place.

For any additional particulars in regard to prices, rooms, &c., address the proprietor as above.

ANGLER'S RETREAT.

MIDDLE DAM,

Lower Richardson Lake.

No Better Trout Fishing

Will be found

IN THE ENTIRE RANGELEY LAKES REGION

Than at the

MIDDLE DAM.

All the Best Places for Fishing are near the Hotel.

BOATS TO LET AT 50 CENTS PER DAY.

The NEW HOTEL is pleasantly situated, overlooking the lake. All the sleeping rooms are nicely finished, lathed and plastered.

GODWIN & BROOKS, Prop'rs.

EXCURSION TICKETS,

From BOSTON to MIDDLE DAM and RETURN, via Andover, rail and stage, ***only $13.50.***

FARRAR'S

Illustrated Guide Book

TO

RANGELEY, RICHARDSON, KENNEBAGO, UMBAGOG,

AND

PARMACHENEE LAKES,

THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE

CONNECTICUT, DIXVILLE NOTCH, AND ANDOVER, ME.,

AND VICINITY.

WITH

A New and Correct Map of the Lake Region,

Drawn and Printed Expressly for this Book.

ALSO CONTAINS THE

GAME AND FISH LAWS OF MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE,

(As revised by the last Legislatures),

RAILROAD, STEAMBOAT, AND STAGE ROUTES,

Time Tables, Table of Fares, List of Hotels, Prices of Board, and other valuable Information for the Sportsman, Tourist, or Pleasure-Seeker.

By CHARLES A. J. FARRAR,

Author of "Moosehead Lake and Vicinity," Illustrated; "Camp Life in the Wilderness," etc.

BOSTON:
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NEW YORK: CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM.
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PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION.

THE many changes and improvements that have taken place in the Richardson (Rangeley) Lakes Region the past two years have compelled the author the past winter to thoroughly revise this little volume, and entirely re-write many pages of it. The illustrations have been added to, as well as the text, and the result, it is hoped, will be to make the work more popular than ever with sportsmen and tourists. Especial care has been taken to give as reliable information as could be obtained upon all matters mentioned in the book.

For several years the travel to Maine has rapidly increased, and no part of the State offers better inducements to sportsmen and tourists than the Rangeley Lakes Region. If not Paradise, it is about as near to it as one ever gets in this world. Magnificent scenery, pure air, splendid trout-fishing, fine hunting, and good hotel accommodations at low prices, all combine to make this one of the most popular resorts in the country.

The fares to many points in the Rangeley Lake Region have been largely reduced for the coming season, and traveling facilities have been considerably improved, and another year will show a farther advance in this direction.

A narrow-gauge railroad will be constructed, the present year, between Farmington and Phillips, although it is doubtful if it will be finished in time for any part of this season's business; and there

is some talk of building a similar road between Bethel and Andover, next summer.

Round-trip tickets will be on sale in all principal cities, both to go and return the same way from Boston, and to go by one route and return by another.

As this is the only standard work on the Richardson and Rangeley Lakes Region published, it will faithfully chronicle all new features connected with the place, and additions will be made to the book, for this purpose another year, if needed.

As many of the advertisements in this volume contain information of value to those visiting the Lake Region, we bespeak for them a careful perusal from the readers of the book.

CHARLES A. J. FARRAR.

JAMAICA PLAIN, May 19, 1879.

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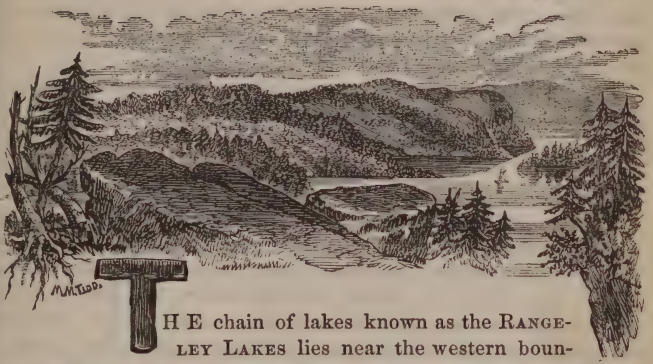
CHAPTER I.

The Rangeley Lakes.



THE chain of lakes known as the RANGELEY LAKES lies near the western boundary of Maine, in Franklin and Oxford counties. The lower lake of the chain, UMBAGOG, is more than half in Coos County, New Hampshire. The lakes are known severally, as RANGELEY, or OQUOSSOC, CUPSUPTIC, MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC, or the GREAT LAKE, MOLECHUNKAMUNK, or the UPPER RICHARDSON LAKE, WELOKENNEBACOOK, or the LOWER RICHARDSON LAKE, and UMBAGOG. These six lakes are all connected by narrows or streams, forming one continuous water communication for about fifty miles.

The country about the northern, southern, and eastern shores of RANGELEY, and the southern shore of UMBAGOG, is partially cleared up, and some very good farms have been started; all the rest of the country in the lake region is an unbroken wilderness, known only by the hunter or lumberman. Game and fish in abundance are found through all the district, and the number of adventurers

who penetrate these rugged wilds in summer is every year on the increase. The mountains are well-covered with a growth of trees, —birch, beech, maple, ash, hemlock, spruce, fir, cedar, and pine, in the higher lands; and along the courses of the streams, almost impenetrable thickets of spruce, hemlock, and cedar. The first affords the most valuable timber, which is run down the various streams in the time of the spring freshets, and thence across the lakes.

Two other lakes mentioned in this book, while not belonging to the Rangeley chain, are still connected with them. KENNEBAGO LAKE lies about fourteen miles north of CUPSUPTIC, and is connected with the latter by the KENNEBAGO RIVER, which serves as an outlet for its waters.

KENNEBAGO is one of the prettiest lakes in the State of Maine, and it has an advantage over its sisters of the Rangeley Chain, from the fact that there is no dam at the foot of it; consequently its shores are not overflowed, or covered with dead trees. It runs east and west, and is almost completely surrounded with high mountains. Its shores are thickly wooded, and there are several nice sand beaches about it. Standing on the point at the head of the lake, near Crosby and Grant's Camp, you obtain a fine view, embracing nearly the entire sheet of water. On your left is SPOTTED MOUNTAIN, which descends to the water, and extends along the lake for several miles. On the right, a little ridge, known as WILD CAT HILL, seems to confine the water on that side. Beyond this is EAST KENNEBAGO MOUNTAIN. WEST KENNEBAGO and SNOW MOUNTAINS are also plainly to be seen from this point. Some of the most beautiful sunsets we have ever witnessed we saw at KENNEBAGO LAKE, and the view of lake and mountain from SNOWMAN'S POINT during the sun's decline is superb. We do not try to describe it, for it would be simply an impossibility. KENNEBAGO is five or six miles long, and from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half wide. Three miles above the lake is a pond, known as LITTLE KENNEBAGO, where there is good fishing. A light-draught boat can be run up the stream between the lake and the pond without much difficulty. The SEVEN PONDS, a great place for trout-fishing, are twelve miles north of KENNEBAGO LAKE, and may be reached easily by following up the stream from LITTLE KENNEBAGO. Most people who go to

KENNEBAGO LAKE do not leave until they have visited the falls on the KENNEBAGO RIVER. These are situated a mile and a half from the outlet. The mile can be done in a boat; then you land at the head of the rapids, and after walking half a mile through the woods you will reach the falls, which are more a series of heavy rapids than a regular fall, but they are well worth a visit.

PARMACHENEE LAKE lies about seventy miles north of UMBAGOG, in a vast wilderness, that extends for miles beyond. It is connected with the latter lake by the MAGALLOWAY RIVER, which serves as its outlet. It is not so large as the most of the RANGELEY LAKES, but, like KENNEBAGO, it has a peculiar beauty of its own. It is fast coming into notice with sportsmen and fishermen, and for that reason, farther on, we have devoted several pages to it. Its waters are filled with trout, and the forest about it abounds with every variety of game, from the lively little squirrel to the lordly moose. The scenery in the locality is enchanting, and, being so far beyond the bound of civilization, there is a charm and romance in visiting this lake that you will not meet with about the others.

As part of Umbagog Lake, and some of the trout streams in the vicinity of Errol Dam, lie in New Hampshire, we give in the back part of the GUIDE the Game and Fish Laws of both Maine and New Hampshire, knowing they will be of interest to persons visiting these waters.

As a great many people seem to have an idea that it requires no effort to catch ten-pound trout, or to shoot deer or moose, we assure them that patience and experience are both necessary requisites to success in hunting and fishing.

Theodore Winthrop, in some of his writings, has most happily taken off the green sportsman in the Adirondack Region, and as what he has so truthfully portrayed is equally applicable to the Lake Region of Maine, we give it here. He says: —

"There, in the forest you see the stag of ten trots, coquetting with greenhorns. He likes the excitement of being shot at and missed. He enjoys the smell of powder in a battle where he is always safe. He hears greenhorn blundering through the woods, stopping to growl at briars, stopping to revive his courage with the Dutch supplement. The stag of ten trots awaits his foe in a glade. The foe arrives, sees the antlered monarch, and is panic-struck.

He watches him prance and strike the ground with his hoofs. He slowly recovers heart, takes a pull at his flask, rests his gun upon a log, and begins to study his mark. The stag will not stand still. Greenhorn is baffled. At last his target turns and carefully exposes that region of his body where greenhorn has read lies the heart. Just about to fire, he catches the eye of the stag winking futility into his elaborate aim. His blunderbuss jerks upward. A shower of cut leaves floats through the smoke, from a tree thirty feet overhead. Then, with a mild-eyed, melancholy look of reproachful contempt, the stag turns away, and wanders off to sleep in quiet coverts far within the wood. He has fled, while for greenhorn no trophy remains. Antlers have nodded to the sportsman; a short tail has disappeared before his eyes; — he has seen something, but has nothing to show. Whereupon he buys a couple of pairs of ancient weather-bleached horns from some colonist, and, nailing them up at impossible angles on the wall of his city den, humbugs brother-cockneys with tales of hunting, and has for life his special legend, 'How I shot my first deer in the Adirondacks,'" or at RANGELEY LAKES, as the case may be.

Nowhere in this country will the people afflicted with the "camping-out" fever find a more convenient or more pleasant place to gratify it than the RANGELEY LAKE REGION. Here four of the indispensable requisites of tent life, viz., good, clear water, plenty of fire-wood, game, and fish, are always to be found, and the cosey little nooks and charming spots on the shores of the lakes, or the banks of the streams, each and all commanding some picturesque view, where one can pitch a tent, are simply innumerable.

If one could be always sure of pleasant weather tent life would be relieved of its greatest drawback. But we cannot control the elements, whatever else we may bring under subjection, and "camping out" in a two or three days' storm takes the good-nature out of the most pleasant and philosophic individual. It is far worse where there are ladies in the party than if it is composed entirely of gentlemen; for although, the sterner sex can push about in the wet underbrush, and go fishing in the rain, the ladies are compelled to sit moping in a damp tent, and wishing for nothing so much in the world as to see the sun shine once more.

The writer has tried "camping out" for several seasons; and

while he does not deny that there is a great deal of fun and enjoyment in it, still he holds to the opinion that it is better and cheaper to stop at the camps about the lakes, and pay $1.50 to $2.00 per day for board, and be sure of a comfortable bed at night, and a roof over your head in a storm. The accommodations at one of these camps in the wilderness are so different from what you meet with at home, that it has a novelty almost equal to tent life, with none of its disagreeable features. However inspired people may be with life in the woods, they soon get tired of washing dishes, cooking meals, cutting wood, lugging water, and the various routine of duty that is inseparable from life in a tent. But if you must "camp out," take along one or two guides to do the work and the cooking, and then you are free from care, and may hope for an enjoyable time if you have pleasant weather. On the following page we present an illustration of a party camping out on the shore of the Upper Richardson Lake, at the mouth of the river. Our artist has been successful in making a spirited sketch of the scene.

Black flies, midges, and mosquitoes, are to be met with in the Rangeley Lake Region the latter part of June and the first part of July. By taking with you a preparation of sweet oil and tar, and anointing your face and hands, you will generally escape their importunities. The only time that they are really troublesome is on a very still day or night. Where there is any wind at all they will not trouble you. Persons camping out generally build up a "smudge" at night, which frees them from the attacks of these insects. Ladies visiting the lakes in "fly-time" will do well to wear a thick veil and long kid gauntlets, in addition to their other clothing. There is only about a month, from the middle of June to the middle of July, that flies and midges are troublesome, and any person who has visited the lakes once can very easily keep clear of them, and they have this to console them, that these insects in Maine are not near as plenty, nor half so voracious as they are in the Adirondack Region, neither are they any more troublesome than at the White Mountains. As ladies may not think that tar and oil would improve their complexion (although it is a fact that it makes the skin soft and white after its use) we would inform them that oil of pennyroyal and sweet oil, properly mixed, is fully as good as the other preparation. We speak from

"Camping Out" at Mouth of River, Upper Dam.

practical experience, having frequently used it. Any druggist can prepare it for you, and the cost is a mere trifle.

Close observation during a nine summers' sojourn in the Lake Region warrants us in asserting that the black fly and midge are not near so thick now as they were in former years, and many of the regular habitués of the lakes declare that they are gradually becoming extinct. House flies have increased largely about the lakes in the past five years, and the thicker these become the faster the black flies diminish. Those who pretend to know, say that the two species of flies will not live together.

CHAPTER II.

Routes between Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

Philadelphia to Boston.

HE traveler from Philadelphia and farther south has choice of three distinct routes between Philadelphia and Boston, the first two by rail, the last by steamer.

I. PHILADELPHIA to BOSTON, via New York City, by New York and Philadelphia New Line (Bound Brook Route); then to Boston by routes mentioned hereafter.

Leave Philadelphia, from depot corner of Third and Berks streets, at 1.45 P.M., arriving in New York at 4.05 P.M., in time to connect with Sound Lines of Steamers, or at 5.30 P.M., arriving in New York in time to connect with night trains for Boston, passing the stations of Green Lane, Jenkintown, Noble, Benezet, Bethayres, Philmont, Somerton, Trevose, Janney, Langhorne, Woodbourne, Palmer, Yardley, Trenton Junction, Ewing, Pennington, Hopewell, Stoutsburg, Skillman, Harlingen, Vanaken, Hamilton, Weston, Bound Brook, Dunellen, Plainfield, Fanwood, Westfield, Cranford, Roselle, Elizabeth, Newark, Jersey City, thence by Liberty street Ferry to New York. Fare to New York, $2.50.

II. PHILADELPHIA to BOSTON, via New York City, by Pennsylvania Railroad to New York; thence to Boston by routes mentioned hereafter.

Leave Philadelphia from depot at Thirty-second and Market streets at 1.30 P.M., in time to connect with Sound Lines of Steamers, or at 5.30 P.M., arriving in New York in time to connect with night trains for Boston, passing the stations of German-

town Junction, Bristol, Trenton, Princeton Junction, Plainsboro, Monmouth Junction, New Brunswick, Metuchen, Uniontown, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark, Jersey City, thence by Cortlandt or Desbrosses-street Ferry to New York. Fare to New York, $2.50.

III. PHILADELPHIA to BOSTON, direct, by Boston and Philadelphia Steamship Line. One of the fine steamers of this Company will leave Philadelphia from wharf foot of Pine street, South Delaware avenue, every Wednesday and Saturday, at 10 A.M., arriving at Boston in forty-eight hours. Fare, $10.00, including meals and state-room.

New York to Boston.

I. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via Stonington and Providence; on Long Island Sound by steamboat to Stonington; thence to Providence and Boston by rail, arriving at Boston at 6 o'clock A.M. Fare, $3.00. Special limited tickets, $1.50.

The fine steamers STONINGTON and NARRAGANSETT leave Pier 33 North River, New York, at 5.00 in the afternoon, arriving at Stonington about 2.00 in the morning. A Reclining Chair Car accompanies the train from Stonington to Boston, in which the traveler can take an excellent nap. These boats are strong and safe, and are furnished with every comfort and convenience for the traveling public. By this route you avoid the rough passage around Point Judith.

Leaving the pier at the hour spoken of, the passage is made through the East River into Long Island Sound before sunset. Rounding the Battery and Castle Garden, which is on your left, or port side, you soon sail under the immense wire suspension bridge which connects New York with Brooklyn, hung from columns 240 feet in height. Thence you pass, on your right, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Green Point, Astoria, and Halleck's Point, the scene of the tremendous explosion that in the summer of 1876 cleared the Hell Gate passage from the rocks and ledges that had so obstructed navigation. The East-River front of the great metropolis, with its crowded piers and streets, that follows you on the left, is also worthy of notice, and the pretty islands, Blackwell's, Randall's, Ward's, and others, covered with fine buildings and beautiful gardens, all combine to form a delightful panorama, that is pleasing to the eye and soothing to the mind.

II. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via Newport and Fall River; on Long Island Sound by steamboat to Newport or Fall River, thence by rail, arriving at Boston at 6.50 A.M.

The splendid steamers BRISTOL and PROVIDENCE leave Pier 28 North River, daily at 5.00 P.M., arriving at Fall River 4.00 A.M. A fine band of music accompanies each of these steamers during the summer season, and passengers have a delightful promenade concert on the boat. The route is over the entire length of Long Island Sound and a part of Narragansett Bay. The distance by boat is more, and that by rail less, than by some of the other routes, though the time and fare are the same as by the Stonington Line.

III. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via Providence; on Long Island Sound, Narragansett Bay, and Providence River by steamer to Providence; thence by rail to Boston, arriving at 7.00 A.M., making sure connections with all Eastern trains.

This new route was inaugurated during the summer of 1877, and at once took the lead as the most popular route for the traveling public between New York and Boston. It is known as the PROVIDENCE LINE, and consists of the swift and magnificent steamer RHODE ISLAND and the new palatial steamer MASSACHUSETTS, the finest steamer ever launched in American waters. Both of these steamers steer by steam, the dining-saloon is on the main deck, and all the state-rooms are connected with the office by electric bells, conveniences original with this line. One of these fine boats will leave New York, daily, except Sunday, from Pier 29, foot of Warren street, at 5.00 P.M., arriving at Fox Point, Providence, at 5.30 A.M., giving passengers a charming sail by daylight along the beautiful and romantic shores of Narragansett Bay and Providence River. An express passenger train, consisting of elegant new cars, built and equipped expressly for this line, connect with the steamers and run through from Providence to Boston, forty-two miles, in about one hour. This line offers the longest travel by water and the shortest by rail of any; but the fare is the same as by other lines.

IV. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via New London and Norwich, on Long Island Sound to New London; thence by rail over the New York and New England Railroad, arriving at Boston at 6.00 A.M. Fare, $3.00.

The first-class steamers CITY OF BOSTON, CITY OF NEW YORK, and CITY OF LAWRENCE, leave Pier 40, North River, at 4.30 P.M., arriving at New London at 1.00 A.M. Here you take the 1.40 A.M. train for Boston, arriving at 6.00 A.M.

V. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, by railroad, via New Haven, New London, and Providence. This is known as the SHORE LINE, and is the most popular land route between New York and Boston. The route lies along the shore of Long Island to New London, and thence to Boston over the Stonington and Boston and Providence Railroads. The fare is $6.00.

The cars leave New York from the Grand Central Depot at 8.05 A.M., 1.00 and 10.00 P.M., arriving in Boston at 6.00 and 8.35 P.M. and 6.30 A.M. The time to Boston is seven hours by the day train and eight hours by the night train. Wagner's elegant parlor-cars accompany the day train and luxurious sleeping-cars the night train. On Sunday evening the train leaves at 10 o'clock.

VI. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, via New Haven, Middletown, and Willimantic. This is known as the Boston and New York Air Line Railroad, and is formed by the New York and New Haven and New England Railroads. Cars leave the Grand Central Railroad Depot, Forty-second street, New York, at 9.05 A.M. and 10.00 P.M., arriving in Boston at 6.30 P.M. and 6.15 A.M. Fare, $6.00.

VII. NEW YORK TO BOSTON, by railroad, via New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester.

The New York and Boston Express Line, formed by the New York and New Haven, New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, and Boston and Albany Railroads. The trains leave at 8.05 and 11.00 A.M., and 3.00 and 10.00 P.M., from the New York Central Depot, running as far as New Haven, then following up the Connecticut River to Springfield, from which place they run over the Boston and Albany Railroad to Boston. Trains arrive in Boston at 4.20, 6.11, and 10.30 P.M., and at 6.15 A.M. Comfortable sleeping cars are connected with the night trains. The fare is $6.00. Sunday train leaves New York at 10.00 P.M. arriving in Boston at 6.15 A.M.

VIII. NEW YORK TO PORTLAND. By steamer to New London, and rail to Portland, arriving at 1.20 P.M. Fare, $6.00.

The fine steamers, CITY OF BOSTON, CITY of NEW YORK, and CITY OF LAWRENCE, leave pier 40, North River, at 5.00 P.M., arriving at New London at 1.00 A.M., connecting with Worcester and Portland express train, leaving New London at 4.00 A.M., via Norwich and Worcester, arriving at Portland at 1.20 P.M., making close connection with through trains to all important points on Grand Trunk and Maine Central railroads.

IX. NEW YORK TO PORTLAND. Ocean route. Leave New York on one of the Maine Steamship Company's fine steamers, ELEANORA and FRANCONIA, every Monday and Thursday, at 6.00 P.M., from Pier 38, East River, arriving at Portland in twenty-four hours. Passage in state-room $4.00, meals extra. The route lies through Long Island Sound, by Block Island, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Cape Cod, and across the ocean to Portland, giving a short and delightful sea voyage. During the summer months the steamers stop at Vinal Haven, on each passage from and to New York.

Time Tables.

We give the time of the starting of trains on the different railroads correctly at the time we go to press. But as the time is liable to be changed during the summer, one should not depend altogether on our little volume for train time. It is well before starting on a summer trip to provide yourself with an accurate Railroad Guide, and the only ones we can recommend as being always reliable, are the TRAVELERS' OFFICIAL GUIDE, and the RAND-MCNALLY RAILROAD GUIDE, published by the National Railway Publication Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They are for sale at all news-stands and railroad depots, also on the cars.

The time of running of the Portland steamers will not change at all this summer. The steamers on the lakes will also run all summer according to time specified in the book.

CHAPTER III.

Routes from Boston to the Lake Region.

PERSONS visiting the Lakes from Canada, or the West, will find it most convenient to take the Grand Trunk Railroad to North Stratford, Bethel, or Bryant's Pond, and then continue their journey according to the routes hereinafter described.

Parties from Philadelphia and New York, of whom there are many visiting the lakes each season, have a choice of several routes to Boston and Portland, all of which have been previously described. Arriving in Boston, the traveler has choice of five distinct routes by which the lake country can be reached. The first we will designate as

The Lower Route.

Take the cars at the Eastern Railroad Depot on Causeway street, opposite Friend street. The train starts at 9.00 A. M., and if you wish to travel at luxurious ease, provide yourself with a seat in one of the Pullman Palace Cars, which will cost you 60 cents in addition to the price of the regular ticket, and the extra expense of which you will be more than compensated for, by the increased comfort, freedom from dust and heat, and lack of care of any little bundles or packages you may have with you, all such

being turned over to the care of the conductor. Leaving the depot, you pass rapidly through Charlestown, Somerville, Everett, Chelsea, Lynn, Swampscott, Newburyport, Hampton, Portsmouth, Kittery, Wells, Biddeford, and Kennebunk, reaching Portland at 12.45, four and one-quarter hours from Boston, a distance of 108 miles. Or you may take the cars from the Boston and Maine Railroad Depot, in Haymarket Square, at the head of Washington street, at 8.45 A.M., and passing through Charlestown, Somerville, Malden, Melrose, Lawrence, Haverhill, Exeter, So. Newmarket, Dover, Salmon Falls, No. Berwick, Kennebunk, Biddeford, Saco, and Old Orchard Beach, arriving in Portland at the same hour as by the Eastern road, and occupying the same length of time for the first stage of the journey. A magnificent Parlor Car accompanies this train, and passengers may take advantage of all its conveniences, for an additional charge of sixty cents. On reaching Portland by either route, you are carried across the city to the Grand Trunk Railroad Depot, where you change cars.

Or you may leave Boston by one of the Portland Line of Steamers from the foot of India Wharf, at 7 o'clock P.M., arriving in Portland early the next morning, in time to connect with either the 7 A. M., or 1.20 P. M. trains on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Fifty cents is saved on a ticket each way between Portland and Boston by boat. You arrive in Portland about 5 o'clock in the morning, giving ample time to get breakfast, and see all of interest in the city. Or after breakfast, you may take the morning train, and go up to Bryant's Pond or Bethel, and wait over in either place, as the stages only connect with the afternoon train.

This will be found one of the most pleasant as well as the cheapest ways of making that part of the trip to the lakes that lies between Boston and Portland, The steamers of this line, the John Brooks, Forest City, and Falmouth, are fine boats, safe and commodious, and run daily excepting Sunday. They are always on time, and never miss their train connections. They are officered by courteous and competent gentlemen, and passengers and baggage are treated in the most considerate manner. Supper is served on the boat each way, for the moderate sum of fifty cents. The boats land in Portland at Franklin Wharf, scarcely a stone's-throw from the Grand Trunk Railroad Depot. Hacks, express and baggage wagons, are always at the wharf on arrival of the steamers to

convey passengers or baggage to any point desired. Passengers availing themselves of the boats between Boston and Portland have a comfortable night's rest, and have half a day to spend in Portland, thereby giving them ample time to make a tour of the city. State-rooms are sold on the boat for $1.00 each, containing two berths. There is such a demand for these during the traveling season, from June to October, that those who wish to procure one will consult their interest by engaging it two or three days in advance. Baggage is transferred to and from the Grand Trunk Depot in Portland free of charge. Tickets to Andover, Middle Dam, Upper Dam, and Indian Rock, via Portland by boat, may be purchased at the Grand Trunk Railroad Office, 280 Washington Street, Boston, or on the steamers. The Boston office of the steamers is at India Wharf. The General Agent, Mr. J. B. Coyle, Jr., is located at Franklin Wharf, Portland, and will be happy at any time to furnish information in regard to the line.

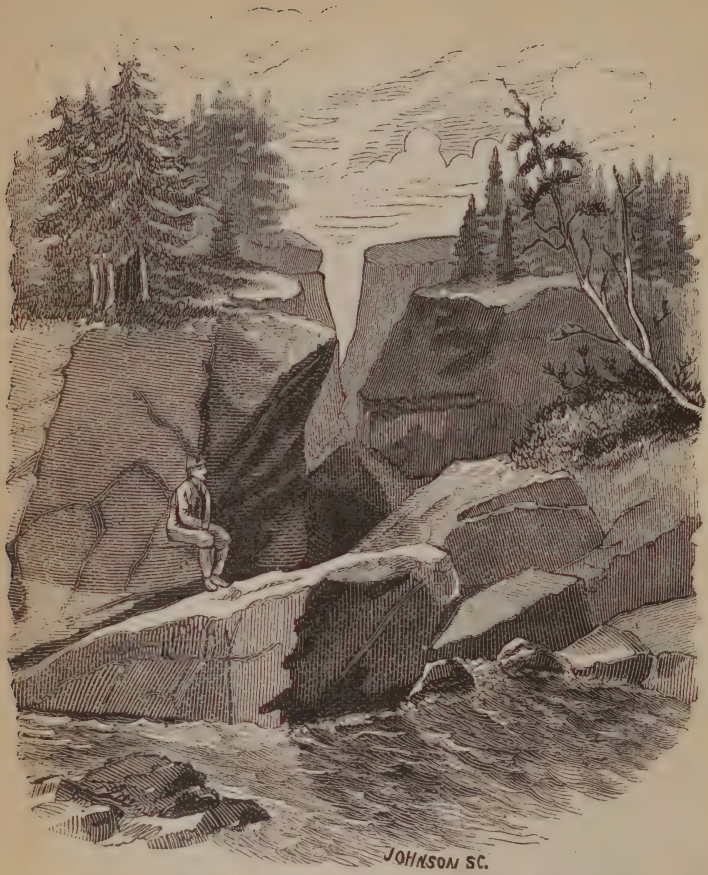
In this connection we would say that parties who go from Boston to Portland by boat can find no better way of spending their spare time in the latter city than by making an excursion among the beautiful islands in the harbor. The fine little steamer Tourist, Captain C. H. Knowlton, which may be found at Custom House Wharf, will enable them to make a charming morning trip, returning in time for dinner and the train. The expense will be but a trifle.

Where a large party are going together, and prefer to go from Boston to Portland by boat, they may make arrangements with the stage-drivers at Bethel, or Bryant's Pond (by writing them a few days in advance of their trip), to meet the morning train and push through, making a saving of about six hours' time. An extra stage-fare will usually be charged in such a case. Or private conveyance may always be procured, but at greater cost, than by stage.

Before leaving the Grand Trunk depot on the 1.30 train, the traveler usually has time for a hasty lunch, there being a dining-saloon in the depot.

Again one may avail themselves of the modern comforts of the Pullman Palace Car, as one will be found attached to the train.

The ride from Portland is very pleasant, and you pass through the towns of Falmouth, Cumberland, Yarmouth, Pownal, New Gloucester, Danville Junction, Mechanic Falls, Oxford, South



SCREW-AUGER FALLS, BEAR RIVER.

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Paris, Bryant's Pond, Locke's Mills, reaching Bethel, 70 miles from Portland, and 178 from Boston, at 5 o'clock. At the depot you are met by Mr. Barden's team, which takes you to the BETHEL HOUSE. This house is kept by Mr. J. F. BARDEN, and is one of the best hotels in the mountain region. Situated on the summit of Bethel Hill, and most pleasantly located on the main street of the village, it commands one of the finest mountain views to be obtained in that section. The proprietor and his estimable lady, ever courteous and attentive to the wants of their guests, are favorites with the traveling public; its *cuisine* is excellent and worthy all praise, and the terms of the house are moderate. Persons *en route* to the lakes, by way of Upton, stop here for supper, and those who are not pressed for time will find it to their advantage to spend the night at this house, and procure a private team in the morning, enabling them to drive through the celebrated Grafton Notch by daylight.

The mail-stage leaves Bethel every Tuesday and Friday, for Upton, 26 miles distant, on arrival of the morning train from Portland, reaching the UMBAGOG HOUSE early in the evening. The local fare is $2.00. Parties going by this conveyance have the entire ride by daylight.

A special stage, J. S. Lane, proprietor, will meet the afternoon trains each day, and take passengers through to Upton, Andover, or wherever they may wish to go, at reasonable prices.

In driving out of Bethel, you will obtain two very handsome views of the valley of the Androscoggin River and surrounding mountains; the first from the railroad bridge, and the second from a place in the road near a public watering-trough. This is before you reach the river, and you should not miss it. Crossing the river, you pass Mayville and Swan's Corner, P.O., the stage rolling merrily along the pleasant road.

You soon come to the Sunday River, a tributary of the Androscoggin, which is also crossed by means of a bridge, and a little farther on the Bear-River bridge, passing the Bear-River tavern, which is six miles from the Bethel House, and enter the town of Newry, a small place of a few hundred inhabitants.

Following up the Bear River you reach a hotel, standing on the right-hand side of the road, known as the POPLAR TAVERN, eleven miles from the Bethel House.

The old "Popple Tavern," as it used to be called, is kept by Mr. Charles Bartlett, who has been the proprietor for the last twelve years. He has recently added a new story to the house, and enlarged and improved it in other respects, so that it now presents good inducements to tourists. It is in the vicinity of several excellent trout streams, and is very pleasantly located.

The scenery at this place begins to grow wilder. The mountains appear nearer and more rugged. The road follows the narrow valley of Bear River, which here presents a picturesque appearance, it being a rapid torrent, broken by numerous falls, and rushes along its rocky bed, as if impatient of restraint. After heavy rains it is often difficult for the stage to pass.

To the right of the Poplar Tavern is a pretty, round-topped peak known as Puzzle Mountain, of considerable height; it is easily ascended from the hotel, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. A short distance beyond the hotel, on the left-hand side of the road, on the bank of Bear River, is something of a curiosity known as the Devil's Horseshoes. It is an impression of two horseshoes, perfect in form, worn deep into the solid ledge. They are immense in size, and one would cover the head of a flour-barrel. If the devil ever rode a horse with a foot sufficiently large to carry a shoe the size of the impression in the ledge, the beast must have been as large as a mastodon.

Proceeding onward, the dark-green peaks of Mount Saddleback, directly ahead, look down upon you in majestic grandeur, and the loftier summit of Speckled Mountain towers far above you to the west. Directly opposite, and west of Saddleback Mountain, is a high, irregular, queer-shaped mountain, known as Old Goose-Eye. Beyond Poplar Tavern quite a curiosity awaits you, known as "Screw Auger Falls," of which we present an illustration on page 30. It is but a short distance from the road, on the left-hand side, and well worth a visit. An enormous granite ledge fills the whole bottom of the gorge; through this the stream has worn a large spiral channel. This cañon, as one may appropriately term it, is about one hundred feet in length, and so narrow at some points that one can leap across it. Its greatest depth cannot be far from seventy feet, and the sides are as smooth as polished marble. Through the rock run veins of white quartz, mingled with other minerals.

It is in such places as this that one gets some idea of the vast power of water, and it must have taken years to do the work that is still going on here.

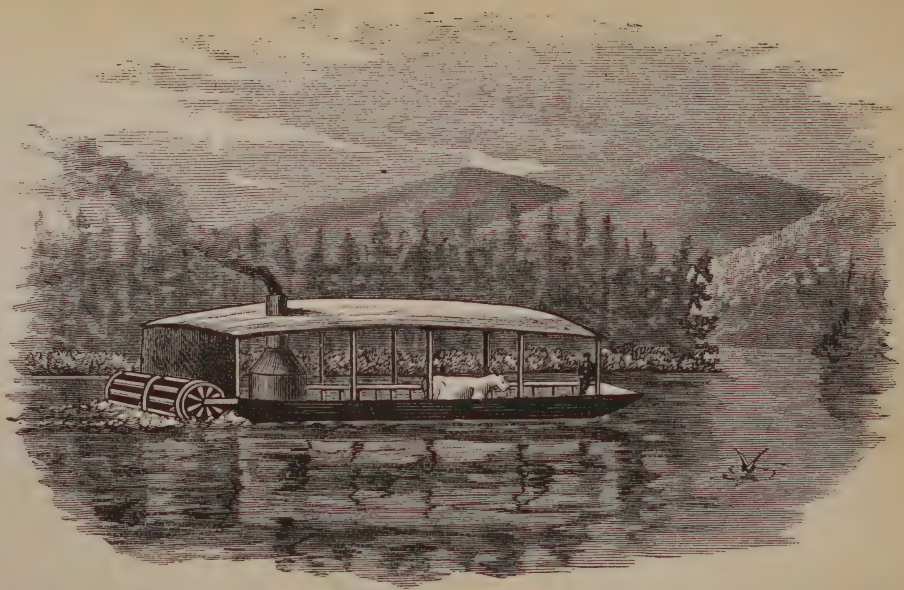
A short distance beyond the falls there is another curiosity, close beside the road, but half hidden by the shrubbery, known locally as "THE JAIL." It is an abyss, semi-circular in shape, the sides being smooth and of great height; a place into which one can fall easily, but from which they would find considerable difficulty to get out. Formerly the river ran through it, wearing this great cavity, but it has now made for itself a new channel some rods to the westward. About a mile beyond, you reach GRAFTON NOTCH, which is destined to become famous in the eye of the tourist. The Bear and Cambridge Rivers rise in the Notch within a few rods of each other, the former flowing south and the latter north. They are both good trout streams.

In the narrowest part of the Notch you find Bear River dwindled to a noisy brook, that rushes and roars hoarsely along the ravine. The road crosses the stream some half-dozen times, the bridges being mostly built of logs, with no protecting rail along the sides.

A little farther on, a short distance from the road to the right, is another wonderful exhibition of the wear of water through solid rock. It is known as MOOSE CAVE, and derives its name from the fact that a wounded moose once took refuge in the cavern worn by the struggling waters. As a curiosity, it is fully equal to SCREW-AUGER FALLS.

A mile beyond, the road leaves the Notch, disclosing a heavily wooded but less mountainous country. After passing through the Notch, and some distance beyond, the tourist will notice an old weather-beaten house, having a peculiar look, situated on the right of the road. This is the Union Hotel, and is kept by a Mr. Brown.

You are now in the town of Grafton, and following the Cambridge down, as you have followed Bear River up, you soon come in sight of LAKE UMBAGOG, stretching away to the north-west. A long hill leads down to the UMBAGOG HOUSE, located a short distance from the steamboat landing. It is kept by W. I. Abbott, and has been the deservedly popular resort for all fishermen and tourists visiting this part of the country for the last twenty



THE "OLD UNION" OF LAKE UMBAGOG: FIRST STEAMER EVER RUN ON RANGELEY LAKES.

(By permission of Publisher of "Town and Country.")

years. An excellent table is set at this house, and Mr. Abbott is one of the most hospitable of landlords. He can furnish guides and camping outfits if desired. The price for board is $1.50 per day. Very good trout-fishing is found near the hotel in June. Lake Umbagog is the lower of the chain of lakes, known as "THE RANGELEYS," and is 1,256 feet above the sea level. The Androscoggin River serves as an outlet to this, as well as all of the other lakes.

CHAPTER IV.

From Lake Umbagog to the Middle Dam.

GOOD night's rest, and you will be ready in the morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast (for one is always hungry in this country), to proceed. You will also find it to your advantage to procure a guide here before starting, for whose services you pay $2.50 per day, and their board. The little steamer "DIAMOND" is at your service, and nothing can be more delightful on a pleasant morning than a sail across the lake.

You embark, the whistle is sounded to hurry up the laggards, the fasts are cast off, and with Capt. JAMES R. TENNEY at the wheel, the boat puffing and snorting like some amphibious monster, turns and twists down the crooked channel of the CAMBRIDGE RIVER, until the lake proper is reached, and the course is laid for the RICHARDSON LAKE ROAD. Fairly out in the lake, one is surprised at the beauty of the view: mountains towering up in every direction, and MOUNT WASHINGTON plainly to be seen far to the westward o'ertopping all others. Among the more prominent peaks to the northward are MOUNT DUSTAN, MOOSE MOUNTAIN, and AZISCOHOS. The east side of this lake strongly resembles Moosehead Lake, with the exception of the water; in Umbagog it is red and muddy, while that in Moosehead is as clear as the purest spring water.

Sunday Cove, B Cove, Sturtevant Cove, and Tyler Cove are all good places for trout-fishing, and a large number are caught there each season. The BIG ISLAND and METALLIC ISLAND, a short distance up the lake from the mouth of the CAMBRIDGE RIVER, are both good places for camping parties to pitch their tents. During the latter part of August and during the months of September and October the hunting is excellent about the shores of LAKE UMBAGOG. Ducks of several varieties, partridges, rabbits, deer, bears,

foxes, otters, musk-rats, and other animals are plenty, and are shot in large numbers. Moose also are occasionally seen.

The distance from Upton to the "Richardson Lake Road" is thirteen miles, fare $1.50. At this point you are met by a two-horse buckboard, that runs regularly, on boat days, between the steamer and the Middle Dam Camp. You can ride across the carry, six miles in length, for $1.00, or you can walk, and pay for having your baggage hauled.

Better accommodations have been needed at the Middle Dam for several years, and during the winter of 1877 a new building 40 × 75 feet on the ground was erected.

The new hotel is situated a short distance north of the old camp, and stands fronting the lake, which is but a few rods from the house. The building is two and a half stories high, with pitch roof, and has a piazza in front and on each end. The view from the front piazza is very fine, nearly the whole of the lower lake being in sight, beside quite a number of mountains.

The house contains a large and spacious office, a commodious dining-room, kitchen, pantry, washroom, twenty sleeping-rooms, and a ladies' sitting-room, besides several other rooms for various purposes. All the sleeping-rooms, and the hall in the second story are lathed and plastered.

Messrs. H. R. Godwin and Aldana Brooks, both well known to all who have visited the lake region, are the proprietors of the new house, and are pleased to attend to all who may favor them with their company.

The New Middle Dam Camp has already become a favorite stopping-place with the ladies, not only on account of its superior accommodations and beautiful location, but also for its nearness to the fishing-ground, and the facilities offered for walking, boating, and bathing.

The steamer Welokennebacook makes two trips daily between the Middle Dam and the Upper Dam, giving those who stop at the new hotel a chance to visit the Upper Dam in the morning, have a day's fishing, take dinner, and return to the Middle Dam late in the afternoon.

The prices at the Middle Dam Camp are $1.75 per day transient, with a reduction to those who make any lengthened stay. An excellent table has always been set here, and the *cuisine* will com-

Middle Dam Camp, Lake Welokennebacook.

pare favorably with more pretentious hotels. Asa Frost will do the cooking, which is a sure guaranty of good entertainment.

Messrs. Godwin and Brooks will furnish boats and guides at regular prices to all who need them, and will also supply camping parties with provisions and other outfits if desired.

Rooms may be engaged in advance by writing to Mr. Godwin or Mr. Brooks, at Middle Dam. Direct letters via Andover, Oxford Co., Me.

In crossing the carry to the MIDDLE DAM, you pass the OXFORD CLUB HOUSE, and FOREST LODGE, both situated on the right-hand side of the road, and near each other. They are pleasantly located on the north bank of RAPID RIVER. The members of the OXFORD CLUB control the fishing in B POND in Upton, but have no claim on the river.

Arrived at the camp you will find a number of fishermen and tourists from all parts of the country, who are generally first-rate fellows, and with whom you will soon find yourself on terms of friendly intimacy. No man is better than his neighbor here, and it is "Hail fellow well met," with everybody. There is nothing like life in the woods to take the foolish airs out of a man.

If you are an enthusiastic fisherman you will be anxious to have a try at the trout before dinner, and accompanied by your guide, with rod and landing net, flies, and worms, — now don't turn up your nose at the word "worms," my scientific fly-thrower, for a trout will often bite at a worm, when he will wink all day at a fly and never rise to it (trout have their fancies, you know) — you walk out to the dam, and secure an eligible place for fishing.

The MIDDLE DAM holds back the waters of MOLECHUNKAMUNK and WELOKENNEBACOOK LAKES. Welokennebacook is more commonly known as the LOWER RICHARDSON LAKE, and is second in the chain starting from Upton. It is 1,456 feet above the sea level.

Among the good places for fishing, to which parties resort when making their head-quarters at the ANGLER'S RETREAT, as the camp is called, are the DAM, situated a few rods south of the house; the POND IN THE RIVER, half a mile from the house; SMOOTH LEDGE, three miles distant, where you can obtain one of the finest views to be seen on the river; the HOP YARD, three

and a half miles from the house; and the COLD SPRING, four and a half miles from the camp, on the north side of the river.

With all these, and other places, your guide will be familiar, and will tell you the best time of day to visit each place.

Between LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK and LAKE UMBAGOG flows the RAPID RIVER, or FIVE MILE FALLS, as the loggers term it, one of the most picturesque streams in Maine, and from the bank of the river, near FOREST LODGE, it appears to its best advantage. Here you may stand and drink in the wild beauty of the scene, while

> Far down, through the mist of the falling river,
> Which rises up like an incense ever,
> The splintered points of the crags are seen,
> With water howling and vexed between,
> While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
> Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!

The Great Northern Diver, or Loon, as the bird is commonly called, are yearly habitués of this and the other lakes. Speaking of loons, Theodore Winthrop says, "No being has ever shot a loon, though several have legends of some one who has. Sound has no power to express a profounder emotion of utter loneliness than the loon's cry. Standing in piny darkness on the lake's bank, or floating in dimness of mist or glimmer of twilight on its surface, you hear this wailing note, and all possibility of human tenancy by the shore or human voyaging is annihilated. You can fancy no response to this signal of solitude disturbed, and again it comes sadly over the water, the despairing plaint of some companionless and incomplete existence, exiled from happiness it has never known, and conscious only of blank and utter want. Loon-skins have a commercial value; so it is reported. The Barabinzians of Siberia, a nation 'up beyond the River Ob,' tan them into water-proof *paletots* or *aquascutums*. How they catch their loon, before they skin their loon, is one of the things yet to be revealed about that unknown and incomprehensible realm."

In spite of Winthrop's statement, however, I have known of a number of loons being shot in the lake region. I once saw one shot on LAKE UMBAGOG, from the steamer Diamond, by Luman Sargeant, one of the Upton guides. It was killed instantly at the fourth fire by a rifle-ball. The steamer was stopped, Mr. Sar-

geant rowed off and picked up the bird, and brought it back to the boat. On examination it was found that the ball went directly through its head. A large fish-hook was found in its mouth, just back of its bill, showing that some time or other the loon had been fishing. The hook was rusty, and had the appearance of having been in the bird's mouth a long time. The loon was given to a Boston gentleman, who forwarded it to the city to have it properly preserved. The plumage of these birds is very handsome, the feathers being thick and close. Their color is pure white on the breast, and mottled green and black on the neck. Their wings are speckled black and white. A person must be careful in capturing one when it is only wounded; for a loon is a very powerful bird, and will fight as long as it can breathe. They will give a tremendous bite with their bill, and the safest way to handle one is to get a firm hold of his neck, near his head. This is like putting salt on a pigeon's tail; but then, if you don't succeed in doing it, you need not tell anybody of it.

Asa Frost, Aldana Brooks, Thomas McCard, and several others that I might mention, have also shot loons on the Richardson Lakes within the past few years. Thomas Stearns, a young gentleman from Brooklyn, N. Y., caught a young loon alive, on the large Richardson Pond, one night in August, 1878. But the queerest loon incident I ever heard or knew of happened at the Upper Richardson Lake, during the summer of 1877. At the time there was a camping-out party tenting near the mouth of the river. One morning, one of the number, who couldn't hit a barn-door five rods distant, was amusing himself, on the lake shore at the mouth of the river, with a rifle, by skipping bullets across the water. A loon was swimming about the lake, five or six hundred yards from the shore. Suddenly the loon dived, and while he was under water, the marksman sent another bullet skipping across the lake, which was as smooth as a mirror. The bullet struck the water a hundred yards from shore, ricochetting two or three times, and at a distance of about five hundred yards went directly through the neck of the loon, who popped up his head just in time to meet his fate, killing him instantly. I consider this about the luckiest chance shot on record, and the story is well authenticated by several eye-witnesses, who saw him shot and examined the loon after he was brought on shore.

New Middle Dam Camp, Lake Welokennebacook (1878).

The Lower Route properly ends at the MIDDLE DAM, as from there one can take the steamer, which calls there twice a day, and go on up or down the lake as they see fit. The lakes and country above will be described in their proper place.

Middle Dam and Rapid River.

A Private Party en route to Andover, Maine.

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CHAPTER V.

THE MIDDLE ROUTE.

From Boston to Andover, Maine.

THIS route is considered the shortest by many persons who have visited the lakes. You may go from Boston to Portland by either way, as described in the "Lower Route," then take the Grand Trunk Railroad for BRYANT'S POND, which place you reach at 4.30 P.M. Alighting from the cars, you find awaiting you at the depot, one of Tuttle & Woodman's comfortable coaches, by which you take passage for ANDOVER, 21 miles distant. If the day is pleasant don't fail to procure an outside seat, if you can get one, for the ride is lovely, and during the months of June and July you will reach ANDOVER before

"Darkness casts her sable mantle down."

You will find "Deacon" Tuttle, or John Woodman, good whips and agreeable companions, as they keep in stock a vast number of entertaining stories, which they are not at all backward in relating. For a first-class story-teller commend me to a New England stage-driver.

The road turns to the north-west, and we drive through the neat little village of Bryant's Pond, a part of the town of Woodstock; a beautiful landscape unrolls before us, and just at the right time of day to appreciate all of its wonderful beauties. The road is hard and level; no tiresome hills for the horses to climb, it following the valleys of the ANDROSCOGGIN and ELLIS RIVERS nearly the entire distance, and you are consequently at ease to enjoy the scenery.

Close to the road are the fertile meadows of the intervale, while in the distance mountain after mountain appears, some bold and striking, and others soft and gentle, in their outline.

You will be pleased with the neat appearance and thrifty aspect of the farms along the road, and many of the houses are superior to those usually found in a farming country.

Two miles distant from Bryant's Pond is the village of "Pin Hook," and we stop at the local post-office a moment for the delivery of the mail. Continuing on, the stage crosses a mill stream, spanned by a little wooden bridge, the road now bearing slightly to the left.

One of the legends of this locality is, that the village derived its name from the fact that an old chap, when the place was first settled, used to fish from this bridge, and catch trout from the stream with a pin-hook, before fancy flies and six-ounce rods were thought of.

If the afternoon is pleasant you will get a beautiful sunset during this ride, the road commanding a grand and picturesque view of mountain ranges nearly the entire distance, and when the God of Day slowly vanishes behind some lofty peak, tinging the light clouds which float lazily in the sky with a golden, dreamy light, and throwing shadows from base to summit of the noble old hills by which you are surrounded, you may perhaps wonder that people should visit the Old World to view scenery, when that in the New is unsurpassed.

Occasionally you pass over some rustic bridge, spanning a small stream that crosses the road, its sparkling waters and bright sands suggestive of trout, and the murmur of whose gentle ripple borne to your ear in the quiet air of evening sounds like the soft strains of Æolian music.

Before reaching Rumford the road runs for several rods along a high ridge, which is known by the local sobriquet of the Whale's Back. It is formed of sand, and is just wide enough on top for a road; it sets in a level plain, some eighty feet above the other land, its sides being steep and precipitous, and is a queer freak of nature.

Just before reaching the village of Rumford you pass a road on your right that leads to Mexico and Dixfield, and passengers for points "down the river" change stages at this corner.

About seven o'clock you reach the Rumford Hotel, where horses and drivers are changed, and where you procure supper. The charge is fifty cents each, and they give you a very good meal for your money.

About three-quarters of an hour is spent for supper and change of team, and then you climb aboard the stage, the driver snaps his whip, and away you rattle down the slight declivity that leads to the ferry over the Androscoggin River.

Here you will probably meet with a new experience, as the river is crossed by means of a rope ferry, very few of which are to be seen in the North.

On each side of the river is a high post and ladder, something like those on a pile-driver. A heavy hemp cable is stretched across the river from the top of these two posts. The ferry-boat, which is simply a common flat-boat decked over, is fastened to the cable by two smaller ropes, one at each end of the boat. At the end of the smaller cables are grooved blocks, containing a wheel, so that they will travel back and forth along the large cable. The boat is on the lower side of the cable, and is propelled entirely by the current. The boats are so shallow at each end that they are run up on the banks of the river, and teams drive off without any difficulty.

Crossing the river, the stage is driven up a little ascent to the post-office, where the mail is changed and express matter left, and then away you go again.

You are now at quite a height above the river, and have a pretty view of the stream, where the Ellis empties into it. A few rods beyond, the road divides, one branch running to Andover on the east side of the river. The stage follows the left-hand, or western side, which is the best road, and you cross the Ellis River over a covered bridge, obtaining a view, almost a mile away, of a picturesque-looking cliff, on the left side of the road, in which a horse's head is formed by a vein of white rock. It reminds one of the "White Horse" in North Conway.

For the rest of the distance you follow the Ellis River, which is scarcely ever out of sight, as it twists and turns among the beautiful meadows which are a charming feature of the landscape in this part of the country.

On the left may be seen the LEAD MOUNTAIN, with its buildings

French's Hotel, Andover, Maine.

on top; the mines here were worked for several years, but were finally given up, from the difficulty in getting the ore down the mountain and to market.

Far away to the right, WHITE CAP rears its lofty summit to the sky, and from its top on a clear day Portland is plainly to be seen.

Continuing on, the stage turns sharply to the left, and draws up at the South Andover post-office, two miles from ANDOVER CORNER. The mail is left here, the stage turned into the main road again, and now we obtain a view of FARMER'S HILL and numerous other mountains whose names have not been handed down to posterity.

A half mile from the hotel you pass the charming residence of Sylvanus Poor, Esq., on the left-hand side of the road; it is one of the most popular of the summer boarding-houses. A few rods beyond you will notice the ANDOVER TROTTING PARK. The houses now increase in number, the stage rolls along a wide, level street, and in a few moments more reaches the centre of the village, and leaves passengers at FRENCH'S HOTEL, the ANDOVER HOUSE, or at either of the boarding-houses kept by Cushman and Clark. The houses are all good, and need no especial recommendation.

At ANDOVER you stop over night, securing a good night's rest, after your three hours' stage ride. In the morning you partake of a hearty breakfast, then get your traps together, and take a seat on the spring-board, or "buck-board," as the natives have it, by which you are to continue your journey. For mountain riding these teams cannot be beat, and are at once a favorite with all classes, ladies taking to them as readily as gentlemen.

These vehicles are made of three or four spruce boards, about twelve feet long and four feet wide, fastened to dead axles, all the spring being in the boards. They have two or three seats on each, which are box-shaped, the top of the seat lifting up, and serving as a cover for the box. Two horses are attached to them, and they rattle over the ground at a lively pace.

The teams leave the hotels about half-past eight or nine, arriving at the SOUTH ARM at noon, in time to connect with the jaunty little steamer, Welokennebacook, for MIDDLE AND UPPER DAMS. The local fare from Bryant's Pond to Andover is $1.50, and from Andover to the South Arm, $2.00.

A few days may be advantageously spent in ANDOVER, in brook-fishing, and viewing the splendid scenery in the locality, either in going to or coming from the lakes. The proprietors of the hotels are familiar with the location of all the trout-brooks, and will take you to streams where a good day's sport is the rule rather than the exception.

CHAPTER VI

From Andover to the Arm of the Lake.

HE ride from ANDOVER to the ARM OF THE LAKE is very pleasant. Leaving the hotel the road runs down to the Ellis River, which is crossed over a substantially built covered bridge, then turns sharply to the right, climbing a little hill, and makes another sharp turn, this time to the left; reaching the top of this hill, you have a magnificent view of ANDOVER and the surrounding country.

WHITE CAP, LEAD MOUNTAIN, BALD PATE, DUNN'S NOTCH, FARMER'S HILL, SAWYER NOTCH, BLUE and SAWYER MOUNTAINS, and various other places of interest, may be seen from this point in the road.

The horses trot gayly along; you soon pass the last house on the road to the Arm, and descending a hill, you cross BLACK BROOK, over a little wooden bridge, and shortly leave the county road, which continues on to the town of Byron.

From the village of ANDOVER to where you leave the county road is three miles, and turning to the left you enter what is called the Lake road, running for nine miles through an unsettled wilderness. Years ago this road was rough and muddy, but of late years a large sum of money is annually spent on it, and it is now in as good condition as any ordinary road in the country. In the fall of 1878 the County Commissioners laid out the road as a public road, and assessed the land-owners along the route a sufficient sum to make the road first-class. In the future the road will not be excelled by any in the county or State.

The trees grow close to the road on either side, there are no clearings, and you can only get a peep at the sky by looking directly overhead, and at times you cannot even do that, as the branches of some of the venerable monarchs of the forest meet

Devil's Den, Black Brook, Lake Road, Andover, Me.

above your head, forming a beautiful and fantastic archway, completely hiding the sky and sun.

Arriving at Smith's Mill, you stop some thirty minutes to visit the DEVIL'S DEN, HERMIT FALLS, and SILVER RIPPLE CASCADE. Crossing the sunny glade where the teams are halted, you walk down the path, passing a spring of excellent water, cross a little rivulet, and ascend a hill, where you reach the first curiosity, the DEVIL'S DEN. It is certainly a wonderful place and a queer freak of nature.

The Den is a large excavation in the granite rock, and has been formed by the action of the water during the fearful freshets that take place in that region in spring, assisted occasionally perhaps by some of the heavy thunder-storms, whose powerful electricity crumble the edges and tear off pieces of the rock, which are swept away by the rapid current of the freshet. It is from sixty to eighty feet deep, and about thirty feet across the top. Formerly a mill, owned by a man named Smith, stood over it. At that time the waters of Black Brook emptied into the Den over the wall of solid rock which formed the back, and made their escape through an opening in the rock at the lower end. The shape of the Den inside was like a letter U turned sideways, with the bottom of the letter towards the brook. The wheel was hung in the Den, under the mill, and so near the precipice over which the water fell as to be driven by the force of its fall. But the mill has long since fallen to decay, and the waters of Black Brook have been turned from the Den, and have worn a new channel through the rocks a few yards beyond. The bottom of the Den is now partially covered with rubbish and broken timbers that have fallen in as the building has succumbed to the ravages of time and the elements. Across the top of the Den where the mill stood there yet remains one large timber that spans the awful chasm. Upon this one may walk out, and get a better view of the gorge through which the waters escaped. If you are troubled with dizziness, however, you had better keep off of it, as a fall would be very likely to spoil your trout-fishing at the lakes.

Like all romantic places of the kind, this locality has its legend. It runs thus: —

"Many years ago, a man by the name of Brown, who was more

of a hunter and trapper than anything else, came down to Andover from Canada. After stopping in the village a few weeks, he came out here in the wilderness, and, with the assistance of some of the village people, built him a log-house. At that time Indians were thick about the lakes, and hunting and trapping was anything but safe business. Here Brown lived, miles from other houses, without any companions but a dog and a horse. Occasionally he would make a visit to the town, trade his furs at the stores for necessaries in the way of groceries and ammunition, and then return to his log-cabin, not to be seen for another long spell. One winter and spring, two years after he had built his cabin, the Indians were particularly troublesome and daring, and Brown had not made his appearance at Andover for a long time. At the principal store, one day, a number of the villagers had accidentally met, and were wondering what had become of the eccentric hunter, when Brown's dog walked into the store, so thin and lank they scarcely knew him. He was almost famished, and Mudge, the store-keeper, gave him something to eat. After the dog had eaten, he acted very strangely — would go to the door and look out, then come back and, looking the men wistfully in the face, would give utterance to a mournful howl. Those present thought something had happened to Brown, for the dog was never known to come to the village before alone. After talking the matter over, they raised a company of twenty men, and the next morning, well armed, they started for Brown's cabin, the dog taking the lead, just as if he understood all that was going on. When they arrived here they found the cabin burned to the ground, and the bones of Brown, which had been picked clean by the wolves, were all there was left of the unfortunate hunter. Near by, beneath a rudely constructed grave, they found the remains of four Indians, showing that Brown must have sold his life dearly. They dug a grave and buried the bones, and then returned home, Mudge keeping the dog, who lived for some years after his master's death. The horse, and everything else of any value, the redskins had taken away with them."

A few yards beyond the Den, and you reach Black Brook, an excellent trout stream, and here are Hermit Falls and Silver Ripple Cascade.

On each side of the brook are heavy masses of rock, and be-

tween these the water comes foaming and swirling down, tumbling over two or three huge rocks, forming the falls, and then plunges into a black looking pool of unfathomable depth. From this it pours down over a solid bed of granite, forming a lovely cascade, and empties into a basin, nearly circular in shape, and some thirty feet wide. It is not unlike Garnet Pool, near the Glen House, but is larger, and more beautiful in its surroundings.

An hour may be profitably spent in this charming place, and one unconsciously lingers, as if loath to tear himself away from its attracting features.

After leaving this lovely spot the road rises fast, the elevation between ANDOVER and ECHO LANDING at SOUTH ARM being 950 feet. As you ride along through the leafy solitudes your ears are soothed with harmonious sounds arising from BLACK BROOK, as its waters leap with a merry ripple from rock to rock, to continue their flight until swallowed up by the ELLIS, into which stream they empty.

Soon after leaving Smith's Mill occasional glimpses are obtained, through the tops of the trees, of OLD BLUE, whose ragged sides form one of the walls of the Notch. Three miles from the DEVIL'S DEN the road winds over CEDAR HILL, from whose summit you look down into BLACK BROOK NOTCH; at this point you have a splendid view of SAWYER and BLUE MOUNTAINS, which come together below you, leaving just room to allow a team to pass between them, but not without the hubs of the wheels scraping on the rough sides of the rocks.

On your right a frightful precipice looms eight hundred feet above you, its sides seamed and scarred by the war of the elements, and in many places it looks as if the rocks would fall into the road at any moment. Slides often occur here, the last one being in the spring of 1877. On the left SAWYER MOUNTAIN towers into the air, an occasional huge cliff peeping out from the dense mass of woods with which it is covered. This is a great place for thunder showers, and when you are caught in one, you do not forget it in a hurry. The sun disappears, and the sky is covered with dull leaden clouds, the rain pours in torrents, the thunder rolls heavily from mountain to mountain, and the fearful flashes of lightning that illuminate the inky clouds, are all a fitting addition to the grandeur of the scene.

Mt. Sawyer, and Sluice Dam, Black Brook Notch, Andover, Me.

At the foot of CEDAR HILL, a sluice dam is thrown across the brook, and this raises the water sufficiently in the spring to float down the logs, when lumbering operations are carried on here. We present our readers with an engraving of MOUNT SAWYER and the SLUICE DAM.

After leaving the Notch, the road winds along the valley of BLACK BOOK, the landscape presenting many interesting features. A short distance from the dam you reach a beautiful crystal spring, which bubbles up from a bed of sparkling sand, from under an immense boulder on the right-hand side of the road. The warmest day in summer this water is as cold as ice, and all travelers to the lakes stop a few moments to obtain a draught of this invigorating elixir. This spring has been appropriately termed the COLD SPRING, by which name it is generally known. A few rods beyond the spring, you will notice, on the right-hand side of the road, an immense hole in the side of the mountain, whose base you are skirting. It is near the summit of the peak, at the bottom of an overhanging cliff. It has been christened by some one the DEVIL'S OVEN. And certainly it seems that if his Satanic Majesty ever has occasion to do any baking, he could not have chosen a more fitting place.

About two miles beyond here you cross a small brook that is a very good trout stream. And a short distance beyond the first brook you cross another, whose waters are also fished for trout with good success. Between these two brooks, on the right-hand side of the road, stood, some years ago, a birch guide-board, that marked a road leading to the old Richardson Farm. This old road is now overgrown, and it is not safe for a stranger to attempt to follow it.

Passing the second brook, a short ride brings you to a foot-path that leaves the main road on the left-hand side, crossing the mountains to ANDOVER, and by which the distance between the Hotels and the ARM OF THE LAKE is shortened some three miles. The writer, in company with several other gentlemen and their guides, walked from the ARM OF THE LAKE to the village, by the mountain path some three years ago, and found it a very pleasant jaunt. The party numbered fourteen men and two dogs, — the largest party that had ever walked out over the mountains. On our way one of the guides called my attention to a huge white

birch-tree near the path, with which was connected a story. He said, "One winter a man from the village had attempted to walk out to the lake to join a party who were fishing for trout, and he lost his way. The snow was deep, and for two days and nights he hunted for the path in vain, and, finally, believing he could not survive much longer, he tore out a leaf from a pocket-diary, and

Natural Arch, Lake Road, Andover, Me.

wrote a few farewell lines to his wife and family, which he fastened to that birch-tree. After that he wandered aimlessly about, and accidentally chanced upon the path. He arrived home in the middle of the night, half-starved and nearly frozen, but soon recovered from the ill effects of his adventure. The next spring I found the paper pinned to the tree."

In walking in or out across the mountains, one has a fine view of Sawyer Notch, and the Moody Ledge, so called from an accident which once befell a man of that name while after wolves on the mountain.

One evening, Moody, and several others who were in the vicinity, heard the howling of wolves on the mountain above the ledge. They started up the mountain, intending to make it hot for the wolves. Moody led the way, and, when just above the ledge, a small tree that he had hold of gave way, and before he could catch at anything else, down he went. He struck first on a little shelf of the ledge about a third of the way down which broke his fall and some of his bones at the same time. Before he could secure himself, over he went again, and landed about a third further down on a little spur, projecting from the main precipice, upon which grew a few small bushes. Before he could get hold of these, he again fell, striking heavily at the bottom of the rock. His companions made a stretcher and took him out to the village. A doctor was called, and it was found that the unfortunate man had broken both his arms and legs, and his collar-bone, and from a fearful cut on his head some of his brains were oozing. Yet, in spite of this, he managed to get well, went to sea, and was drowned. This is no mere fancy sketch, but the facts are substantially as we have written them, and there are men still living in Andover who helped bring Moody out of the woods. But the wonderful circumstances of the case bring to mind the old adage, "A man who is born to be drowned will not be hanged."

Between the mountain path and the Arm nothing occurs worthy of special mention; a few minutes' ride brings you in sight of the lake; the team is driven to the steamboat wharf at Echo Landing, and you bid farewell to the buck-board.

In the spring the fishing at the arm is excellent, and many try it here a few days before going up the lakes.

Steamer Welokennebacook and Buckboard at South Arm, Lower Richardson Lake.

CHAPTER VII.

From the Arm of the Lake to the Upper Dam.

HE new steamer WELOKENNEBACOOK, running on the two RICHARDSON LAKES, is the finest boat in the region. She is a screw propeller, very strongly built, the frame being oak, and the planking Southern hard pine an inch thick. She has a covered cabin, and abundant seating capacity on deck. The motive power is a pair of vertical engines, the cylinders 6 × 6 inches, rated at twelve horse-power, but capable of being increased to thirty-five. The boiler is steel, constructed on the best principles for safety. To avoid any possibility of accident the boiler and machinery are inspected every summer. The boat makes two trips daily between the MIDDLE DAM and the UPPER DAM, and one trip daily between the UPPER DAM and the SOUTH ARM.

At one o'clock you embark on the steamer, an agreeable change after your ride. Leaving the wharf the boat glides up the lake, the whistle severing the last connection between yourself and the outer world. The distance from the SOUTH ARM to the MIDDLE DAM, where the steamer makes her first landing, is four miles. The sail from ECHO LANDING to the UPPER DAM is delightful.

A short distance above the wharf, on the left or western side of the lake, you will notice a little opening leading to an inlet behind an island; this place is known as POKE-LOGAN. On the same side, about a mile from the wharf, you pass another little cave known as SAINT'S REST. Beyond this is LOON BAY. A mile above the wharf, on the right (eastern shore), you pass a sand spit, on which grows a few ragged pines, known as BAILEY'S POINT. LOON ISLAND (a sunken reef, which is not visible at the highest stage of water) is passed just above the point, and a little way beyond the rocky shores of SPIRIT ISLAND are noticed. Two weather-beaten pines, long shorn of their foliage, adorn the upper part of the island, which is otherwise covered by a growth of

white birch. A weather-beaten looking point known as HARD-SCRABBLE next attracts attention on the right. This has always been the terror of oarsmen, when pulling up the lake against the heavy north-west winds that prevail a great part of the time during June and September. Many a "hard-scrabble" has the writer had years ago, when trying to pass the point in a row-boat. In a

Wooding up on Lake Welokennebacook.

north-west gale the sea runs very heavy off this point, making the passage on some days dangerous for small boats. On all sides the mountains thickly wooded descend to the water, the shores curving and twisting in irregular lines. As you pass HARD-SCRABBLE the lake opens to its fullest width before you, and far in the north,

across the mountains at the head of the lake, is seen the highest peak of old Aziscohos, the monarch of the Magalloway.

Welokennebacook, or the Lower Richardson Lake, is one of the prettiest lakes of the Rangeley chain. Seen under any aspect, its waters slightly ruffled by a gentle south wind, or stirred into billowy waves, with frothy caps, by a north-wester, or entirely placid, when

> The solemn pines along its shore,
> The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
> Are painted on its glassy floor,

it is beautiful, and will hold a place among your pleasant memories.

As you cross from Hard-Scrabble to the Middle Dam the view behind you, looking toward the Arm, is very fine. It resembles the head of Loch Katrine, in Scotland, only the scene is more beautiful. Nearing the Middle Dam we obtain a fine view of the New Middle Dam Camp standing back a few rods from the shore, and fronting the lake. As we run into the wharf we pass Rifle Point, and the "Run," the outlet of the lakes, on the left. The steamer arrives at the Middle Dam at half-past one, and hungry passengers are always sure of obtaining a good dinner at the hotel. A few minutes' stop only is made here, and again the fasts are cast off, the whistle sounds the departure, and we are under way for the Upper Dam, eight miles distant.

Our course lays diagonally across the lake, and we pass Jackson Point, midway between the wharf and the Narrows. As we enter the passage connecting the lakes you pass Portland Point on the right, and Boston Point on the left. A range of mountains, known as the Farm Ridge, extends along the entire eastern shore of the lower lake and the Narrows, and finally joins the Bemis Mountain Range at the foot of Mooselucmaguntic Lake.

Looking back from the mouth of the Narrows you have one of the finest mountain views to be obtained anywhere in the lake region. In the south Bald Pate, a familiar acquaintance to those who have been in Andover, and Speckled Mountain, may be seen forming the walls of Grafton Notch. In the south-west, nearly on a line with the old Middle Dam Camp, ap-

LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK AND SPECKLED MOUNTAIN, FROM FOOT OF NARROWS.

pear several of the White Mountain peaks, Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, being the only ones visible. The view down the lake from the foot of the NARROWS, is unsurpassed by any similar landscape in the country. The NARROWS are two miles long, and from a few rods to half a mile wide. In some places the rocks are very thick, but are not troublesome except late in the season, when the water is low. The sail through this narrow strait is quite a change from the lake; and, although the scene differs from that below, it is still as charming as ever. One of the peculiar features of the NARROWS is the wall of rock running along the northern shore. It resembles the stone walls on a farm; and at first sight one would almost imagine that it had been built purposely. A very amusing story occurs to me in connection with this rocky wall.

Some years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen were going up the lakes, and one of the ladies asked the only gentleman of the party who had visited the lakes before, what that wall was for, she supposing it to have been built. He gravely told her that several years before the Indians had built that wall to prevent the bull-frogs from jumping out on the land and frightening the deer. The lady took his statement for fact, and, a few years afterwards, while at a party in New York city, she was relating to a little knot of interested listeners the story of her trip to the RICHARDSON LAKES; "and the funniest thing I learned there," said she, "was, that the Indians had built a wall along the Narrows to prevent the bull-frogs from jumping out on the land and frightening the deer." The gentleman who had given her that wonderful piece of information was also at the party, and happened to overhear her story. He could not help laughing, and attracted the attention of the lady, who saw from the expression in his face that something was wrong. "I am sure you told me so!" she exclaimed. "I acknowledge that, madam," he replied; "but I did not expect you to accept the statement as a literal fact;" and the little circle of friends joined in a laugh at the expense of the fair story-teller. Deer are sometimes seen on the shores at the lower part of the NARROWS, there being very good feeding-ground for them for half a mile on each side.

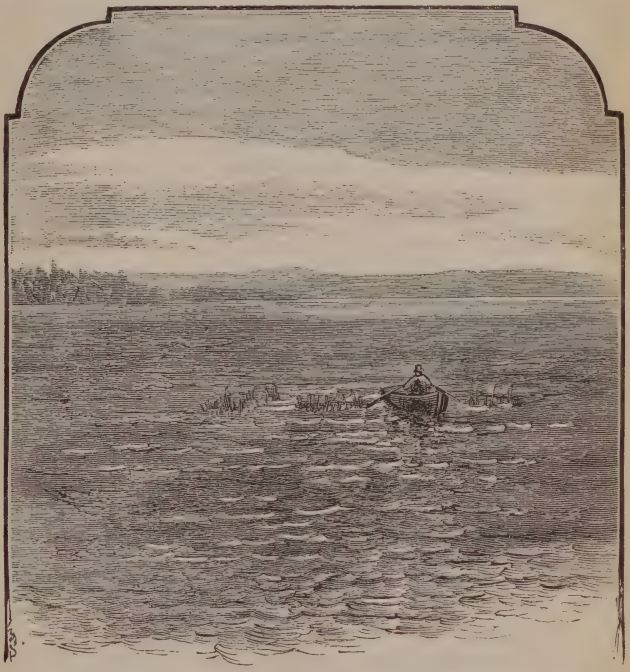
As you approach the UPPER RICHARDSON LAKE, MOLECHUNKAMUNK, you pass METALIC POINT on your right. Here is a splen-

did sand beach and a fine chance for bathing. During the fall fishing fair-sized trout are often found off this point. "Old Metaluk," an Indian chief, for whom the point was named, lived here with his squaw for many years, and the place has quite a romantic history; the story is too long to tell here, but it may be found in a book entitled "EASTWARD HO!" that can be obtained at any bookstore. A path leads up from METALIC POINT to a clearing, where used to stand two old barns, often made use of for shelter by persons who are camping out. The barns were taken down in the winter of 1877, and used in the construction of the new building at the Middle Dam. They have long been a guide to the voyager up and down the lakes, and it will be regretted by many that this ancient landmark has been removed. Several summers ago the writer of this book and a party of friends were encamped at the RICHARDSON FARM, as the place is called, for two weeks, and found it a very pleasant spot. Theodore Winthrop has thus written of this lake: —

"As evening came, the sun made another effort, with the aid of west winds, at the mist. The sun cleft, the breeze drove. Suddenly the battle was done, victory easily gained. We were cheered by a gush of level sunlight. Even the dull, gray vapor became a transfigured and beautiful essence. Dull and uniform it had hung over the land; now the plastic winds quarried it and shaped the whole mass into individuals, each with its character. To the cloud-forms, modeled out of formlessness, the winds gave life of motion, sunshine gave life of light, and they hastened through the lower atmosphere, or sailed lingering across the blue breadths of mid-heaven, or dwelt peacefully aloft in the region of the *cirri;* and whether trailing gauzy robes in flight, or moving stately, or dwelling on high where scope of vision makes travel needless, they were still the brightest, the gracefulest, the purest beings that Earth creates for man's most delicate pleasure.

"When it cleared, — when it purveyed us a broadening zone of blue sky and a heavenful of brilliant cloud-creatures, we were sailing over Lake Mollychunkamug. Fair Mollychunkamug had not smiled for us until now; — now a sunny grin spread over her smooth cheeks. She was all smiling, and presently, as the breeze dimpled her, all a 'snicker' up into the roots of her hair, up among her forest-tresses. Mollychunkamug! Who could be

aught but gay, gay even to the farcical, when on such a name? Is it Indian? Bewildered Indian we deem it, — transmogrified somewhat from aboriginal sound by the fond imagination of some lumberman, finding in it a sweet memorial of his Mary far away in the kitchens of the Kennebec, his Mary so rotund of blooming cheek, his Molly of the chunky mug. To him who truly loves, all



Lake Molechunkamunk and Deer Mountain Range from Head of Narrows.

Nature is filled with Amaryllidian echoes. Every sight and every sound recalls her who need not be recalled, to a heart that has never dislodged her.

"We lingered over our interview with Mollychunkamug. She may not be numbered among the great beauties of the world;

nevertheless she is an attractive squaw, — a very honest bit of flat-faced prettiness in the wilderness."

About three miles from the clearing is a sheet of water called Metalic Pond, which is a great place for game. Ducks of several kinds, deer and caribou, and sometimes moose, are quite plenty about the shores of this pond. A trail runs from the clearing to this pond. It starts just beyond where the barns stood, and follows up the brook on the right-hand side for some distance. When you reach the place where the brook divides, follow the left-hand branch and you will reach the pond. But the path is overgrown with bushes in many places, and you will find it a hard jaunt. A little above Metalic Point, a stream runs into the lake, known as Metalic Brook. This is one of the best trout-streams about the lakes, and fish are taken in it weighing from half a pound to two pounds. It furnishes excellent sport in July and August, a time when the fishing is dull on the lakes. The places to secure the larger fish are several pools that are situated quite a distance up the brook, about five miles from its mouth, on the right-hand branch. Gentlemen who have fished this brook have usually been very successful at these deep holes.

Passing this stream, you will notice Black Point on the right. This was formerly thickly wooded, but Mr. Whitney had it cleared, in order to obtain a more extended view from his camp. Beyond the point, our course lies between Ship Island on the right, and Half Moon Island on the left. Beyond the Islands, to your right, can be seen Camp Whitney, situated in a charming locality, at the mouth of Mosquito Brook, which empties into the lake. In the spring and summer small trout are taken a short distance up this brook. During September, the fishing off the mouth of the brook is generally excellent. In the month of December, a few years ago, Harvey Newton, of Andover, who was then in charge of Camp Whitney, shot a caribou that was swimming across the lake, and still later in the season he saw a herd of nineteen on the ice near the camp.

In September, 1877, Captain Cole, the old and valued Superintendent of Camp Whitney, stepped out on the piazza one morning, and was surprised to see a magnificent caribou walk out of the woods on the point above the mouth of Mosquito Brook. The animal stood upon the shore a moment, looking about cautiously,

and then stepped into the water and waded across the mouth of the brook. He followed the sand-bar at the entrance, which was covered with water about two feet deep. Reaching the beach directly in front of the camp, he paced leisurely along, stopping occasionally to look around. This was too much for the captain. To be defied in this manner by one of the largest caribou he had ever seen, was more than human flesh and blood could endure. The captain hurried into the house, and upstairs, where at that time unfortunately the firearms all were, caught up a rifle, hastily loaded it, and rushed down to the piazza. But the game had flown, or, in other words, walked off, and the last the captain saw of the animal was when he turned partly around, just on the edge of the woods south of the clearing, and shook his head as much as to say, "Good day, sir! did you thing I was such a fool as to stand on the beach until you were ready to shoot me?" The captain sighed, stepped back into camp, and set the rifle behind the door, where it could be reached a little quicker in future. The next day the captain and myself examined the print of the animal's hoofs on the beach, and found they would measure *over a foot* from the back part of the dew claw to the front part of the hoof.

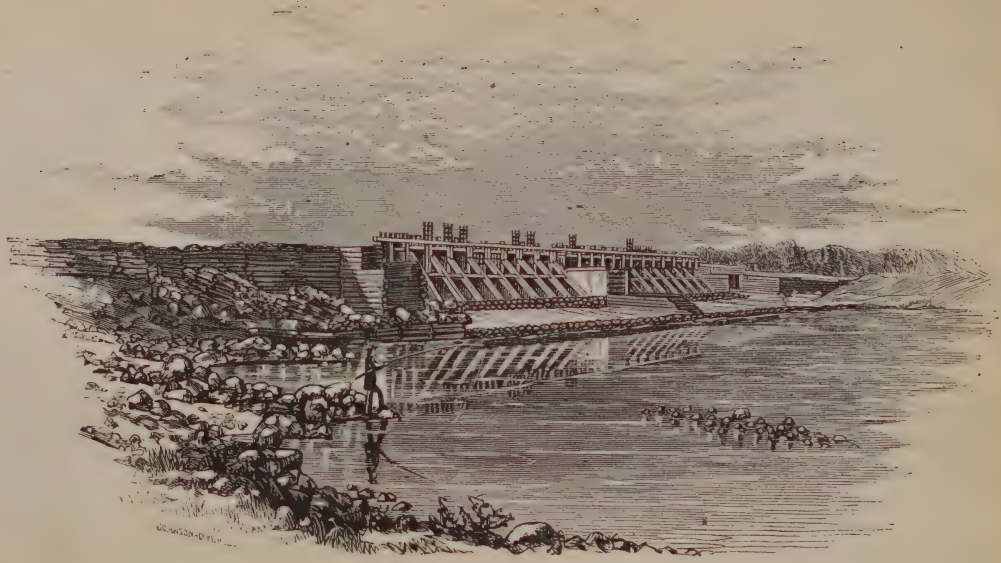
Camp Whitney fronts the lake and stands about eight rods from the shore. From it the eye takes in the whole upper part of the lake, with its winding and irregular shores. The building is thirty by fifty feet on the ground, two stories and a half high, and covered with a sharp pitch roof. An eight-feet wide piazza, with its sloping roof, extends the entire distance in front, and on the south side, furnishing a delightful place for promenading and lounging.

In-doors, on the lower floor, in front, is the sitting and dining-room combined, a generous apartment, over twenty-eight feet square. A space five feet wide, directly back of the sitting-room, is divided into a closet, a pantry, and stairway leading to the chambers on the second floor, all of which are accessible from the sitting-room. The kitchen takes up the remainder of the first floor. There is also an excellent cellar. On the north side of the sitting-room is an enormous brick-fireplace that will take in at one mouthful a good half cord of wood. The room is filled with comfortable, and what in some cases might be termed luxurious, furniture for a camp in the backwoods; on one side is a

well-filled library, containing, besides works of fiction, travel, and adventure, all of the best known books on sporting matters. Over the fireplace is a rack made of deer's feet, elegantly mounted, on which, in the fishing season, the rods are hung when not in use, and the walls are decorated with pictures and sets of mounted deer and caribou horns. The whole camp is plastered, and is painted inside and out. A well-filled ice-house and a large boat-house, containing half-a-dozen boats of various descriptions, stand near the camp. A trail through the woods leads to TROUT COVE on LAKE MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC, a mile and a third distant from camp. At the cove Mr. Whitney has another boat-house, containing four fishing-boats. A second trail, running through the woods in a different direction, leads to the UPPER DAM, two miles north of the camp. The camp was christened CAMP WHITNEY, in honor of its principal owner, J. Parker Whitney, Esq., formerly of Boston, but now a resident of San Francisco. Mr. Whitney visits the camp every season, and has only missed one year out of the last twenty-three, being one of the oldest habitués of these lakes. He has fished some forty other lakes in Maine, as well as the waters of Colorado and the Pacific Coast, and has taken many a basket from the streams of England and lochs of Scotland. He has bagged game in all these places and shot twenty-three deer, as well as other large animals. He has an inexhaustible fund of interesting anecdotes at his tongue's end, and is an entertaining companion. Associated with him in the ownership of the camp are George T. Rice, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., and P. Adams Ames, Esq., of San Francisco, formerly of Boston. Both of these gentlemen have visited the lakes for many years. Capt. Benjamin Cole, of Byron, Maine, one of the oldest and best guides in the lake region, was superintendent of the camp for nine years. He resigned his position in the spring of 1878. He was an excellent fisherman, a fine cook, and a capital fellow, and will long be remembered by the visitors at CAMP WHITNEY. Mr. Barker is the present superintendent.

At Whitney's, the lake makes a bend to the north-west, so we change our course a little to the left, and a mile farther on pass the NEW BOSTON CLUB CAMP. The BOSTON CLUB has been one of the institutions at the RICHARDSON LAKES for many years. During the fall of 1877 the club was reorganized, many of the old

members having died, and the vacancies were filled by newly elected members, the club now numbering twenty. In the spring of 1878 a new building was erected a short distance below Camp Bellevue, more roomy and commodious than their old camp. This is known as Camp Aziscohos. A few moments' sail from here brings us to the steamboat wharf, which is a few rods to the right of Betton's Camp. Leaving the steamer, a few minutes' walk brings you to the Upper Dam, and crossing this, you reach the camp, which sets just beyond the dam, and faces south.



THE UPPER DAM.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Upper Dam and the Richardson Ponds.

THIS Camp belongs to the UNION WATER POWER COMPANY, of Lewiston, and consists of two buildings, one of which is used only for lodging, and the other for lodging and dining. Besides these two camps, which are substantially built and very comfortable, there is an ice-house, that is always well filled, a large two-story store-house, a barn, and a blacksmith-shop.

The UPPER DAM is one of the largest and most substantially built in the State; it was commenced in 1845, and took two years to build it. It is built of the heaviest kind of timber, bolted with iron, ballasted with immense rocks, and is fifteen hundred feet long. In the spring, when the water is held back for the purpose of running the logs down the Androscoggin, the pressure against it is immense. It is carefully watched day and night, and there is no possibility of its ever being swept away. It is so constructed that should any leak happen underneath, the stones with which the piers are ballasted would drop down into the holes worn by the water and stop the leak. There is no doubt but that the strength of the dam is fully equal to any strain that can be brought to bear on it. The company, in order to get an idea of the consequences of a "break," one spring had all the gates lifted half up, with a full head of water on. The water started from the dam in a volume of about twelve feet deep and a hundred feet wide. The result of the experiment was, that the two Richardson Lakes, which are below the Upper Dam, were filled, the water flowing back into the woods, at a depth in some places of four feet. The surplus poured over the Middle Dam at the foot of the Richardson Lakes, without starting a timber, filled the Umbagog Lake, and flowed through the Errol Dam at the foot of Umbagog, without causing but little inconvenience, and no damage. Allowing that the dam should ever go out, the lakes being

so widely separated, there would be so much water lost in flowing back as to materially lessen the force and depth of the body of water in motion, and hence no disastrous result could possibly happen. Some years, logs to the value of $2,000,000 are run through this dam, and down the Androscoggin River to market.

The illustration in our book is taken from below the dam in the month of September, when the water was low. When the water is raised to drive the logs, it makes a difference of from ten to fifteen feet in the depth of the lakes. The shores of the lakes are much prettier when the water is low than when it is high; For during the high water many little points and curves in the shore, and all the beautiful sand beaches, are entirely obliterated.

The view from the Upper Dam, down the river is very fine. (See illustration on page 72.)

If persons visits the lakes, especially for fishing, they should go either in June or the early part of July, when the water is high, but if they wish to become acquainted with the beauties of the place, they should make their trip in August or September. Then the varied outline of the shores, the little nooks and coves, may be seen to their best advantage, and you experience some consolation in the fact, that if the trout are not so plenty as in June or July, they are considerably larger.

Some of the best fishing places at the Upper Dam are on the piers and apron of the dam, at the mouth of the river, a short distance below the dam, and Trout Cove about half a mile above the dam. It will also pay you to take a row-boat or the steamer, and go up to the head of the lake and throw a fly around the mouth of Richardson Brook and Beaver Brook, and in the West Arm behind the islands. There is also good fishing-ground around a sunken reef at the head of the lake, it being a favorite resort for trout. The reef is located about in the centre of the lake, and nearly opposite of a long point making out from the eastern shore, on which stands an old dead pine. There is no better spring fishing in the entire lake region than that about the head of the Upper Richardson Lake, as sportsmen who have tried it know.

If you wish to go beyond the Upper Dam, you take passage on the little steam-launch Oquossoc, which connects regularly with the steamer Welokennebacook. A team can be hired at the Up-

PER DAM CAMP, to haul your baggage across the carry. For several years the UPPER DAM CAMP has been in charge of Thomas McCard, Esq. Mr. Porter does the cooking in a very acceptable manner. The charges at the UPPER DAM CAMP are $2.00 per day, either for a long or short time.

A few years ago, the lumber company employed a cook here who was a character in his way. He was a French Canadian, Joseph Bourgogne by name, and was a splendid cook. The writer remembers one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, when, in company with four other gentlemen, we rowed to the UPPER DAM from the RICHARDSON FARM, where we were "camping-out," and ordered Joe to get us up a dinner. The meal was furnished, Joe intending it also for the men who were working about the dam. Our party sat down to the table, and made such havoc with the eatables as to astonish Joe, who soon began to cry out, "*Sacre!*" from between his set teeth at each new order. The climax was reached when we went to feed a dog accompanying us. With horror depicted on his countenance, Joe rushed to the table, and exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu!* Don't feed de dog, my men have no had their dinner yet!" and, laughing, we left the table.

In making a trip across the lakes some years ago, Theodore Winthrop fell in with "Joe," and thus relates his experience: —

"Our new friends, luxurious fellows, had been favored by Fate with a French-Canadian cook, himself a Three of Frères Provinciaux. Such was his reputation. We saw by the eye of him, and by his nose, formed for comprehending fragrances, and by the lines of refined taste converging from his whole face towards his mouth, that he was one to detect and sniff gastronomic possibilities in the humblest materials. Joseph Bourgogne looked the cook. His phiz gave us faith in him: eyes small and discriminating; nose upturned, nostrils expanded and receptive; mouth saucy in the literal sense. His voice, moreover, was a cook's, — thick in articulation, dulcet in tone. He spoke as if he deemed that a throat was created for better uses than laboriously manufacturing words, — as if the object of the mouth were to receive tribute, not to give commands, — as if that pink stalactite, his palate, were more used by delicacies entering than by rough words or sorry sighs going out of the inner caverns.

"When we find the right man in the right place, our minds are

at ease. The future becomes satisfactory as the past. Anticipation is glad certainty, not anxious doubt. Trusting our gastronomic welfare fully to this great artist, we tried for fish below the dam. Only petty fishlings, weighing ounces, took the bit between their teeth. We therefore doffed the fisherman and donned the artist and poet, and chased our own fancies down the dark whirlpooling river, along its dell of evergreens, now lurid with the last glows of twilight. Iglesias and I continued dreamily gazing down the thoro'fare towards Mollychunkamug only a certain length of time. Man keeps up his highest elations hardly longer than a *danseuse* can poise in a *pose*. To be conscious of the highest beauty demands an involuntary intentness of observation so fanatically eager that presently we are prostrated and need stimulants. And just as we sensitively felt this exhaustion and this need, we heard a suggestive voice calling us from the front-door of the mansion-house of Damville, and 'Supper' was the cry.

"A call to the table may quell and may awaken romance. When, in some abode of poetized luxury, the 'silver knell' sounds musically six, and a door opens toward the glitter that is not pewter and Wedgewood, and, with a being fair and changeful as a sunset cloud upon my arm, I move under the archway of blue curtains toward the asphodel and a nectar, then, O reader! O friend! romance crowds into my heart, as color and fragrance crowd into a rose-bud. Joseph Bourgogne, cook of Damville on Moosetocmaguntic, could not offer us such substitute for æsthetic emotions. But his voice of an artist created a winning picture half veiled with mists, evanescent and affectionate, such as linger fondly over Pork-and-Beans.

Fancied joy soon to become fact. We entered the barrack. Beneath its smoky roof-tree was a pervading aroma; near the centre of that aroma, a table dim with wefts of incense; at the innermost centre of that aroma and that incense, and whence those visible and viewless fountains streamed, with their source, — a dish of Pork-and-Beans.

"Topmostly this. There were lesser viands, buttresses to this towering triumph. Minor smokes from minor censers. A circle of little caterlings about the great crater, — of little fiery cones about that great volcanic dome in the midst, unopened, and bursting with bounty. We sat down, and one of the red-shirted boldly

crushed the smoking dome. The brave fellow plunged in with a spoon and heaped our plates.

"*A priori* we had deduced Joseph Bourgogne's results from inspection of Joseph. Now we could reason back from one *experimentum crucis* cooked by him. Effect and cause were worthy of each other.

"The average world must be revenged upon Genius. Greatness must be punished by itself or another. Joseph Bourgogne was no exception to the laws of misery of Genius. He had a distressing trait, whose exhibition tickled the *dura ilia* of the reapers of the forest. Joseph, poet-cook, was sensitive to new ideas. This sensitiveness to the peremptory thought made him the slave of the wags of Damville. Whenever he had anything in his hands, at a stern, quick command he would drop it nervously. Did he approach the table with a second dish of pork and beans, a yellow dish of beans, browned delicately as a Sèvres vase, then would some full-fed rogue, waiting until Joseph was bending over some devoted head, say sharply, 'Drop that, Joseph!'—whereupon down went the dish and contents, emporridging the poll and person of the luckless weight beneath. Always, were his burden pitcher of water, armful of wood, axe dangerous to toes, mirror, or pudding, still followed the same result. And when the poet-cook had done the mischief, he would stand shuddering at his work of ruin, and sigh, and curse his too sensitive nature."

Camp Prospect, the summer retreat of W. J. Reynolds, Esq., of Edgartown, Mass., who has spent many seasons at the Richardson Lakes, is situated on a point running out from the eastern shore of the lake, about half a mile above the mouth of the river. Mr. Reynolds puts in an appearance at camp several times during each season, and has proved himself an expert angler and skilful hunter.

Birch Lodge is situated at the head of Lake Molechunkamunk, and is the property of J. A. L. Whittier, of Boston, who spends much of the fishing season at the lakes. The main house is a frame cottage, thirty-five feet front, and is connected by a piazza with a log kitchen, about twenty-four feet square. The piazzas surround the house on three sides and furnish a promenade of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. The interior is arranged according to the owner's ideas, and the buildings were erected by

Camp Bellevue, Lake Molechunkamunk.

Charles H. Goodwin, from plans drawn by George R. Clarke, a Boston architect. The outbuildings are a boat-house, ice-house, and guide-house. The establishment is well equipped with boats, and there is a safe landing accessible at all times in the cove on the west side. Boats also land in fair weather in front of the house. The steamer touches here twice daily when Mr. Whittier is in camp. The forest surrounds the buildings on all sides, except in front, where it has been judiciously thinned out, giving from the piazza a superb view of both shores and the entire length of the lake and of the Elephant mountains, in the distance. This view has been painted for Mr. Whittier by W. H. Hilliard, a well-known artist of Boston, and the painting was much admired when on exhibition in Boston, in the winter of 1878–9. This is probably the most complete camp in arrangement and equipment of any in the Lake country, and during the fishing season is much visited by the friends of the owner, and by other gentlemen who enjoy the fishing. Mr. Whittier is always glad to welcome and be of service to any gentlemen who care to call on him.

The spring fishing around Birch Lodge is believed to be the finest on the lower lakes. Some of the largest trout on record have been taken in the waters front of the house, and good sport can always be found in Richardson Brook, which flows into the lake a few rods from the house. There are some big trout also in the West Arm, and Beaver Brook, both of which places are near by.

Mr. Betton, of Camp Bellevue, and Mr. Whittier, have greatly improved the path to the Richardson Ponds, which begins on the shore of the lake at the mouth of the brook, and ladies can now make the trip to the ponds without difficulty. A fine boat-house, the joint property of these gentlemen, has lately been built at the second pond. The fly-fishing at the ponds has been very good the past year.

No tourist who desires to know all the beauties of the lake should fail to see the view from Birch Lodge.

Several very fine excursions may be made from the Upper Dam, which is the grand centre of the entire Lake region, and where most of the sportsmen stop.

Take a row-boat and pull up to the mouth of the Richardson Brook, a little trout stream at the head of the lake, or, if you prefer, charter the steamer to take you to the same place, a distance

of three miles, and land just below the old dam, on the right-hand shore, by two large pines. Then a tramp through the woods of a mile, over a well-worn trail, brings you to the first and smallest of the West.

Richardson Ponds.

This sheet of water is not more than half a mile long, and is nearly circular in shape. The bottom is muddy in some parts, and pebbly in others, and the shores are lined with grasses and lily-pads, furnishing excellent feeding-ground for deer, which are plenty in the vicinity. This is also an excellent pond for ducks, and many are shot there after the first of September.

The trail crosses the stream at the outlet of the small pond, and half a mile beyond, you reach the larger pond, a sylvan gem decorating the bosom of the wilderness. Its situation is romantic and picturesque in the extreme, lying as it does at the base of Mount Observatory, whose wooded crest towers for 1,500 feet above it. A little further south, Aziscohos Mountain raises its bare and ragged top still higher, its formation, color, and general appearance, strongly resembling Mount Washington.

Several small islands in the pond add materially to its beauty. The shores are heavily wooded, thus forming an excellent cover for game; deer and caribou may always be found there by a person who is at all familiar with hunting. A large number of deer are shot on the shore of this pond every season. They are hunted at night, with a boat, in which is a jack securely fastened at the bow, which throws a light ahead, attracting the curiosity of the deer, until the hunter has a chance to fire. Samuel Betton, Esq., and W. J. Reynolds, Esq., who have camps on the Richardson Lake, have both shot deer at this place.

The Richardson Ponds, while being in favor with those who depend on their rifle for their sport, are also attracting the attention of fishermen. Persons who have visited these ponds in former seasons have had fine luck fishing, and the writer saw one very handsome trout taken there with a fly, by J. H. Smith, Esq., of New York city, that weighed six and a half pounds. Mr. Smith also took several others of from two to four pounds' weight. J. A. L. Whittier, Esq., proprietor of Birch Lodge, has also had excellent sport at the larger pond, taking several fine strings of

trout, some of the fish weighing four and five pounds each. A small house, situated at the head of the lake, near RICHARDSON or BEAVER BROOKS, is needed for the accommodation of those visiting the RICHARDSON PONDS and PARMACHENEE LAKE, and it is hoped that before another season opens one will be erected.

From the larger RICHARDSON POND to the top of AZISCOHOS MOUNTAIN is only five miles, and the magnificent view to be obtained from its summit well repays any person for the toil and time spent in making the ascent. To the north-east the whole lake country is spread before you like a map, and DEER MOUNTAIN, EAST and WEST KENNEBAGO MOUNTAINS, loom up like sentinels on duty. To the west the MAGALLOWAY SETTLEMENT lies almost beneath you, and some twenty miles northwest the ragged walls of DIXVILLE NOTCH conceal from your sight the village of COLEBROOK, which lies ten miles beyond. South and south-east you obtain a view of the RICHARDSON LAKES, LAKE UMBAGOG, and the White Mountain Range, while towns and villages dot the landscape here and there. In fact, you obtain a charming and varied view whichever way you turn.

The EAST RICHARDSON PONDS are a cluster of small ponds lying near MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC LAKE. To reach them you go over the same ground that you do in going to the West Ponds, as far as the dam at the outlet of the small pond, then turn to the right, and a walk of about a mile will bring you to the first pond. These ponds are well stocked with trout, weighing from about six ounces to a pound and a half each. There are no boats about the ponds, however, which makes the fishing difficult.

The CRANBERRY BOG, so called, a small, marshy pond, noted for being a favorite haunt of the deer, moose, and caribou, is only two miles from the WEST ARM, and is often visited by the Nimrods who come up into this wilderness.

BEAVER POND, a small circular pond, is reached from the WEST ARM by following up BEAVER BROOK for a mile. It contains a large number of small brook trout.

In connection with the Upper Dam, I would state that persons who can visit this well-known resort in June will see one of the most exciting parts of the immense lumbering business that is carried on in these wild regions. The logs that are brought down across the upper lakes reach the Upper Dam generally from the

10th to the 20th of June. At this time the gates are all closed down, and the sluice-way battened up with logs and planks, holding the water above the dam at a height of from ten to fifteen feet. When the logs reach Trout Cove, the barricade of the sluice is cut away, and the water, with an immense pressure, leaps through the sluice with a roar like Niagara, piling up at the bottom of the sluice some twenty feet high; then, rolling over, the tumultuous current flows down the rocky bed of the narrow river, boiling and seething, crested with white foam, sweeping everything before it, until it pours into the lake below. After the first onset the water quiets down a little, assuming the form of rapids, that will compare favorably with those of the St. Lawrence River. Then comes the most dangerous act in this sensational drama. The huge bateaux, pulled by ten or a dozen stalwart foresters, and guided by two others, who must be very giants in strength, stationed in the bow and stern, with heavy steering-paddles, cool and collected, not the least trace of fear shadowing their sunburnt faces, their eyes directed to the narrow opening ahead through which they are to pass, come sweeping down. The bateaux usually start a quarter of a mile or more above the dam, the men at the oars pulling a long, powerful stroke, paying no attention to their boat, which is guided by the steersmen in the bow and stern, both of whom face down the river. Aided by a powerful current, the boats have attained an almost frightful speed by the time they reach the upper end of the sluice; the oars are trailed, and like an arrow from a bow the boats shoot into that narrow passage which perhaps leads straight to death. As it passes through you obtain a glimpse of it like that of some object seen from the car-window of a lightning express-train that is traveling fifty miles an hour. Your eyes follow it as in a second more it makes the fearful plunge at the lower end of the sluice, and you involuntarily hold your breath as it darts into the boil, ten feet or more in height. Rising on this, perhaps half filled with water, the boat slides over its crest, and jumps another boil of perhaps half the height of the first; then the sturdy backwoodsmen bend to their oars, and their light crafts shoot down the rapids, dodging immense bowlders, jumping miniature falls, amid the din of the vexed waters, and finally emerge on the broad bosom of the lake, safe for the present. Then the strained nerves relax, the tightened muscles become pliant

once more, and a deep sigh of thankfulness wells up from the heart of each of the crew, who have once more run the sluice in safety. But accidents often happen, sometimes of a laughable character, and then of a nature to throw a gloom for days over the merry crew who follow this exciting business. Occasionally a boat capsizes in the first boil, and several of the crew are drowned; or one strikes a rock in the middle of the rapids, is stove to flinders in an instant, and the crew are left in the turbid waters to shift for themselves, when, with good luck, they will all reach the shore and be subject for days to the good-natured jokes of their companions. After the bateaux are all run through the sluice the logs follow. They pass through the sluice singly, in twos and threes, and sometimes a dozen at a time. Below the sluice they cut all sorts of capers. Some stand on end, some are thrown clear out of the water, others roll over and over; then they get twisted and snarled, and piled upon each other, forming a jam, that is only straightened by the dexterous use of an axe in the hands of some red-shirted hero; for clearing a jam is one of the most dangerous acts in the business, and is really putting one's head into the lion's mouth. To be at the Upper Dam in June and see the scenes I have poorly attempted to describe is worth all the expense incurred for a trip there, and then you have the fishing besides.

Catches of Trout.

As there have been some very fine catches of trout made at the Middle and Upper Dams, we propose to mention a few of them at this time.

In September, 1876, B. Frank Morse, Marlborough, Mass., took a trout from below the Upper Dam that weighed 9¼ pounds. This fish was 27½ inches long and 16 inches in circumference.

About the same time William J. Reynolds, Edgartown, Mass., took home 7 trout that weighed 36 pounds. These fish were all taken from the mouth of the river, near the steamboat wharf, and from the lower side of the Upper Dam. We have also memoranda of five different trout taken at the Upper Dam and the mouth of the river, by different gentlemen, that weighed respectively 7 pounds, 7½ pounds, 8½ pounds, 8¾ pounds, and 9½ pounds, which we call a pretty fair record. Several good-sized trout were

also taken during the month of September from the head of the Upper Richardson (Molechunkamunk) Lake.

Edward Stearns, Esq., Boston, Mass., took at the Upper Dam in September, 1876, in a few days' fishing, 88 lbs. of trout, the smallest of which weighed 3 lbs. and the largest 9¼ lbs. He also took a large number of trout weighing from 1 to 2¾ lbs., in addition to the 88 lbs., making his entire net catch not far from 130 or 140 lbs.

Henry Smith, Esq., Boston, Mass., at the same time captured, among others, one very fine trout that turned the scales at 8 lbs.

James F. Rogers, Esq., Jamaica Plain, Mass., during the last two seasons caught on the Richardson Lakes several trout weighing from 1½ to 8 lbs., also many smaller ones.

Some of the catches for 1877 at the Upper Dam, during the month of September, were as follows: —

W. A. Taylor, Hinsdale, Mass., one trout, weighing 6½ lbs.

Richard Rowe, Boston, Mass., three trout, weighing 3½ lbs., 5½ lbs., and 6 lbs.

Albert Eames, Bridgeport, Conn., six trout, weighing 3¼, 4½, 5, 4¾, 7¾ and 5¾ lbs., the lot averaging over five pounds each.

Frank E. Taylor, Brooklyn, N.Y., and J. H. Rhodes, New York City, took twenty-seven trout, weighing 108 lbs., *an average of four pounds each.* This is one of the finest catches of trout ever taken at the Upper Dam. The separate weights were, 6½, 6½, 4½, 2½, 3¼, 3¼, 3, 4, 5¾, 4, 4½, 3¾, 6, 3½, 4, 3, 3½, 5¼, 3, 2½, 6½, 4, 2¼, 2½, 3¾, 2, and 5 lbs. each.

Many of the older visitants to the Richardson Lakes will remember the late John A. Bird, Esq., of Brookline, Mass., who was in the habit of making a yearly trip to the Upper Dam. On one of his regular annual fishing excursions, he was the hero of a trouting adventure that deserves to be perpetuated in print as being one of the most wonderful streaks of piscatory luck on record, for the truth of which we can furnish indisputable proof.

One day he went out to Morrill's Rock, a favorite resort of his, to give the trout a trial. He was alone on this occasion. He had indifferent success at first, but finally made a cast and struck two fish at the same time. They were both good ones, and he found that he had his hands full. For an hour he struggled and fought with two of the finest specimens of the *Salmo fontanalis* that

ever tickled a fisherman's fancy, and at the end of that time succeeded in netting both of the fish, which weighed respectively five and a half and seven and a half pounds, making together *thirteen pounds of trout at one catch*. Both of them were very handsome trout, and Mr. Bird thought so much of his beautiful prize that he had an oil-painting of the fish made by Brackett; the picture is still in the possession of Mr. Bird's family, and will stand forever a lasting monument of his skill as an angler, and a proof of the marvelous size and beauty of the RICHARDSON LAKES spotted brook trout.

The following trout were caught at the UPPER DAM during the fall of 1878: —

Richard Rowe, Newton, Mass., one trout, weighing 7 lbs.

W. J. Reynolds, Edgartown, two trout, weighing 6½ and 7 lbs.

The superiority of the RICHARDSON and RANGELEY LAKES over any other fishing waters, for size and beauty of trout, is well known and admitted by those who are familiar with the different fishing localities in the United States and Canadas.

The weight of several thousand trout taken from these waters in various seasons of the year, by J. P. Whitney, Esq., who has a fine camp at the mouth of MOSQUITO BROOK, on the upper RICHARDSON LAKE, who for a number of years kept a careful account of his catches, as well as those of his friends, *averaged one and one-tenth pounds each*, and from some localities Mr. Whitney found his weights to *average one and one-third pounds*, the latter from the MAGALLOWAY RIVER.

Not far above the ESCOHOS FALLS, on the right-hand side of the river, is BEAVER BROOK, which is a famous fishing-place in the months of August and September. At times hundreds of trout may be seen lying close to the clear sand at the mouth of this brook, all headed toward the cool and life-giving waters of this stream. Mr. Whitney, a year or two ago, in the month of August, took at this place *three hundred and twenty-seven trout in one afternoon, and left while the fishing was still good*. The same gentleman took one forenoon from the BIG POOL, a short distance above the mouth of the LITTLE MAGALLOWAY, on the main stream, sixty-two trout, weighing 78 lbs. eight of the largest weighing 26 lbs.

In July, 1875, Mr. William Brooks, Jamaica Plain, Mass., caught at Smooth Ledge, a short distance from the Middle Dam

LAKE MOLECHUNKAMUNK, SOUTHEAST VIEW FROM CAMP BELLEVUE.

Camp, fifteen trout, weighing 36 lbs., the two largest weighing 15 lbs. These were taken with a common fly-rod.

One season a gentleman by the name of Gile, from Brooklyn, N.Y., who was over sixty years of age, took a trout from the lake, at the head of the run, in front of the Middle Dam Camp, that weighed six and a-half pounds. Two other trout were also captured by another gentleman at the same place, the two weighing *twenty-three pounds*. This was in September, 1876.

In September and October, 1878, the Fish Commissioners of Maine took the following large strings of trout for hatching purposes: —

At the outlet of Rangeley Lake, —

October	2,	11	trout,	average	4¾	pounds.	Largest,	10	pounds.
"	3,	4	"	"	5½	"	"	7½	"
"	4,	12	"	"	5	"	"	8	"
"	5,	17	"	"	4½	"	"	9	"
"	7,	10	"	"	3	"	"	7	"
"	8,	4	"	"	5¾	"	"	9	"
"	9,	5	"	"	5	"	"	8	"

At Upper Dam, Richardson Lakes, —

September	22,	11	in car,	average	3½	pounds.				
"	23,	5	trout,	"	3½	"	Largest,	7	pounds.
"	24,	3	"	"	4½	"	"	6	"
"	25,	5	"	"	3¾	"	"	5½	"
"	26,	13	"	"	3½	"	"	4½	"
"	27,	3	"	"	5½	"	"	6	"
"	28,	7	"	"	4¾	"	"	6	"
"	30,	9	"	"	5	"	"	7	"
October	1,	9	"	"	3	"	"	5¾	"
"	2,	5	"	"	3	"	"	6	"
"	3,	7	"	"	6 5-7	"	"	10	"
"	5,	7	"	"	4½	"	"	6	"
"	7,	6	"	"	4¼	"	"	9½	"
"	10,	6	"	"	6	"	"	8	"

It will be noticed that the *largest average catch* was that of October 3d, at the Upper Dam, Richardson Lakes.

CHAPTER IX.

From the White Mountains to the Rangeley Lake Region, via Dixville Notch and Errol.

E shall select, as our point of departure, the Glen House, at the foot of Mount Washington, on the eastern side of the mountains.

Leaving the Glen at eight o'clock A.M., a beautiful stage-ride of eight miles brings you to Gorham, where you connect with the seven o'clock up train from Portland. The fare from the Glen to Gorham is $2.00.

Taking the cars you pass rapidly through Berlin Falls, Milan, Stark, Groveton, Stratford Hollow, Beatties, to NORTH STRATFORD, arriving at twenty minutes past one. Here you have dinner, and after dinner take the stage for COLEBROOK, thirteen miles distant A ride of two hours and you reach the PARSONS HOUSE, where you stop over night.

The ride to COLEBROOK up the Connecticut is really beautiful. From time to time a view of a broad intervale, with the glittering river sweeping through it in a stately curve, will make you regret that the horses were not slower, that you might the more leisurely feast your eyes on the charming panorama unrolling before you.

The next morning you continue your journey in one of Mr. Bailey's comfortable mountain wagons, for a distance of ten miles, reaching the DIX HOUSE, just at the edge of the NOTCH, at ten o'clock. Or you may leave the Glen House in the afternoon, connecting at Gorham with the 1.20 P.M. train from Portland, reaching NORTH STRATFORD at 8.15 P.M., and COLEBROOK at 10 P.M., as the Colebrook stage connects with both the morning and evening trains on the Grand Trunk road. The stage runs three times a week, down through the NOTCH to the ERROL DAM.

At the DIX HOUSE you will find excellent accommodations, at $2.00 per day. The house is kept by Mr. GEORGE PARSONS, and has a good livery-stable connected with it.

This hotel was built new during the summer of 1875, and will accommodate about fifty people. It is considered as only an L to the main house, which is to be 36 × 160 on the ground, and three stories high, the establishment containing when finished about one hundred and fifty rooms.

The Dix House was formally opened to the traveling public, on Wednesday, July 4, 1875. The township in which the building is located was formerly owned by the father of Ex-Governor Dix of New York. At the opening several distinguished gentlemen were present as guests of the proprietor, among them Ex-Governor Dix, in whose honor the house was named.

Lovers of the gun and rod will find excellent sport in this vicinity, while the pleasure-seeker and tourist will be delighted with the scenery by which the house is surrounded. Raspberries grow in luxurious profusion near the hotel, and in their season one can always procure plenty of this delicious fruit.

In this connection we cannot do better than to quote from that valuable handbook of mountain travel, Eastman's White Mountain Guide. Of Dixville Notch the author says: —

"The first view is very impressive; it opens like a Titanic gateway to some region of vast, mysterious desolation. The pass is much narrower than either of those in the White Mountains, and, through its whole extent of a mile and a quarter, has more the character of a Notch. One cannot but feel that the mountain was rent apart by some volcanic convulsion, and the two sides left to tell the story by their correspondence and the naked dreariness of the pillars of rotting rock that face each other. So narrow is the ravine (it can hardly be called a pass) that a rough and precarious roadway for a single carriage could only be constructed by building up against the mountain's side a substructure of rude masonry, while the walls slope upward so sharply on either hand that a considerable outlay is demanded of the State every year to clear it of the stones and earth which the frosts and rain roll into it every winter and spring.

"No description can impart an adequate conception of the mournful grandeur of the decaying cliffs of mica slate which overhang the way. They shoot up in most singular and fantastic shapes, and vary in height from four hundred to eight hundred feet. A few centuries ago the pass must have been very wild, but the pin-

nacles of rock, which gave the scenery such an Alpine character, are rapidly crumbling away. Some have decayed to half their original height; and the side walls of the Notch are strewn with *débris*, which the ice and storms have pried and gnawed from the decrepit cliffs. The whole aspect is one of ruin and wreck. The creative forces seem to have retreated from the spot, and abandoned it to the sport of the destructive elements. One might entertain the thought that some awful crime had been committed there, for which the region was blasted by a lasting curse.

"One should climb the highest pinnacle, called TABLE ROCK, which juts out from the southerly wall of the pass, and stands about eight hundred feet above the road. It is no easy task to keep the footing in the steep ascent over the loose and treacherous ruins of slate that strew the way. Hands and feet are necessary. TABLE ROCK is a narrow, projecting ledge, only some six or eight feet wide at the summit, and about a hundred and fifty feet long, rising in almost unbroken precipice on each side for several hundred feet. The descent is even more arduous than the ascent. It will be found, however, that the view from the summit repays the toil of the scramble. It is no small trial for weak nerves to walk out upon the side of the Notch upon this cliff, not more than six feet wide, and eight hundred feet sheer down. No part of the ride up Mt. Washington makes the head swim so giddily. From it one can easily see into Maine, Vermont, and Canada. Only a few miles east lies Lake Umbagog, where the moose congregate in the evening to stand up to their neck in water and 'fight flies,' as the guides express it. About ten miles north is Lake Connecticut, a beautiful sheet of water, mother of the noble river which is the pride of New England. A tourist might spend a few days very profitably in exploring the novelties of the districts that lie around the Notch. On the face of this cliff, seen from below, some locate the usual Profile, without which a mountain pass is regarded as incomplete.

"After about an hour's stay upon the pinnacle, one should descend and ride through the pass to a flume just before the eastern gateway is reached. Nearly opposite the entrance to the flume will be found a remarkably cold spring. On the opposite side of the road, in the woods, just beyond the Notch, there is a

series of beautiful cascades, extending nearly a mile, surpassed in beauty and volume by none in the whole White Mountain region.

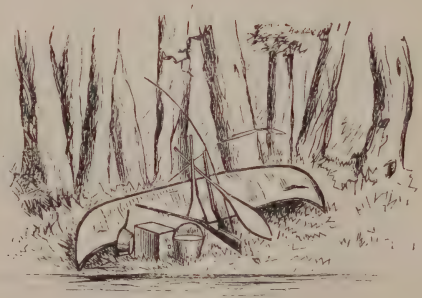
"The grand distinctive features of DIXVILLE NOTCH are desolation and decay. How charming, then, the surprise, in passing through the Notch eastward, to ride out from its spiky teeth of slate into the most lovely plain, called 'The Clear Stream Meadows,' embosomed in mountains, luxuriantly wooded to the crown. It is something like descending from the desolation of the Alps into the foliage and beauty of Italy. The only house near was accidentally burned a few years since. The graves of the earliest settler and his wife are there, fenced off rudely, and overgrown with tall weeds which nature wears for them. How many of the great and wealthy of our land will find such a cemetery? A mountain range for a monument; a luxuriant valley for a grave; such silence to sleep in as no Mt. Auburn can assure, and their story told to visitants from far-off portions of the land!"

Having spent a couple of days at DIXVILLE NOTCH, you take a team at the DIX HOUSE after dinner, and drive easterly through the Notch, across the CLEAR STREAM MEADOWS, and thence through a lovely country, a distance of eleven miles, arriving at the ERROL DAM on the ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER, at four o'clock, connecting with the little steamer "Diamond," to which you transfer yourself and sail up the river to the lake, a distance of four miles; thence across the lake four miles, to the RICHARDSON LAKE ROAD, where you change to a two-horse team. The balance of the trip is made same as by "Lower Route," reaching MIDDLE DAM CAMP about seven o'clock in the evening. This is one of the finest trips for tourists in New England, and we cannot too highly recommend it. The PROFILE at DIXVILLE NOTCH is equal if not superior to the "Old Man of the Mountain," at Franconia, over which so many writers have grown enthusiastic, and the FLUME AND CASCADES, on the eastern side of the NOTCH, are equal to anything to be found in the White or Franconia Mountains, while the scenery along the road the entire distance from the NOTCH to the ERROL DAM is one succession of beautiful pictures.

The fare from the Glen House to the MIDDLE DAM CAMP by this route will be about $10.00.

Travelers in the White Mountains who wish to visit the RANGELEY LAKE REGION without going through DIXVILLE NOTCH, after leaving the stage at Gorham, can go down the Grand Trunk road to either BETHEL or BRYANT'S POND, and then proceed as we have described in the Middle Route; the fare from the Glen House to the MIDDLE DAM CAMP, by the way of ANDOVER, would be about $8.50.

Parties from Boston who wish to visit the lakes by the way of DIXVILLE NOTCH will find it quicker to take the boat from Boston to Portland, and the next morning take the first train on the Grand Trunk Railroad, which will enable them to reach the DIX HOUSE at the NOTCH the same night.



CHAPTER X.

Route via North Stratford, Colebrook, Dixville Notch, and Errol.

TO PORTLAND, by boat or cars, as already described, thence by Grand Trunk Railroad to NORTH STRATFORD, thence to COLEBROOK, DIXVILLE NOTCH, and ERROL DAM, by stage, thence by Steamer Diamond across LAKE UMBAGOG to the RICHARDSON LAKE ROAD, then team across the carry, six miles to the MIDDLE DAM. Time, two days from Boston. Fare $13.00.

Leaving Portland from the Grand Trunk Railroad Station, at the foot of India Street, on the 1.20 train, we pass swiftly across the bridge and through the deep rock-cutting at Fish Point. Casco Bay then opens to view, and for a mile or more while passing around the Neck and over the bridge that crosses to Westbrook, the broad bay is seen, dotted with numerous islands, receding to the dim shores of Brunswick and Harpswell, a distance of twenty miles.

The train sweeps rapidly through the easterly portion of Westbrook, a distance of nearly two miles, presenting some pleasant views of land and water, then crosses the Presumpscot River, over a substantial bridge three hundred feet in length, and a mile and a half farther on reaches the depot at FALMOUTH, five miles from Portland. This is a farming town, although on the eastern side some ship-building is carried on. Leaving here, we pass through an undulating farming country, pleasant to look out on but of no especial interest, and stop for a moment at CUMBERLAND, nine miles from Portland. This place is similar in character to Falmouth. Moving again, obtaining occasional glimpses of the land-locked bay, a few minutes' ride brings us to the flourishing seaport of YARMOUTH, eleven miles from Portland, a very pleasant old town, where considerable ship-building is carried on. A mile above this station the Grand Trunk Railroad is crossed by a

branch of the Maine Central, formerly the Portland and Kennebec road. This crossing is known as YARMOUTH JUNCTION, and both of the roads have depots here. This branch of the Maine Central runs from Portland to Augusta; from Brunswick, a station on the road, another branch diverges to Bath.

Leaving the junction, we rattle northward once more through an agricultural country devoid of any striking features, and halt for a moment at NORTH YARMOUTH, fifteen miles from Portland. Business attended to, again we move, and after making a short run, reach POWNAL, nineteen miles from Portland. A few minutes here suffices, and on we go, the country becoming more undulating, presenting many charming views to the eyes of the tourist, and soon slack up at NEW GLOUCESTER, twenty-two miles from Portland, one of the best farming-towns in the State; the village lies west of the station, on elevated land, and looks very pretty from the cars. After a short stop the whistle is heard again, and on we go to DANVILLE JUNCTION, twenty-eight miles from Portland. At this point the Grand Trunk is crossed by the Maine Central Railroad, running from Portland to Auburn, Lewiston, Farmington, Waterville, Skowhegan, and Bangor.

Leaving the "crossing," a few moments' ride brings us to LEWISTON JUNCTION. Here a short but important branch of the Grand Trunk diverges to the two great manufacturing places of Maine, LEWISTON and AUBURN. Stages also run from this station to the celebrated Poland Springs. Persons visiting Lewiston will find in the DE WITT HOUSE a first-class hotel, elegantly furnished, with all modern conveniences. Messrs. Quimby & Murch, the genial proprietors, have been favorably known to the traveling public for many years in connection with the Franklin House, Bangor. The DE WITT has been repaired and refitted under their care; it has a nice billiard-hall and bath-rooms, and the *cuisine* is unexceptionable. It is safe to say that there is not a more popular or better kept hotel east of Boston than the DE WITT, and we confidently recommend it to tourists and business men.

Again in motion and flying along, passing cultivated fields and green pastures, with an occasional strip of woodland, we reach the EMPIRE ROAD station, in the town of Poland, thirty-two miles from Portland. This is an agricultural country, and requiring no further notice, we leave it as the steam-whistle again sends forth

its warning note, and speeding merrily away we get one stage farther on our journey, slowing down this time at the flourishing village of MECHANIC FALLS, situated on the Little Androscoggin River, and thirty-six miles from Portland. The stream mentioned above furnishes ample water-power, and a large amount of manufacturing is done here. The "Rumford Falls and Buckfield Railroad," connects here with the Grand Trunk. The road was opened in July, 1878, and runs through Mechanic Falls, Minot, Hebron, Buckfield, and Sumner, to Canton, its present terminus.

Returning to the train, we again move onward, following up the valley of the Little Androscoggin River, — which stream we cross several times, — and put on the brakes at OXFORD, forty miles from Portland. Here our stop is but momentary, and at the signal from the conductor, who shouts "All aboard!" we rattle on once more. From this point the landscape improves with every mile, and the tourist notes with pleasure the beautiful and romantic views — a rolling meadow, where browsing kine are moving slowly, looking up with wonder at the fiery monster rushing by them; a tranquil bend in the river, overhung with drooping elms and graceful maples; a trout-fisher standing on some lone rock or fallen tree, watching anxiously for the onset of some spotted beauty; distant mountains, whose peaks are sharply outlined against the ethereal blue, — all lend a charm to the ride, and you scarcely notice the approach to the next station, which proves to be SOUTH PARIS, forty-eight miles from Portland. The village, which is large and flourishing, lies to the northward of the station. Paris Hill, so called, is about two miles beyond and is thickly settled. The court-house is located here, Paris being the shire-town of Oxford County. Norway, another thriving village, lies two miles south-westerly of the station. Our iron steed, having taken his regular rations of fuel and water, is once more hurrying onward. Off to the right we catch a passing glimpse of the buildings on Paris Hill, with the farms and orchards mapping its southern slope. The grade now rises fast, the surrounding hills assume loftier proportions, and the scenery begins to be more diversified in character. While you are noticing the gradual change in the landscape, the engineer whistles "Down brakes," and in a moment more the train comes to a halt in front of the WEST PARIS station, fifty-five miles from Portland. You have scarcely time to

take a look about you here before the train is again in motion. Four miles from this station commences the heaviest grade on the whole road, being a rise of sixty feet to the mile. This continues until you arrive at the BRYANT'S POND station, in the town of Woodstock, a distance of sixty-two miles from Portland. The track has now attained an elevation of seven hundred feet, and you begin to realize that you are getting up in the world. A granite quarry that is worked some by the railroad company is passed just before reaching the station. While on the train one day in June, in the summer of 1874, the writer witnessed a singular occurrence. We were between West Paris and Bryant's Pond, and had just reached the steepest part of the grade. All at once, without any warning, the speed of the train began to slacken, and it finally came to a stand-still. The passengers left the cars to ascertain the cause of this sudden stop, and to their wonder and surprise found both the tracks and road-bed covered with millions of caterpillars, who were traveling to greener fields and pastures new. So many of these disgusting insects had been crushed under the wheels that the track was covered with slime and grease, and the wheels of the engine refused to turn. The train was backed a short distance, while the railroad employés on the train took brooms and cleared the tracks ahead, which were then covered with sand. This furnished our iron steed a foothold, and making a renewed and vigorous start, we passed the crawling, wriggling mass of insect life, and reached the station. It reminded us of Western stories that tell of trains being frequently stopped on the plains by the flights of grasshoppers. We had never taken much stock in these yarns, but, after being an eye-witness to the caterpillar incident, we were prepared to believe they might be true. The village of Bryant's Pond is very prettily situated, and derives its name from the beautiful and romantic sheet of water in sight of the station. On the opposite side of the pond a bold and rugged highland, thickly wooded, rises from the water to a height of a thousand feet. It is called Mount Christopher, taking its name from an early settler of this region, one Christopher Bryant, the miniature lake retaining his family appellation. This mountain is easily ascended from its western side, and the extensive view its summit commands will amply recompense the tourist for the time and labor of the ascent. Goose-eye mountain in Newry,

and White Cap near Andover, in all their sterile and rugged grandeur, may be seen to the north-east from the right-hand side of the cars as you approach the Bryant's Pond station. At this place passengers who are intending to visit the RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES, the paradise of sportsmen and tourists, the greatest hunting and fishing district east of the Rocky Mountains, or the famous new summer resort, the romantic village of ANDOVER, leave the cars here and go over the GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE to these places. The easy and commodious four-horse coaches of Messrs. Tuttle and Woodman will be found at the depot in waiting to convey travelers.

It may not be generally known that this whole region was surveyed by the railroad company before the railroad was built, in hopes of finding a feasible route farther north than the present one, but without success. A passable route to the Lake Basin, by following the Ellis River from Andover through Dunn's Notch, was reconnoitred, departing from the present line at Bryant's Pond; but insurmountable obstacles interposed between the lakes and the Connecticut River, the only depression between these points showing any chance of a route, that of the famous DIXVILLE NOTCH, being 1,968 feet above tide-water, and the topography of the region thence being of such a character as to require a grade of eighty feet per mile for over ten miles; while by the present route of the road, the greatest elevation east of the Connecticut is but 1,062 feet, the passage of the general summit, at Island Pond, 1,176 feet, and the heaviest grade but sixty feet to the mile. The axis of the elevation of the whole peninsula east of Lake Champlain is in fact north of the Umbagog Basin, in which general summit the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Chaudière, and the St. Francis Rivers take their rise. The general level of this region is between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the ocean, and its dominant peaks of the Camel's Rump and Aziscohos Mountains vie in their winter dress with the white summit of their more southern neighbor, Mount Washington.

Leaving Bryant's Pond, we soon strike the Alder Stream, following it down to the main Androscoggin River, a distance of eight miles, nature unrolling for our delight a panorama of mountain scenery that holds our close attention, until our arrival at

Locke's Mills, sixty-five miles from Portland, a village possessing no particular interest. High hills and lofty ridges surround us as we leave the station, but in a short time we emerge from the rugged heights so close at hand, coming out on a lovely intervale of the Androscoggin, presenting some of the finest landscape views the road commands, and stop at Bethel, seventy miles from Portland, another point of departure for the celebrated Richardson and Rangeley Lakes. Bethel is also well known as a beautiful and popular summer resort. A mail stage is run from Bethel to the Umbagog House, in Upton, every Tuesday and Friday. It leaves the depot on arrival of the morning train from Portland. A special stage, driven by Mr. Lane, also connects with the afternoon train, and runs daily when there are passengers. The road runs through the celebrated Grafton Notch, introducing the tourist to some of the wildest mountain scenery in New England. Connection is made at Lake Umbagog with steamer Diamond, and parties visiting the Magalloway River and Parmachenee Lake usually go by this route. A full description of this route is given in Chapter III. Bethel is a very attractive place in summer, and is annually visited by a large number of strangers. The village known as "Bethel Hill" sits on a commanding height west of the railroad depot. It has several hotels, the Bethel House being the largest and best.

Again we are speeding up the Androscoggin Valley, scenes of wild grandeur and romantic beauty meeting the eye on every side, a short ride bringing us to West Bethel, a station of but little importance, seventy-four miles from Portland. A short distance beyond here the train passes over Pleasant River bridge, and about a mile farther on you obtain a fine view, far up the valley of Mounts Jefferson and Adams lifting their conical summits over the shadowy ridges of Mount Moriah. Five miles from West Bethel we cross Wild River, over a bridge two hundred and fifty feet in length. From an old handbook of travel we quote: —

"This river is a child of the mountains, — at times fierce, impetuous, and shadowy as the storms that howl around the bald heads of its parents, and bearing down everything that comes in its path; then again, when subdued by long summer calms, murmuring gently in consonance with the breezy rustle of the trees whose branches droop over it. An hour's time may swell it into a head-

long torrent, an hour may reduce it to a brook that a child might ford without fear.

"This vicinity is rife with legends of the Indian wars. One of the last acts of the aborigines, ere their strength was forever broken, was an onset on the defenceless village of Bethel, made by a party of the St. Francis tribe, who had followed down the State line from Canada. They carried away captive a man named Pettengill, another named Sager, and two by the name of Clarke.

"Pettengill and one of the Clarkes, after proceeding a few miles, were unable, through lameness, to go on, and the savages finally consented to their return, advising them to keep to the same trail they had followed up, pretending that there were hostile scouts on all others. Clarke, who was well acquainted with the Indian character, suspected treachery in this apparent solicitude for their safety, and as soon as he was out of sight, struck into the woods, and swimming the Androscoggin, passed down the opposite side with safety. During his lonely tramp he heard the report of the gun which proved the death-note of his friend, who, taking the path designated, was followed back by the savages and shot dead. The mutilated body of poor Pettengill was subsequently found, and buried on the bank of the Wild River, just by the bridge."

Beyond the bridge the railroad is almost closed in on either hand by rude cliffs towering many feet heavenwards. The Androscoggin River is still to be seen on our right, turning and twisting through the narrow strip of intervale between the railroad and base of the mountains. This land, although subject to overflow by the spring freshets, is all cultivated, and yields good crops. We now reach GILEAD, eighty miles from Portland, and with but a moment's halt dash on. A mile or more above this station the track crosses the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire. Here bidding farewell to the Pine Tree State, we soon find ourselves at SHELBURNE, eighty-six miles from Portland. And now the mountains grow higher and still more rugged, and a short ride brings us within view of the lofty summits of Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, that burst upon our sight from behind a wooded ridge of Mount Moriah. For the next few miles, till we arrive within a short distance of the depot at Gorham, these

mighty peaks remain constantly in view. Just after leaving the Shelburne station, the cars pass near a high bluff, called GRANNY STARBIRD'S LEDGE. An immense granite bowlder, many thousand tons in weight, a great portion of which has been blown to pieces and used in the construction of the railroad, formerly rested on a shelf of the ledge. Under this rock, it is said, an aged matron named Starbird, who supplied the place of physician to the section, long time ago, found refuge during one of the wildest storms that ever smote the mountains. She was on her way on horseback alone, to visit a patient, where her presence was thought to be indispensable (so the story goes), when night and storm overtook her; bewildered by the pelting rain, she was glad to avail herself of such shelter as the rock could afford. House there was none for miles, and here she remained cowering all the long night with a fearful chorus confusing her ear, — the rushing of the great rain through the darkness, the voice of the countless streams that flooded every cliff and ravine, the wail of the great trees on the ridges as they writhed and struggled and swayed in the merciless grasp of the gale, and the oft-repeated howl of the shivering wolf driven from his lair by the incursions of the storm, commingled with the hoarse boom of the swollen river that made the very earth tremble. The laggard morning broke at last above the hills, but it brought no cheer to that "weary auld matron." Many a noble forest-giant lay shattered on the acclivities about her; the torrents still poured their turbid floods, and, filling the whole valley like a sea, the river swept onward, grinding and crashing, noisy and tumultuous, with its *débris* of trees and timber, gravel and rocks; nor was it till noon, when the clouds retired to the higher peaks, the sun shone out, and the streams began to fall as suddenly as they had risen, that she was able to resume her journey.

Skirting the base of Mount Moriah, with the silvery river on our right, a curve in the road suddenly brings us in sight of the station, and the train stops at GORHAM, ninety-one miles from Portland. At this place passengers *en route* for the White Mountains leave the train, and proceed by stage to the Glen House, eight miles distant, at the foot of Mount Washington. A fine new hotel, the ALPINE HOUSE, was built last summer by the Railroad Company, directly opposite the depot. It will accommodate about one hundred

people comfortably, and the rooms are all very pleasant. The table in summer is furnished with all the delicacies of the season. It occupies the same site as the old hotel of that name, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. The new house is a great improvement over the old one. It has been leased for a term of years by the Milliken Brothers, of Portland, who also lease the Glen House. Gorham, situated as it is in the heart of the mountains, is a delightful place to spend the summer in, and there are many attractive places of interest and fine drives in its vicinity. A well-stocked stable is connected with the ALPINE, and parties can procure teams at any time. Mount Hayes, on the right of the railroad, is one of the finest mountains in the vicinity of Gorham, and its ascent from the village is comparatively easy. A fine view of Mount Carter, the Imp, and Mount Moriah is to be obtained from Gorham.

Leaving the depot, the road crosses Moose River, about a mile above, and soon after commences the long grade overcoming the summit between the Androscoggin and Connecticut Rivers. In the region of Berlin Falls the river descends two hundred and thirty feet in a distance of two miles. At this point the Androscoggin River could be easily turned into the Connecticut, the Upper Ammonoosuc, an important tributary of that river, taking its rise within a short distance of the Androscoggin, and descending thence over one hundred and ninety feet into the Connecticut Valley at Groveton. Reaching the BERLIN FALLS station, ninety-seven miles from Portland, the train stops again. This is a lumbering village of considerable importance, and the mills of the Berlin Mills Company of Portland are situated on the bank of the Androscoggin River, a mile or more from the depot. A branch track runs from the road near the station directly to their mills, necessitated by the enormous quantity of lumber that they annually send over the road to their wharves in Portland. Sawed and planed lumber of every description is manufactured here, and in the busy season the mills are run night and day, two gangs of men being employed. This industry furnishes labor to a large number of men, and the Company have a store and boarding-house of their own near the mills. The village is a charming place to stop in summer, and one of the finest views of the White Mountains to be obtained in any direction may be had from the road near the

Company's store. In 1877 a new mill was erected here for the manufacture of paper pulp, from poplar, spruce, etc., and a great deal of business is done in it. The process of manufacturing the pulp is a very interesting one, but we cannot take space here to describe it. A short distance below the mills are the picturesque rapids known as the BERLIN FALLS. Here the entire volume of the Androscoggin River pours through a rocky defile about fifty feet in width, — descending in the space of a hundred yards nearly twice as many feet. In its passage from the lakes it receives the waters of the Diamond, Magalloway, and Clear Rivers, besides several streams of minor importance, so that at this point it is scarcely inferior in volume to the Connecticut at Groveton. Seething and plunging, and torturing into billows of snowy foam, it rushes down the narrow race, —

"Rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss,"

presenting a picture at once grand and romantic, and on which the eye of an artist would love to linger. From the wooden foot-bridge thrown across the chasm one may obtain a fine view, not only of the falls, but up and down the river. Persons lingering in this vicinity will find the MOUNT FORIST HOUSE, under the charge of Mr. M. C. Forist, an agreeable place to stop at. The trout-fishing about the village is also very good. No more pleasant drive can be taken in New England than from the village of Berlin Falls to Gorham, a distance of six miles, the road following the river the whole way. Again in motion, we find that a short distance above Berlin Falls station the road skirts Dead River Pond, then striking the valley of the Upper Ammonoosuc, follows it down (frequently crossing that erratic stream) to the Connecticut. The next stopping-place is MILAN, one hundred and four miles from Portland. There is nothing of special attraction here, and we rattle on to WEST MILAN, another unimportant station, one hundred and nine miles from Portland, and STARK, one hundred and fifteen miles from Portland. A mile or so from here we pass by a tremendous circular precipice, called the DEVIL'S SLIDE, whose perpendicular walls, shattered and torn apparently with some mighty convulsion, rise to the height of five or six hundred feet. The Indians, in their mythology, peopled all these moun-

tain regions with invisible spirits, who controlled the winds and storms, and in their quarrels hurled the gleaming thunder-bolts at each other, the effects of which were seen in the splintered trees and shivered rocks; and they have a tradition that in a remote age a huge mountain barred the valley where now the railroad passes, and that on a time when the heavens were convulsed, the earth reeling, and the atmosphere blazing with the terrible warfare of these invisible powers, one-half of the mountain sank down into the bowels of the earth, leaving the precipitous sides of the other bare and shattered, as they have remained to the present day. Just beyond this locality you open on a fine view, off to the right of those remarkable twin mountains, the STRATFORD PEAKS, — generally considered to be the most symmetrical elevations of the whole mountain region. Standing aside from the dark mountain ridges which swing away northerly, their white cones clearly defined, the tourist cannot mistake them, from whatever point viewed; they are the admiration of all who behold them. Having these peaks in sight almost constantly for six miles, we next find ourselves at GROVETON, one hundred and twenty-two miles from Portland. This is quite a pretty village, and opposite the railroad depot will be found the MELCHER HOUSE, a good hotel, and a pleasant place to spend a few weeks. The scenery in the vicinity of the hotel is very fine, and teams may be hired at the hotel by those who wish to enjoy the beautiful drives. Half a mile above here is a station known as GROVETON JUNCTION, the terminus in this direction of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, whose trains connect with those of the Grand Trunk.

Leaving the junction we move onward again, the scenery still occupying our attention, and make short stops at two unimportant stations, accommodating the farmers in the vicinity. The first of these, STRATFORD HOLLOW, is one hundred and twenty-seven miles from Portland, and the second, BEATTIE'S, one hundred and thirty miles from Portland. Passing on from the last named, a short ride brings us to NORTH STRATFORD, one hundred and thirty-four miles from Portland, lying on the eastern bank of the Connecticut River; and here we leave the railroad and continue our journey by stage. There are two hotels near the depot where the tourist can procure a good supper, the WILLARD HOUSE, opposite the railroad, being the most popular. This house, under

the management of Mr. E. H. Folsom, is well known to the traveling public; it has an excellent livery-stable connected with it, where teams may be hired at reasonable prices. The stage leaves for COLEBROOK, thirteen miles distant, as soon as the mails and passengers are ready. This popular stage-line is owned by Mr. Blanchard, who runs nice Concord coaches, and meets both up-trains in summer. The road follows the east side of the Connecticut River the entire distance, the stream favoring us with many charming views, as it is in sight the most of the way. As we ride up the valley our attention is claimed by a lofty peak some distance ahead, which pops into view every now and then as the stage follows the twists and turns of the road. This is Mount Monadnock, situated on the Vermont side of the river, directly opposite Colebrook, whose summit commands views both up and down the valley of the Connecticut for many miles. Every visitor to Colebrook should be sure to make its ascent. Arriving at Colebrook, the stage leaves us at the PARSONS HOUSE, and we receive a pleasant greeting from mine host Bailey, who will make every guest feel at home at once. There are many beautiful drives in the vicinity of Colebrook, and teams may be hired of Mr. Bailey. If you are in a hurry and wish to push on to the lakes, in the morning you take a seat in one of Mr. Bailey's fine Concord wagons and are driven to ERROL DAM, where you connect with the steamer Diamond for the MIDDLE DAM, on the RICHARDSON LAKES. Your route lies through the celebrated DIXVILLE NOTCH, the most romantic mountain-pass in New England. This is ten miles distant from the Parsons House, and there is a hotel here known as the DIX HOUSE, pleasantly located, where people who wish to take leisure to examine the many wonders of this pass may stop. Mr. George Parsons is the proprietor of the house, and those stopping here will find excellent accommodations. DIXVILE NOTCH is an immense chasm dividing the mountain-range down to its foundation, whose precipitous ridges rival in wildness and sublimity the White Mountain Notch. The serrated cliffs of mica-slate on either hand shoot upward in clean and sharply defined pinnacles and lances, to the height of a thousand feet, reminding one of the turrets and minarets of Saracenic palaces. Here and there along its walls, on some knotty spur, or in some deep fissure, cluster a few spruces and white birches,

forlorn hopes of vegetation, as it were, struggling against the sliding avalanche and almost invulnerable sterility; and the bottom of the defile is encumbered with shattered rocks and the *débris* from the bristling crags above. The locality is indeed a second Arabia Petreæ, where solitude has an abiding-place. A never-ceasing gale howls its mournful anthems among its sharp ledges, and tortured fountains winding through secret glens send out a gurgle that seems ominous of evil. Occasionally some huge fragment of rock, loosened from the mountain by the frost or storm, comes tearing down to the bottom of the abyss, awakening solemn echoes that sound like the wail of some lost spirit. Passing through the Notch from Colebrook, the celebrated profile of the "Old Man" is on the right and Pulpit Rock on the left. From the Notch the road lies over the Clear Stream meadows. and is level and free from stones the rest of the distance, eleven miles, to the dam. From the dam the routes are sufficiently described in other parts of the book.

One of the prettiest places in New England to spend a few weeks in summer, is the charming village of Colebrook, N.H. It is on the eastern bank of the Connecticut River, with Mount Monadnock directly opposite, in the adjoining State of Vermont. It is in the centre of some of the finest drives in New England, North Stratford, Canaan, Columbia, Dixville Notch, Connecticut Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, Diamond Pond, a great place for successful trout-fishing, being all within easy driving distance.

It is a thriving little town, and a good deal of business is done there. A daily mail, telegraph, and line of stages connect it with other towns and cities. The buildings are neat and well-constructed, there is a bank, two printing-offices, a Republican and Democratic paper, both weekly, and a large number of stores, representing every variety of business. There are two hotels, both eligibly situated on the main street. The better known of the two, the Parsons House, is kept by Mr. E. F. Bailey, a gentleman well-known to the traveling public, and one who understands how to run a hotel, in every acceptance of the term. This house commands a fine view of Monadnock, which frowns down upon it from just across the Connecticut River. Mr. Bailey has had a good foot-path bushed out to the top of this mountain, and,

as it overlooks the Connecticut Valley for many miles, a clamber to its summit will enable one to pass a day most enjoyably.

Connecticut Lake, one of the finest sheets of water in New England, is situated twenty-six miles north of the Parsons House, and is approached over a broad, level road, making easy driving the entire distance. There is a good hotel at the lake, also row and sail boats. There is good trout fishing at the lower lake, also at the second and third lakes. A very pleasant drive may also be made by driving down the river four miles from the hotel, crossing at that point, and driving back on the Vermont side, recrossing the river a few rods from the hotel.

For families who are looking for a desirable place in which to spend the summer months, we know of none more pleasant and healthy, or more likely to please.

The Parsons House has many desirable rooms, and an excellent table is set there, — two requisites very agreeable to summer boarders.

An excellent livery stable is connected with the house, thus insuring to guests a good team at all times, without any trouble.

CHAPTER XI.

Umbagog and Richardson Lakes, via Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad.

BY THIS route one may leave Boston from Boston and Maine Depot at 7.30 A.M., or from Boston and Lowell Depot, Causeway street, at 8 A.M., passing through Concord, Plymouth, Littleton, and Lancaster, arriving at GROVETON JUNCTION 6.48 P.M., where connection is made with the Grand Trunk Railroad, arriving at North Stratford at 8.15 P.M. Or you may leave either of the depots mentioned above at 12 M., arriving at Plymouth at 5.30 P.M., stopping over night, and the next morning take the 7.35 A.M. train, passing through places previously mentioned, arriving at Groveton Junction at 12.35 P.M., and reach NORTH STRATFORD at 1.20 P.M. Stages for COLEBROOK connect with both the afternoon and evening trains. This will be found a very pleasant route, equal to any of the others, and one of the interesting features is that you are in sight of some body of water almost the entire distance to GROVETON JUNCTION. Among some of the rivers and lakes passed while riding over this route, may be mentioned the Charles and Mystic Rivers, the Merrimac, whose praises have been extolled by the poet Whittier; the Suncook and Winnepesaukee Rivers; Lake Winnesquam, Little Bay, Lake Winnepesaukee, Waukawan Lake, Long Pond, Pemigewasset, and Baker's Rivers; the beautiful Connecticut, the boundary line between New Hampshire's rugged hills and the green peaks of Vermont; Wells, Ammonoosuc, and other smaller streams and ponds. The road also passes in sight of the falls at Lawrence, Lowell, Amoskeag, and Winnipesaukee.

At Long Pond, the road runs across the base of Ragged Mountain, whose rocky sides have been levelled by blasting to allow passage of trains.

The approach to Plymouth is very beautiful, the road following the Pemigewasset River, which flows tranquilly along through

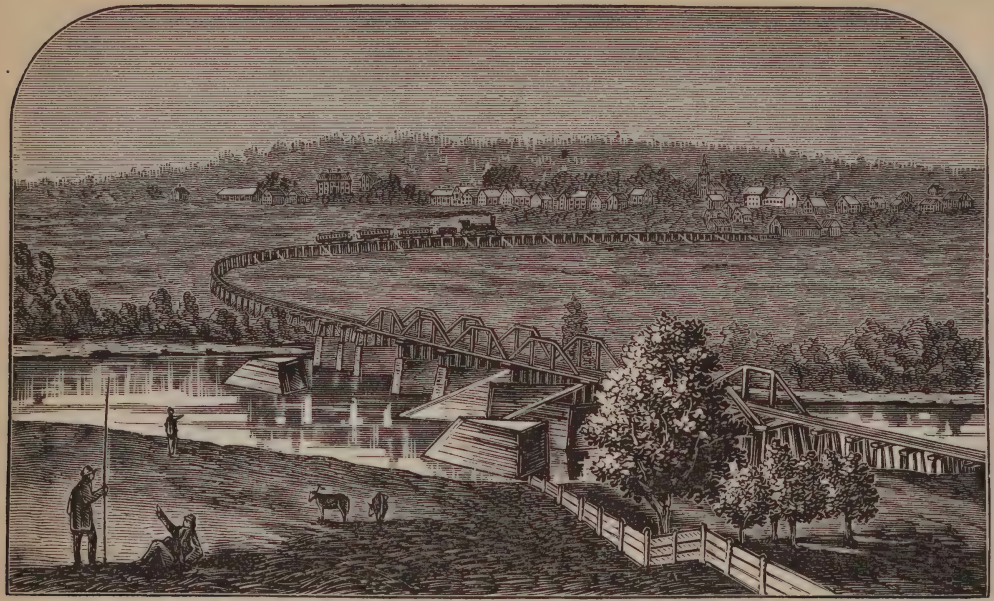
lovely meadows, dotted here and there with graceful elms. On either side are wooded hills, which descend by easy grade to the valley below; away in the distance you will notice the Franconia Mountains, forming a noble background to the picture. The train stops very near the PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE, which is a first-class hotel, and under whose roof you will undoubtedly pass the night if you have left Boston by the noon train. From Plymouth there is an excellent stage-route to the Franconia Mountains.

From Plymouth the train runs through the valley of Baker's River, with nothing worthy of mention in sight until you reach Warren; five miles from this village is Mooselauke Mountain, 4,600 feet high, a fine view of which may be obtained from the right of the cars, going North.

Beyond Wells River the route lies beside the Ammonoosuc for several miles. Passing Littleton, from which stages run to the Franconia Mountains, you continue on for seven miles, passing the Wing Road which here branches to the right, and extends to the foot of Mount Washington. The next place worthy of note on the main line is Whitefield, where extensive lumbering operations are carried on. During the spring of 1879 a railroad was completed and opened between Whitefield and Jefferson, and trains now run regularly. We now reach Lancaster, one of the prettiest villages in New Hampshire. A stage-route connects this place with Jefferson, eight miles distant.

From Lancaster we continue on to GROVETON JUNCTION, where connection is made with the Grand Trunk Railroad for NORTH STRATFORD and COLEBROOK. Tourists will find the STRATFORD PEAKS, which are in this vicinity, worthy of more than a passing notice. Bold, rugged, and barren, these twin cones tower toward the blue sky, forming a prominent feature of the landscape.

The time by this route is two days from Boston. Fare, $10.70.



MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD BRIDGE, FARMINGTON, ME.

CHAPTER XII.

THE UPPER ROUTE.

From Boston to Farmington and Phillips, Maine.

TAKE the cars in the morning at the Eastern or Boston and Maine Railroad depots, and on arrival at Portland change to the Maine Central train. If you leave Boston on the Boston and Maine Railroad, you will leave the train in Portland at the Boston and Maine Transfer station, just out of the city. If you go by Eastern Railroad, you will change cars in the Eastern and Maine Central Depots in Portland. You will have ample time for dinner both ways. Or you may leave Boston at night by steamer, reaching Portland early next morning, and have half a day in the city.

The Maine Central train leaves Portland at 1.15 P.M., for Farmington, ninety miles distant. The cars stop a few moments at the Transfer Station, and those who came from Boston over the Boston and Maine Railroad, join the other passengers on the train. Woodford's, a thickly settled suburb of Portland, is the next station, and beyond this Westbrook, where connection is made with the Portland and Rochester Railroad. You are now fairly outside the city, having nearly circled it on the back side; the road runs through a comparatively level farming country, and you pass successively the stations of Falmouth, Cumberland, Walnut Hill, Gray, and New Gloucester. From this point the line of the road gradually draws near the Grand Trunk Railroad, crossing it at Danville Junction, twenty-nine miles from Portland. From here a short run of six miles brings you to the large manufacturing cities of Auburn and Lewiston. Stopping at the first-named a few moments, the train then crosses the Androscoggin River, over a handsome and well-constructed iron bridge, from

which you obtain very satisfactory views of the river, the falls, and the numerous mills, whose walls send forth a busy clamor from morn till night. Here you change cars, and have some fifteen minutes to wait. At 3 o'clock the Farmington train starts, and turning north passes the stations of Greene, Leed's Junction, Curtis's Corner, Leeds Centre, where there is a large pond. It lies off to the right of the railroad. A small excursion steamer runs on the pond in summer, visiting Winn Village, on the opposite shore, daily. North Leeds and Strickland's Ferry on the Androscoggin River are the next stopping-places. The distant mountains to the North now begin to grow bolder, and look larger with every mile that you ride. Between North Leeds and Jay Bridge, for the most of the way, the road follows the Androscoggin valley, the river being on your left, and in this vicinity the landscape is charming. With the sparkling river in the foreground, and the bare-topped mountains in the distance, pretty pictures are formed with every curve of the road.

East Livermore is the next station beyond Strickland's Ferry, then comes in the order named, Livermore Falls, Jay Bridge, North Jay, Wilton, East Wilton, and West Farmington. While the cars are crossing the trestle-work over the river and intervale, you can see for miles up the Sandy River Valley, until the distant mountains shut off the view. The bridge and trestle-work connecting West Farmington and the "hill," is about thirty feet high, and curved to a half circle, as shown in our illustration.

You arrive at the Farmington depot at 5.30 P.M., and are met by the proprietors of the stage line, Messrs. D. Clark & Son, who take your checks and load your baggage. The Stoddard House and Forest House, both first-class hotels, are represented by runners, who offer you a free coach to either house. An excellent supper is served at both houses for fifty cents. The "Stoddard" is kept by J. B. Marble, and the "Forest" by G. H. Fletcher, both young men, and pleasant and attentive landlords. Parties wishing to stop in Farmington over night, will find good accommodations at either of the hotels, and can proceed by private conveyance in the morning, but at extra cost.

The Phillips stage calls at both the hotels, and passengers have about thirty minutes for supper.

Another year the stage line between Farmington and Phillips

will be a thing of the past, as by that time the Sandy River Railroad will have been completed, and the old-fashioned staging give way to "riding on the rail." Work upon the road is about to commence, and will be pushed as rapidly as possible during the summer. The road is to be a two-foot narrow-gauge, and the company have bought the rolling-stock and other property formerly belonging to the Bedford and Billerica Railroad.

FARMINGTON is situated mostly on high land, pleasantly located overlooking the Sandy River Valley, and the views from many parts of the town are beautiful. Its streets are hard, and free from superfluous dust, and nearly all of them can boast of a double row of shade-trees, thus combining beauty and comfort.

The fine drives in the vicinity will enable strangers to spend a few days to advantage, if they have the time to spare.

A fine landscape view may be obtained from the top of Court Street, looking west. Powder House Hill also furnishes a magnificent view up and down the valley for miles. From a hill near the Elm House in West Farmington a fine view of the intervale, the railroad bridge, and the east part of the town may be obtained.

The State Normal School at Farmington consists of two buildings, one of brick, the other of wood, located near the centre of the town on the corner of Academy and Main Streets. There was formerly a young ladies' seminary here, known as the "Willows," but the school has become defunct, and the buildings are now empty. They are very eligibly situated on an eminence near the centre of the village, commanding a broad south-west view of the intervale and country beyond. The willows in front of the school by that name originated in a peculiar manner. Many years ago an old gentleman by the name of Hiram Belcher, who had been to Augusta, cut some willow switches on the way home to touch his horse with. When he arrived home he stuck them down in a row near his house, and they grew to be the trees from which the "Willow School" derived its name. There is a beautiful maple grove on the main street in front of the Forest House, where a band-stand is erected, and here the "band plays" on summer evenings.

Clear Water Pond.

This beautiful sheet of water is situated in the town of Industry, about five miles from the Stoddard House, Farmington. The pond is about a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, and is bordered by a heavy growth of forest on all sides, which form splendid grounds for picnic parties. The western shore of the pond is a regular semicircle, while the eastern shore is indented with several little bays that add materially to the beauty of its outline. A fine view of the pond and the country beyond may be obtained from the road, near the outlet. But the best view of the pond is obtained from a high hill back of Mr. Tibbetts's house, two miles from the outlet.

At this place you may not only get a perfect view of the beautiful sheet of water below you, but in the far distance, forming a fitting background for so romantic a picture, are some of the most commanding mountains in this section of the country, and Saddleback has the prominence over all the others. The drive to this pond is lovely, and if you wish to try your luck with a rod, we assure you that trout have been caught there weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds; but it is not every fellow that can catch them. Boats for rowing or sailing are kept on the pond to let, and if you do not wish to exert yourself with their management, a boatman will accompany you.

Rainbow Cascade.

is situated on a small stream known as Hillman's Brook, about five miles from the Forest House. The drive to the cascade is very pleasant. You follow the regular stage-road to Phillips, as far as Backus' Corner, then, turning to the right, take the New Vineyard road, and drive for about three miles, until you reach Mr. Hillman's house. Fasten your horse here, then walk down to the mill, which is in sight from the house, pass through it, and climb the hill beyond for a short distance, until you reach the woods, entering the wood from the left, and walking a few rods farther, you reach a cool and shady dell inviting you to repose. In the centre of this beautiful valley flows Hillman's Brook, and on this the cascade is situated. This cascade is one of the finest we have ever seen. The waters pour over a ledge fifty feet high. At the top it is

State Normal School, Farmington, Maine.

about three feet across, and at the bottom about thirty feet wide. Over this rock the water pours, forming a sheet of silvery spray that widens every foot in its descent, until at the bottom it covers the whole face of the ledge. As the water leaps from crag to crag, it shimmers in the sunlight, which struggles in through the forest-trees by which the cascade is surrounded, and forms quite a well-defined rainbow. This is to be seen only on the right side of the cascade looking up the stream. Below the cascade, for several feet, are semicircular walls of rock. At the top of the fall is a small rock which divides the stream; it starts in two rivulets, and after a fall of a few feet these join, and the whole stream spreads out, like a silvery sheen, covering the rude ledge with a bridal veil. The seclusion of this lovely place, the rays of sunlight which filter in, the dark-green foliage of the birches and maples, the surrounding rocks, the deep gorges through which the waters flow after their gentle descent from the cliffs above, all combine to make one of the most romantic places ever seen, and you should not fail to visit it. Reclining upon a mossy bank, and watching this beautiful cascade, a sense of rest and peace steals over you, as if you were shut out from the toils and troubles of the world, and you feel loath to leave this charming spot.

Little Blue, just outside the village of Farmington, the former home of Mr. Jacob Abbott, where the "Rollo Books," and other books for young people, were written, was in 1844 made the seat of the widely known "Abbott Family School for Boys," by his brother, Rev. Samuel Phillips Abbott, under whose management it continued till 1849, when it passed into the hands of Mr. A. H. Abbott, the present proprietor.

From Farmington to Phillips is eighteen miles. Leaving the village your route lies over the main road, and, after riding a short distance, you wind around the base of Powder House Hill, and ascending a sightly eminence, you have one of the finest views to be met with in this country. Before you the Sandy River Valley unfolds its charming views, like some panorama, and its beautiful pictures are well calculated to attract the eye and please the taste of the traveler.

To the north-west, Mount Blue is seen, 2,804 feet high, towering far above the valley, a striking feature of the landscape. This mountain is situated in the adjoining town of Avon, and is the

first land seen by the mariner when approaching the coast of Maine. On your right, in a slightly north-east direction, bold and striking in appearance, lie the NEW VINEYARD range of mountains. Beyond and above them, a lofty peak known as MOUNT ABRAM, lifts its head to the clouds, which frequently descend far below its summit. To the west of this the SADDLEBACK range runs for several miles. MOUNT SADDLEBACK is one of the loftiest mountains in New England, and the third or fourth highest in the State of Maine.

Continuing on you reach BACKUS' CORNER, where years ago stood an old store, — a loafing-place for the surrounding villagers, — where many a glass of gin-and-water was served out to thirsty souls, before the Maine liquor law was thought of. The building is now gone, but in front of where it stood is an old stone post, in which are chiselled a decanter and tumbler, and the date July 4, 1838, a lasting tribute to the memory of the departed dealer in Santa Cruz.

About a mile farther on we pass through a thriving little village called Fairbanks' Mills, also known as North Farmington.

The road now bears to the left, and you cross the SANDY RIVER by a covered bridge, your route lying along the valley many miles. At this point, which ever way you turn, the views of mountain and intervale are positively charming.

Continuing up the valley the scenery grows wilder and more picturesque, and some miles beyond we reach a queer crook on the left of the road, at the foot of the DAY MOUNTAINS, known, locally, as the "Devil's Elbow." Along here for half a mile the mountain descends to the river, there being just room at the base of the mountain to build the road. It is an uncomfortably narrow place for two teams to meet. There is quite a romance connected with this locality.

Here for years lived an old Indian by the name of Pierpont, who, in his younger days, had deserted from his tribe and straggled down to this point from Canada. His cabin stood at the foot of the mountain, a few rods from the road, and although it has long since disappeared, an old willow, planted by the Indian when he first settled here, still stands as a monument to his memory, and in a storm its branches chant a dirge to his spirit, at rest we hope, in the happy hunting-grounds of his belief. While living

here, he was always on good terms with the white settlers, but when his daughter died in mid-winter, and none of the pale-faces called upon him to express their sympathy, his too sensitive soul was hurt by their neglect, and burying the body in the snow until spring, he took it on his back and departed for Canada, and this was the last seen of the old red-skin. When old Pierpont lived here he always had plenty of lead for his own use, and often sold it to his white friends, and it is supposed by many that somewhere on the DAY MOUNTAINS is a lead mine. This tract of land has lately been sold to a Farmington gentleman, for quite a sum of money on account of its supposed mineral wealth. A fine view of these mountains may be obtained from the road near the house where the stage horses are changed. And by the way, we have a ludicrous bear story to relate in connection with the "Devil's Elbow."

About fifteen years ago the editor of the "Farmington Chronicle" was visiting PHILLIPS. He had gone up one Saturday night to stop over Sunday, and a large Newfoundland dog he owned had followed unbeknown to him. The evening was very sultry, and as the dog was large and heavy, he became so tired when he reached the "Devil's Elbow," that he lay down in the road to rest. Soon after some cowardly ignoramus approaching discovered the dog, which he took for a bear. He immediately returned to a house and gave the alarm, and meeting the stage, that was also stopped. A band of five or six men was raised, and armed with pitchforks, guns, and a small rifled cannon, they marched in military array to do battle with the ferocious monster of the forest. Arriving within gunshot, the word to fire was given, and in a moment more the poor dog died, riddled with bullets, and the heroes of the occasion rushed forward in triumph to view their conquered foe, wishing to take his body to the village, as a trophy of their victory. When they found it was only a dog, they looked decidedly sheepish, and the leader of the enterprise might have been knocked over with a feather. The story was too good to keep; it found its way into the papers, and for several years the parties who shot the dog didn't hear the last of the "long-tailed bear."

Winding around the "Devil's Elbow," you have a striking view of the mountain, which here rises almost perpendicularly above

the road for several hundred feet. On the other side of the mountain, about a mile from the road, is a pond where is excellent trout-fishing.

A few miles beyond you diverge from the main road to visit the post-office at Strong. Here the SANDY RIVER is crossed by means of a fine suspension-bridge, erected about ten years ago. Strong is a smart little place, and contains several very fine houses for a farming country. An excelsior factory furnishes the principal industry. After leaving the mail, the river is recrossed, and we continue our ride along the main road.

Arriving at PHILLIPS, the stage draws up in front of the BARDEN HOUSE, and you meet with a hearty welcome from MR. SAMUEL FARMER, the pleasant and genial host, who will do his best to make you feel at home. If the evening is cool, a blazing fire in the open fireplace throws a cheerful glow and comfortable heat about the room.

The BARDEN HOUSE is well furnished and run in good shape, and the rooms are provided with spring-beds and hair mattresses, and the tired traveler retires to rest, sure of a comfortable night's sleep. Several of the sleeping-rooms have lately been enlarged.

The hotel is eligibly located on the main street of the village, near churches, stores, post, telegraph, and express offices, and from the second-story piazza you may obtain a fine view up and down the principal street, and get a glimpse of the falls, near the bridge. Away to the north-west the Saddleback Mountains lift their heads to the clouds, forming a prominent landmark. The view down the Sandy River Valley from some parts of the road between Farmington and Phillips is not to be excelled. Travel with rubber-coats and water-proofs, so that if a shower comes up you can observe the wonderful cloud-pictures that are formed among these hills and valleys, reminding you of fairy-land. Never mind the rain; you are not made of sugar or salt. You will not take cold in this country, and the little ducking you will receive will be more than compensated for by the beauties of the cloud phantasmagoria that will take place as the rain stops falling and the sunlight dances out, dispelling the clouds and gloom, and perhaps furnishing a splendid rainbow by way of dessert to the feast.

The ELMWOOD HOUSE, E. D. Prescott, proprietor, is pleasantly

situated on the main street of the village, and commands a fine view in all directions. The parlor, office, and dining-room are on the first floor, and are light and cheerful. The sleeping-rooms are large, airy, and pleasant. The hotel is well furnished throughout, and the *cuisine* is excellent. A small hall in the house offers a spendid chance for dancing and other entertainments. Board by the day, week, or month, at reasonable prices. The Rangeley stage stops at the house daily to call for or leave passengers. A good livery-stable is connected with the house, and guests can hire teams of any description at low rates.

Persons having leisure to spend a few days or weeks in PHILLIPS will find many places of interest to attract their attention.

The Mammoth Rock is one of the curiosities of Phillips. It is situated on Daggett's Farm, about three and a half miles from the Barden House. The drive there is very pleasant, and from the top of the hill, where you climb to see the rock, you will get some charming views of mountain and valley. This rock stands in a pasture, about one-eighth of a mile from the road, on the side of a hill. You can drive a team clear up to the rock. This immense bowlder has a split entirely through it, some thirty feet wide at the top and two feet wide at the bottom. The largest half, which is the lower side, has also been split, and there is a gap in it, about fifteen feet wide at the top and a foot at the bottom. A rude ladder, planted against the side, enables one to reach the top. One summer a fellow, who went on top of the rock, undertook to jump across the fifteen-foot space. He just managed to grasp the edge of the rock with his hands, and, after a severe struggle, he reached the top. If his hold had given way he would have been carried home in a coffin. Liquor was the cause of this foolish and dangerous act. It is variously estimated that the rock is from thirty-five to fifty feet high, one hundred feet through, and two to three hundred feet around the base. How it came there is a mystery, but every person has his own theory in the matter, and some are quite amusing. We publish a stereoscopic view of this rock.

SANDY RIVER FALLS, in the town of Madrid, are well worth a visit. They are about eight miles from the Elmwood House, and as there is good fishing on the stream above and below the falls, it will pay you to take a fishing-rod when you go to visit them. On your way to and from the falls you will get some splendid views

[illegible] Mount Abram and Saddleback ranges. This is one of the [illegible] in the vicinity of Phillips, and the excursion [illegible]. There are two streams, only a few rods apart, and [illegible]. An amusing incident in connection with this [illegible] is told of a gentleman from Providence. He was fishing the Sandy River down one day, expecting to reach Madrid in time to stop over night. But darkness overtook him while he was fishing from a large rock in the middle of the stream, and at this place he was surrounded by woods. Being afraid of losing his way, or being attacked by wild beasts in the woods, he spent the night on the rock, a prey to mosquitoes, black flies, and a disordered mind, his imagination picturing a great many horrors that the morning light dispelled. He scarcely slept a wink all night, but when he reached the village the next day he had a good hearty laugh over his nocturnal adventure.

We publish a stereoscopic view of the falls on each stream.

A fine excursion, occupying a day, may be made from the hotels to Mount Blue. Taking a team, you ride to within a mile of the top of the mountain, and then walk up by a good path through the woods. The view from this mountain is very extensive, embracing the whole country from Phillips to the ocean, and a trip to its summit will well repay the tourist for the time and expense of making it. There is a hotel at the base of the mountain where you can get dinner, and where you can have your team provided for also. We publish several stereoscopic views of Mount Blue.

There is a sulphur spring a short distance from the hotels, whose waters are taken by many people for a cure for rheumatism. The water contains both lime and sulphur, has many medicinal properties, and is extremely disagreeable to the taste.

The brook-trouting in the vicinity of PHILLIPS is unsurpassed, and all necessary information in regard to the streams and ponds may be obtained from the proprietors of the hotels.

The fare from Farmington to Phillips is $1.50. Lodging and breakfast at the ELMWOOD or the BARDEN HOUSE will cost you $1.00. The transient rates for board at these houses are $2.00 per day. A telegraph line extends to Phillips, thus bringing it into immediate connection with Boston and New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

From Phillips to Rangeley Outlet.

IN the morning Mr. SAMUEL FARMER's comfortable stages leave PHILLIPS at half-past seven for GREENVALE, eighteen miles distant. Fare, $2.00. Parties who wish to go in a private team, can procure one from the hotels at a reasonable price.

The road follows the SANDY RIVER VALLEY the most of the way, and six miles from PHILLIPS we pass through the little village of MADRID, crossing the river at this point. A few miles beyond, the road crosses a high range of land known as BEECH HILL, which is one of the spurs of MOUNT SADDLEBACK, and is about twelve hundred feet above PHILLIPS. From the top of this hill a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained, including the SANDY RIVER VALLEY and PONDS, and numerous mountain peaks and ranges.

Descending the hill towards GREENVALE, a short ride brings you to the SANDY RIVER PONDS, all lying near each other, on the right side of the road. Passing these you come to LONG POND, the source of the ANDROSCOGGIN. It is only a stone's throw between LONG POND and SANDY RIVER PONDS, and thus the ANDROSCOGGIN and KENNEBEC RIVERS come within an ace of being connected. In all of these ponds and streams along the road the trout-fishing in the summer is excellent, and one can stop, if they are going by private conveyance, and catch a string of fish to take along with them.

LONG POND is a very pretty sheet of water, situated in the middle of the woods, and furnishes excellent trout-fishing. An arm of it extends to within a few feet of the stage-road, and it is only about two miles from GREENVALE. If one wishes to make a business of fishing there, he will be obliged to take a boat with him, as there are none on the pond. We publish a fine stereoscopic view of this pond.

Barden House, Phillips, Maine.

Continuing on we reach the head of RANGELEY LAKE, which is 1,512 feet above tide-water, and the stage stops at the GREENVALE HOUSE, three miles from Rangeley Village, a well-kept and comfortable hotel, managed by MR. GEORGE ESTY, who is quick to respond to the wants of his guests. The time from PHILLIPS to GREENVALE is four hours.

The rooms are all well furnished, and as good a table set at this house as at any in the Lake Region. Mr. Esty has a good livery-stable, and persons who wish to spend a few days here can obtain teams to take them in any direction.

From a high hill, in a pasture near the hotel, a splendid view of LAKE OQUOSSOC may be obtained, including some fine mountain scenery. The extensive and varied landscape spread out before you when standing on the top of this hill and overlooking the lake, will well repay for the tiresome climb to its summit.

In approaching the GREENVALE HOUSE from PHILLIPS you cross a little mountain stream near the hotel, which is not only noted for its excellent fishing, but also for its fine scenery. Follow it up for a quarter of a mile from the road, and you will come to a deep ravine cut out of the solid rock by the powerful action of water during the spring freshets. This ravine extends up the stream for quite a distance, the brook being broken all through it by rapids, cascades, and falls. Along its sides, where the water has washed out all the earth, huge crevices are found in the rocks, and from several of these, in the last of June, 1876, we took some splendid ice, many of the pieces being two or three pounds in weight. It is a wild and romantic place, and one which is eagerly sought after by lovers of nature. The dark rocks, the water flashing in the sunlight, the numerous natural bridges, caused by trees which have been uprooted by tempests and have fallen across the ravine, the roar of the cataract, the grateful shade to be had under the old forest-trees, are all congenial to one who wishes to walk in nature's solitudes, and who can appreciate such a wild country. When visiting the GREENVALE HOUSE, by all means spare half a day to visit this brook, as we are confident you will be well satisfied with the time so spent. We publish several stereoscopic views which we made in this vicinity.

The head of RANGELEY LAKE, near ESTY'S, is noted for the excellence of its spring fishing. The largest trout that have ever

been caught in any of the Upper Lakes, were caught in the Rangeley Lake.

Kennebago Lake.

A pleasant excursion may be made from the Greenvale House up to Lake Kennebago, fourteen miles distant, six of which may be done by team and eight on foot. Leaving Esty's, you drive down below Rangeley Village for perhaps a mile, then turning to the right drive two miles farther, the carriage-road ending on top of a high hill, from which you get a very extensive view. From this point you can see nearly the whole of Rangeley Lake, Gull Pond, the west side of Mount Saddleback, and some twenty other prominent peaks which have not been christened.

Leaving your team you pass through a wide gate, the road running through several pastures and fields, and before striking into the woods you climb over or walk by seven of these gates. The road bears to the right most of the time, and is easily followed. On reaching the woods you will find a well-worn path, and you will find no difficulty in keeping in it. On your way you pass several ponds on the left of the road, where good trout-fishing may be had in the fall. Three hours is considered the ordinary time in which to make the walk. The road is rough the whole of the way, and you will not care to do it, even if you can, much under that time. Arriving at the head of the lake, you will find Crosby and Grant's Camp. Transient board is $2.00 per day. The camp is pleasantly located, commanding a fine view down the lake. The camp stands on a point of land, wedge-shaped, which extends out into the lake.

The fishing is pretty fair here the entire season, but the fish do not run as large as in the lakes below. While we were stopping here one summer, Mr. L. T. Reed, of the Oquossoc Angling Association, caught, while trolling, a very pretty trout, that tipped the scales at four and one-half pounds. Doubtless large ones are sometimes caught. But small fish, that will weigh from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a half, are very plenty. Some of the best places for fishing at Kennebago are at the Outlet, at the foot of the lake, and the Big Inlet on the opposite shore of the lake from Crosby's lower camp. About a mile above the Big Inlet, on the same side of the lake, is a good place for trolling.

In going to KENNEBAGO it is unnecessary to take a guide, and if you have any heavy things to carry you can get them hauled in on a sled drawn by a horse. The road is too rough to even admit of a buckboard. Also take our advice, and don't go until August or September. We were there the very last of June, and the black flies and mosquitoes were a perfect nuisance. They were the worst at KENNEBAGO that we ever found them anywhere in the lake region. Tar and oil were of no use, and nothing but smoke would clear them. We publish some stereoscopic views of KENNEBAGO, also some handsome 5 × 8 pictures, suitable for framing.

The Seven Ponds

lie about a mile north of KENNEBAGO, and although difficult to reach, have been visited by quite a number of sportsmen. There is good fishing in all the ponds, and the surrounding locality is an excellent hunting-ground. Messrs. Crosby and Grant have a good camp at one of the ponds. The easiest way to reach them is to go up the KENNEBAGO STREAM, and across LITTLE KENNEBAGO in a boat. Then a walk of about six miles will bring you to the camp.

At the GREENVALE HOUSE, Mr. ESTY will provide you with an excellent dinner at the moderate charge of fifty cents.

After dinner you embark on the jaunty little steamer MOLLYCHUNKAMUNK, Capt. C. W. HOWARD, which leaves GREENVALE daily at 2 P.M., for the MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, at RANGELEY OUTLET, touching at Rangeley "City" on the way. The distance down the lake is nine miles. The course taken by the steamer carries you past RAM ISLAND, which is seen to the left in our engraving, thence across the lake, by SOUTH BOG ISLAND, and under the base of BALD MOUNTAIN, bringing up at the little wharf in front of the MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE. The fare across the lake by the steamer is $1.00.

The "City," as the village of Rangeley is called, is three miles beyond Kimball's, and on the shore of the lake near the northeast arm.

RANGELEY is quite a village, it containing about twenty dwelling-houses, two stores, a post-office, carriage-shop, two blacksmith's shops, a boat-builder's shop, a saw mill, shoe-shop, and

Log Hut inhabited by Bubier Family, Rangeley, Me.

two hotels, the largest, being known as the RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE.

This new and spacious house is one of the largest and most popular hotels in the lake region. It is three and a half stories high, with a two-story ell, and contains about fifty rooms. There is a cupola on top of the main house, from which beautiful and extensive views of the lake and surrounding country can be obtained, and the broad piazzas furnish an excellent promenade. This hotel was built and newly furnished during the winter of 1877, by John A. Burke, Esq., and has superior accommodations for some seventy-five guests. It is in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Eben Hinckley, who have thus far kept it in a very satisfactory manner. The terms are $2.00 per day transient, and from $7.00 to $10.00 per week for a longer period. Mr. Hinckley can furnish guides and boats to all who desire them, and, having a good livery stable, can supply his guests with teams at any time. The Phillips stage puts up at the house.

In the fall of 1876, just after the fire which destroyed the greater part of the village, a very cosy, home-like little hotel was built at Rangeley, by Abner Toothaker, Esq., who is one of the largest real estate owners in this part of the country, and who owns some of the fastest trotters in the State of Maine, for the accommodation of tourists and sportsmen visiting the RANGELEY LAKE REGION. It is called the OQUOSSOC HOUSE, thus retaining the romantic Indian name of the lake whose sparkling waters lave the shore but a few rods beyond its site.

The house stands on the main street of the village, facing east, commanding a wide range of country, including some of the highest and most striking mountain peaks in the vicinity. A large pond just opposite is a pleasant feature of the scene. It is convenient to stores and post-office, and near the steamboat wharf. It is well furnished, and everything is new and clean. There is a double piazza in front, furnishing a charming retreat for leisure moments. Mr. and Mrs. John Herrick have charge of the hotel, and will do all in their power for the accommodation of their patrons.

Pleasant excursions may be made from here by steamer on the lake, or teams on land, and one can procure from Mr. Herrick any kind of teams required.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, RANGELEY OUTLET (1877.)

We take the following extract from the June, 1877, number of "Harper's Magazine": —

"Rangeley perpetuates the name of an eccentric but thrifty English squire who penetrated the wilderness thus far many years ago, and laid the foundations of the prosperous plantation which is his monument to-day. His story is a romantic and interesting one.

"Mr. Rangeley, for a time after coming to this country, was a merchant in Philadelphia, and later a land speculator in Virginia, with all parts of which State he was very familiar. He is described as having the substantial build and florid countenance of the traditional English squire, with a corresponding hearty manner, but an exceptional degree of politeness and polish for a man of his kind; he also dressed well, and was given to hospitality.

"To his early life he seldom referred; and what led him to this remote corner of the wilderness of Maine can only be conjectured. Perhaps it was the scent of mineral values, for he was known to claim the existence of gold ore upon his township; and he was a man who knew what iron pyrites were. The township, as he owned it, comprised somewhere from 65,000 to 70,000 acres, and he had large plans for its development. The present extensive and growing system of navigation and lumber portage seems to have been a dream of his own, for he fully foresaw the resources and capabilities of his domain. He built various mills, some of which remain to this day. These were superintended by his sons, who had the look of huntsmen; and he lived with his wife and two daughters in what was then the only good house of the region. This house is believed to be still in existence, but in a decayed and squalid condition.

"Mr. Rangeley and his wife were reputed to possess between them a considerable fortune, but his plans were on so great a scale, and his ability to deal with the rude and the shrewd so limited, that he worked at no small disadvantage, at heavy cost, and finally with serious loss. This led him to sell his plantation for $50,000; but financial disturbances so crippled the purchaser, who had made but part payment, that the property fell back into Mr. Rangeley's hands. Subsequently, with the return of better times, he succeeded, however, in disposing of it, and removed to Portland. He was there established as early as 1842, and there

Camp Henry, Rangeley Outlet.

he died not later then 1862. Members of his family are said to be still living in Virginia.

"Mr. Rangeley had been followed into his forest paradise by a score or two of families, one after the other, and for their accommodation he built a small church or chapel, which, distinguished by its simple coat of red paint, has probably been preached in by some of the 'ruling elders' of the present time. It is in the record that the worthy English squire did not himself attend the services in this secluded house of prayer, but caused worship therein to be held after the manner of the Episcopal Church, for the sake of his wife, who is spoken of as a most kindly and benevolent person.

"Mr. Rangeley's greatest public work was a road constructed through 'a grand and savage pass' of the Saddleback range. Its cost was set down at $30,000; but the road itself is now wholly obliterated. The new road is spoken of as 'wholly uninteresting' in comparison. The present writer can say nothing as to the location of this ancient highway, but repeats the tradition respecting it as received from a gentleman of Boston who personally knew Mr. Rangeley, and who visited him in his retreat several times prior to 1840 — who is, indeed, the authority for all these interesting particulars concerning this really notable and agreeable character."

The MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE was built at RANGELEY OUTLET, on the old site of Soule's "Camp Henry," during the winter of 1875, by Henry T. Kimball, and is a popular resort for tourists and sportsmen. It is well appointed in all respects, and contains a dining-room, twenty-four feet long, an office, sitting-room, and twenty sleeping-rooms. The rooms are all lathed and plastered, and the house contains excellent accommodation for ladies. It is two stories high, commands a fine view of the lake, and directly opposite old BALD MOUNTAIN keeps watch and ward over it. The house presents an attractive appearance from whichever way you view it, and its long piazza furnishes an excellent place for a promenade, or a chance to sit and chat, and enjoy the invigorating air and beautiful scenery. The terms at this house are $2.00 per day. The management of the house is superintended by Mr. Kimball, aided by suitable assistants, thus securing the welfare and comfort of guests. During the winter of 1877 Mr. Kimball

View of Rangeley Lake and Ram Island.

found it necessary to make a large addition to the MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, the new building being 32 × 62 feet, and adjoining the other part of the house. By the annex he will have a larger dining-room, sixteen new sleeping-rooms, some of them 12 × 16, and part of them on the lower floor. The piazza will be extended, giving a length of ninety-four feet, fronting the lake. Mr. Kimball has also erected a new livery-stable, 26 × 36, and will keep some good horses and teams to let. It is only seven miles to Rangeley Village from the Outlet, and those wishing teams can have them at any time. A large number of row-boats are kept at the hotel, and may be hired at reasonable prices.

Now that a first-class hotel has been erected at the foot of the lake, families will find this a very desirable place in which to spend the summer, as numerous excursions may be made from the hotel in all directions. By means of the steamer on MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC LAKE, parties are enabled to visit CUPSUPTIC, BEMIS STREAM, the UPPER DAM, the MIDDLE DAM, the SOUTH ARM of the RICHARDSON LAKES, and other places of interest, and return to the MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE the same day.

Some of the best fishing-places near the hotel are over to the South Bog, at the Dam, and in the lake at the Outlet.

THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE is kept open from June 1 to Oct. 1. June and September are the two best months for fishing here, although trout may be found in July and August.

BALD MOUNTAIN, which stands directly opposite the MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, commands a fine view of the surrounding country. Its ascent is not very difficult, and the beautiful landscape it overlooks will well repay any one for the time and trouble spent in making it. A guide is not really necessary, although perhaps it would be better to take one with you.

CAMP RANGELEY, formerly Pennock's Camp, on the opposite side of the Outlet from Kimball's, is owned by the OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION.

LAKE POINT COTTAGE, the property of Theodore Page, Esq., of Boston, is very prettily situated on a little point that makes into the lake near its Outlet.

A new hatching-house for the propagation of trout has been built by several parties interested in the preservation of the fishing at RANGELEY OUTLET, and is now in successful operation.

Steamer Molly-Chunkamunk at Rangeley Outlet.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rangeley Outlet to Indian Rock, and Bugle Cove.

CONTINUING on, you cross the Carry from the Outlet to INDIAN ROCK, walking a distance of two miles, your luggage, if you have any, being hauled on a team. Here you reach CAMP KENNEBAGO, the head-quarters of the OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION; it stands on rising ground, a few rods from the junction of the KENNEBAGO and RANGELEY streams. This camp is kept open from May 15th, to October 1st, and is under the charge of Mr. C. T. RICHARDSON.

Many years ago an old hermit by the name of Smith camped at INDIAN ROCK, and cleared up a small space of land. He afterwards sold out his interest in the place to Mr. Richardson, who built a rough camp for the accommodation of fishermen, which is still near the river. Mr. Richardson after some years disposed of his interest in the place to the OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION, who built a fine camp, now used by the members, and made many valuable improvements on the ground. Mr. Richardson was engaged by the Club as Superintendent, which position he has since held.

The Oquossoc Angling Association was incorporated Feb. 5th, 1870, and now numbers some seventy members. The value of their property and improvements at CAMP KENNEBAGO is about $20,000. The Association owns several buildings besides their large camp, which is a building 40 × 100 feet; they also own a fleet of thirty boats. The meetings of the Association are held at their rooms in New York, at No. 10 Warren street. JOHN H. KIMBALL, of Bath, Me., President; LEWIS B. REED, Jr., Vice-President, and JAMES A. WILLIAMSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

All fishing and shooting by members of the Association is conducted strictly in accordance with the game and fish laws of Maine, and the Association has been largely instrumental since its organization in preventing the breaking of the fish laws by

wandering fishermen and others who have no regard for the preservation of the fishing.

The Oquossoc Angling Association during the past three years have stocked the water in the immediate vicinity of their clubhouse with many thousand of the famous land-locked salmon, and they are now being captured; one was taken near Camp Kennebago, weighing *two pounds;* another, of about the same weight, was also caught by one of the Andover guides at the Upper Dam; and a third one was caught in the Rangeley Lake by a gentleman from Boston.

The Association Camp is only open to the public during the months of July and August. For the months of June and September it is reserved for members and their guests.

There are good accommodations for ladies at CAMP KENNEBAGO during the months of July and August, as at that time there are very few members of the Association in camp.

A new building, designed to give better accommodation to ladies, was built during the winter of 1878. It stands on the old site of the Bald Eagle Camp, the latter having been moved farther to the west. The building is 30 × 56 feet on the ground, two stories high, and contains eighteen sleeping-rooms, besides a large sitting-room. The rooms are ceiled with matched boards, and comfortably furnished.

The dining-room in the main camp has been enlarged, and most of the beds in the large room have been removed, and that is now used as a common sitting-room. Other improvements have been made which add to the attractions and comforts of this beautiful place.

The regular rate of board in the camp is $2.00 per day. Guides' board (which is always paid by the party engaging the guide), $1.00 per day. Mr. Richardson, the Superintendent, will furnish guides at $2.00 per day, and boats at 50 cents per day.

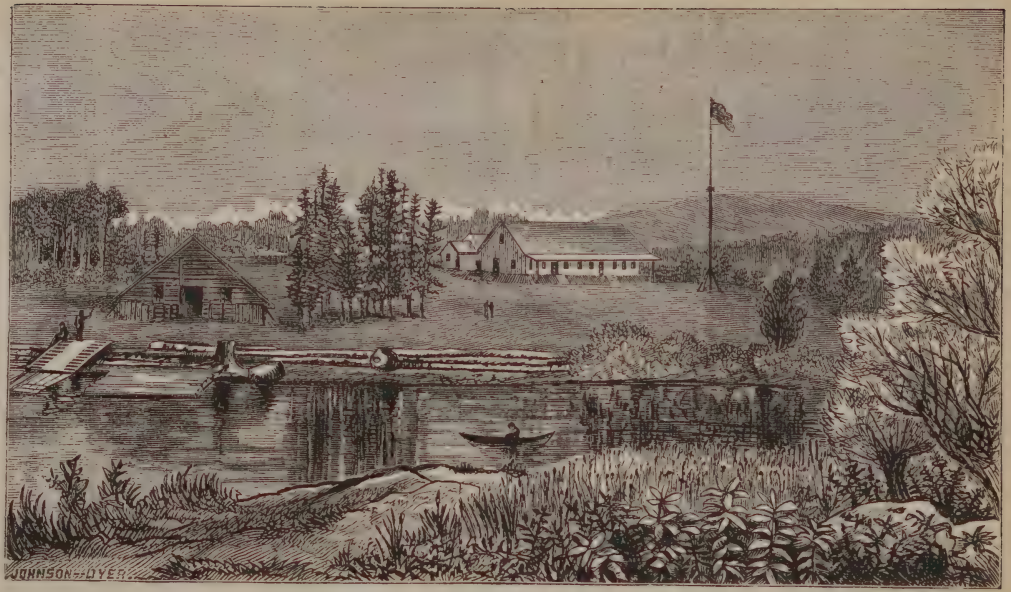
The managers of the Oquossoc Angling Association have retained all the charming semi-aboriginal character in their camps, grounds, and appointments. While the furniture is sufficiently comfortable to suit the most fastidious, yet the contrast between Camp Kennebago and the hotels is everything that the two terms indicate. The true idea of a "lodge in the vast wilderness" is here seen and enjoyed. Visitors are not confined to Camp Ken-

nebago. The Association own camps at the outlet of Rangeley Lake; on Birch Island, near the mouth of Cupsuptic Stream; on Kennebago Stream, seven miles from the main camp; and on Little Kennebago Pond. Among the highly appreciated but unusual adjuncts of a camp in the wild woods are two cows, a horse, poultry, etc., a fine vegetable and fruit garden, ice-house, and bath-room. Parties desiring to make a long stay at Camp Kennebago may address either of the officers of the Association, or C. T. Richardson, the Superintendent. The tour of the lakes is incomplete without experiencing the hearty hospitalities of Camp Kennebago. We would also speak of the famous brook trout, captured in 1867 at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, retained a captive for three weeks, and then *transported alive* in a large tank of water, lined with sponge, and supplied with fresh air by an air-pump, to the pond of George Shepard Page, Stanley, N.J. The tank also contained a female brook trout, weighing eight and one quarter pounds. These trout both died. *The former weighed ten pounds after his death.* It is a matter of regret that his weight when captured was not taken. Professor Agassiz and Professor Baird have stated that he must have weighed eleven and a half pounds. But, at the weight of ten pounds, he challenges the admiration of anglers as being one of the largest brook trout on record. His stuffed skin forms a prominent ornament of the office of Mr. Page in New York.

We present our readers with two views of Camp Kennebago. The first is made from the "Rock," showing the Camp in the distance. The second is an interior, showing the main apartment of the building, which is used for a sleeping-room and sitting-room. This is a very comfortable room, with a row of beds on each side, a long table in the middle, and an immense fireplace in one corner, which is capable of holding half a cord of wood at a time, and is of itself quite a curiosity. Books, papers, and a cabinet-organ, help the members to while away the time in unpleasant weather. The dining-room opens out of the large room, and tables can be set for about forty people at once.

In the month of June there is considerable trolling for trout on the Mooselucmaguntic Lake.

Leaving the hospitable roof of Camp Kennebago, you embark on the little steam launch Oquossoc, and glide swiftly down the



INDIAN ROCK AND RANGELEY STREAM.

stream, formed by the junction of the RANGELEY and KENNEBAGO, and enter the CUPSUPTIC LAKE, which is 1,486 feet above tide-water. There are several fine places for fishing on the river between the camp and the lake. Another excellent place for trout is Sandy Point, near the mouth of the river.

The distance from the mouth of the river to the head of CUPSUPTIC LAKE is five miles, and the CUPSUPTIC RIVER, which empties into the head of the lake, is navigable for boats for five miles farther, the stream being free from rapids and falls.

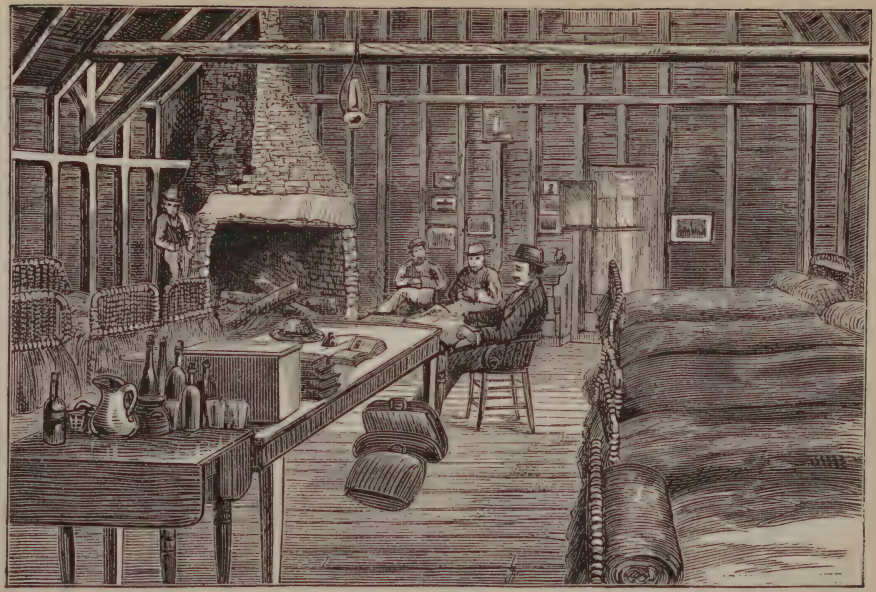
There is no "carry" between CUPSUPTIC and MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC LAKE, the two sheets of water being connected by a strip of "narrows," and thus you have one unbroken expanse of water for a distance of fifteen miles, situated in the midst of a vast wilderness, and surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains, many of which are grand and picturesque.

A local tradition explains the elongated name of this lake as follows: A hunter, who was out after moose, met with such poor success, that he almost famished. He said, "I had been four days without game, and naturally without anything to eat, except pine-cones and green chestnuts. There was no game in the forest. The trout would not bite, for I had no tackle or hook. I was starving. I sat down, and rested my trusty but futile rifle against a fallen tree. Suddenly I heard a tread, turned my head, saw a moose, —took — my — gun —, tick! he was dead. I was saved; I feasted, and in gratitude named the lake Moosetookmyguntick." The name has undergone some modifications since its origin, but it cannot be misunderstood.

Passing through the narrows you will notice FRYE'S CAMP, a picturesque little building, standing on a high rock that rises abruptly from the water near Eagle Point. It is the property of Hon. William P. Frye, of Lewiston, Me., the distinguished member of Congress representing the district of which Franklin County forms part; he is also one of the Executive Committee of the Oquossoc Angling Association.

Below Frye's Camp you will pass several buildings on the left-hand shore of MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC LAKE. The first of these is CAMP BUCKFIELD, owned by an association of gentlemen from Buckfield, Me.

Beyond this is SOULE'S CAMP, the finest hotel in this vicinity



Interior of Camp Kennebago.

pleasantly situated near the water at HAINES' LANDING. A carry road leads from this house to RANGELEY OUTLET, a distance of two miles. A team is run on the carry for the transportation of baggage and small boats. During the winter of 1878 Mr. George Soule erected a handsome two-story-and-a-half house, containing about twenty rooms, all lathed and plastered and *newly furnished*, giving, with his other camps, accommodations for about sixty people. This will be found one of the most desirable places between Rangeley and the Upper Dam at which to stop. A short distance below HAINES' LANDING, on the same side of the lake, are situated two private camps, known as CAMP HOUGHTON and CAMP HAVERHILL.

The next point of interest is BUGLE COVE, formerly called "Echo Cove," five miles below Indian Rock. It is remarkable for its wonderful echo and excellence of its trout-fishing. In our opinion it is also one of the prettiest places on the great lake.

The late R. G. ALLERTON, ESQ., of New York City, built a camp at this place, known as ALLERTON LODGE. It was built in 1875, and is one of the prettiest buildings in the lake region. Its situation is most romantic, setting as it does on a huge rock which towers above the water to a height of fifty feet, commanding a fine view of the widest part of the lake. Directly behind it BALD MOUNTAIN rears its thickly wooded and precipitous side to a height of 1,000 feet. From the piazza of the house a fine view is obtained of the BEMIS MOUNTAIN RANGE, the ELEPHANT'S HUMP being one of the prominent landmarks. This range of mountains is about twelve miles south-east from the Lodge. Looking westerly across the lake, the frowning peak of AZISCOHOS is seen towering above the other mountains by several hundred feet. From its summit may be obtained the most extensive view to be found in the lake country.

The ascent of Bald Mountain may be easily made from Allerton Lodge. Mr. Ellis, who has charge of the house, has bushed out and cleared up a path that is not at all difficult to follow. The distance from the Lodge to the summit of the mountain is a little short of a mile. Mr. Ellis has also cut away the trees and underbrush in four different places on top of the mountain, furnishing some very charming landscapes. The first commands the lower end of Lake Mooselucmaguntic, including Bema Bay, Student

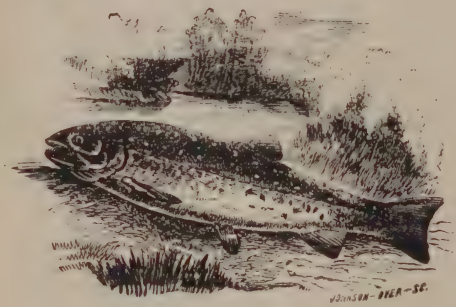
Camp Allerton, Bugle Cove, Lake Mooselucmaguntic.

and Toothaker Islands, part of the Richardson Lakes, part of the town of Upton, the distant peaks of the White Mountains, and a bit of Lake Umbagog. Following Mr. Ellis' trail, we move along the top of the mountain, bearing to the east, and reach the second cut out. This gives us a view of Bema Bay and Stream, and the camps there. Then turning a little to the left, we see a part of Rangeley Lake, including South Cove and South Bog Island; the farms along its shores also look very pretty from this point. The Saddleback Range and Mount Bigelow, seen in the distance, also add to the beauty of this picture. Another short walk brings us to the third place, where Mr. Ellis has so judiciously wielded an axe in the interests of tourists, and which discloses nearly the whole of Rangeley Lake, with Rangeley Village and adjacent farms. Far away, looming up against the blue sky, are East and West Kennebago Mountains. Rangeley Outlet and the Mountain View House lie just below us, the hotel being diminished to Liliputian size. Turning westward, another short walk brings us to the fourth and last of these vistas. This final picture is perhaps the prettiest of the whole, as it commands an extensive view of the northern wilderness stretching away to Canada. The upper part of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, with its cluster of islands, Cupsuptic Narrows, Haines' Landing with Soule's Camp, Frye's Camp, Eagle Point just above, the whole of Cupsuptic Lake, Birch Island, the clearing at Indian Rock, with Camp Kennebago nestled amid the woods, West Kennebago and several of the Boundary Mountains, the line between American and British possessions. Observatory Mountain, and the giant peaks of Aziscohos, the monarch of the hills in this region, are also brought within range of vision from this point of observation. From here a walk of fifteen or twenty minutes brings you to Allerton Lodge. Many ladies make the ascent of the mountain from the Lodge, and it is not at all tiresome. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis have excellent accommodations for a limited number of people, and parties stopping here will find this one of the most romantic locations at the lakes. The ascent of Bald Mountain from Allerton Lodge can be made a great deal quicker and easier than from Rangeley Outlet.

From Bugle Cove to Brandy Point is the widest part of the lake, and is a distance of about five miles. Above Brandy Point, on the western side of the lake, are a large number of small

islands, which materially add to the beauty of that locality. From Bugle Cove to the Scow Landing at the Upper Dam is about seven miles, and from Brandy Point to the Upper Dam about two miles.

Bugle Cove is the best place for fishing in Mooselucmaguntic Lake, and Jerry Ellis, who has charge of Allerton Lodge, has caught a great many trout, but a few rods from the house, that would weigh from three to nine pounds each, and has nearly as good luck in mid-summer as he does in the spring or fall.



CHAPTER XV.

From Bugle Cove to Upper Dam, via Bema Stream.

LEAVING Bugle Cove, you proceed down the lake, making a sort of *detour* to visit Camp Bema, at the mouth of Bema Stream. The distance is twelve miles, and the sail is lovely. You pass Long Point, or the Cape, as it is sometimes called, on the left, turning into the Gut, with Gut or Stanley Island on your right. George Sheppard Page owns a camp upon this island. Sailing through this strait, which is thickly sprinkled with rocks, you reach a magnificent opening known as Bema Bay. Continuing on, you pass Toothaker's Island, which is over a mile long, and on whose soil some immense trees have grown. A few years ago a large gang logged on this island all winter, and some of the largest logs were cut that ever grew in the State. There has also been considerable logging done at different times on Gut Island.

On the left shore of the bay, opposite Toothaker's Island, there is an immense rock, in which is quite a cave, making it worth a visit from the curious. At the foot of the bay, the Bema Stream empties into the lake, and here is a splendid sand beach, semi-circular in shape, and over a mile in extent.

Camp Bema, which consists of nine substantial log cabins, stands a few rods from the shore, facing west, and commands a fine landscape view. In front of these camps is a huge boulder, split in two by some convulsion of nature, known as Cleft Rock. On the right, Bald Mountain is just visible in the distance, its crest appearing above several lower hills that intervene. On the left, the Bema Mountain Range stretches away for miles, and directly in front is the vast expanse of water, with Toothaker's Island and Stanley Island prominent, and far beyond are the mountains that lie along the Magalloway River.

Camp Bema is owned by Messrs. George Shepard Page, L. L. Crounse, H. M. Hutchinson, and Hon. Henry O. Stan-

LEY, who spend several weeks at this charming place each year during the fishing season.

These gentlemen lease two townships of the lumbering company, and thus are secure from disagreeable neighbors. They are very much interested in fish-breeding, and three miles from their camp, up the BEMA STREAM, they have built a hatching-house, and had several breeding-ponds constructed, where in 1875 were spawned 250,000 trout. We saw several of the trout, a year old, which were about six inches long. The fish culture here has been under the charge of Hon. HENRY O. STANLEY, the Assistant Fish Commissioner of Maine, who has had excellent luck, as from 95 to 98 per cent. of the trout spawn propagated became fish.

During the spring and fall the fishing is good at BEMA, but there is no part of the summer when you cannot catch fish enough to eat. The time for the appearance of the trout varies; some years they come several weeks earlier than others.

These gentlemen, as well as the OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION, have been instrumental in preserving the fish, and seeing that the laws are properly enforced. It was formerly the habit of local fishermen to come to BEMA in January and February, and fish through the ice with set hooks, sometimes having as many as fifty hooks on one line. But this outrageous business was stopped, by several of the parties being caught and prosecuted, and fined quite heavily. A person who has no more principle than to fish in this manner should be severely punished.

Parties are not allowed to camp at BEMA STREAM without permission of the gentleman leasing this land.

The land through which the BEMA STREAM flows is flat for some little distance back from the lake, and in the spring, when the gates are down at the Upper Dam, the water flows back a long way, and the mouth of the stream and the sand beach are completely covered.

We now leave BEMA STREAM for the UPPER DAM, a distance of seven miles. In going to SCOW LANDING you pass TOOTHAKER'S ISLAND on your right, and, reaching the main portion of the lake again, you have a fine view of several of the highest mountains in that section of the country, among the most prominent of which are DEER MOUNTAIN, EAST and WEST KENNEBAGO, AZISCOHOS,

OBSERVATORY, BALD HEAD, the SADDLEBACK and BEMA RANGES.

On your way from BEMA to the UPPER DAM you pass several eligible places for camping, on the left shore of the lake, where wood and water are plenty, and not a great way from good fishing-ground.

After getting fairly out of the bay you turn to the left, and a sail of two miles brings you to SCOW LANDING. Walking about a quarter of a mile, you reach the UPPER DAM CAMP, which we have described in the "Middle Route."

Here you connect with the new and elegant steamer Welokennebacook for the MIDDLE DAM and SOUTH ARM. The boat makes two trips daily up and down the Lake. When the water is high enough the Oquossoc passes Scow Landing, and runs to the Dam, where passengers are landed but a few yards from the camps.

A Novel Adventure with a Moose.

On the 23d of May, 1877, Weston Lewis and his son Weston K. Lewis, of Boston, were trolling for trout in Lake Cupsuptic, in separate boats, with David T. Haines and John Haley as guides. Mr. Lewis had Haines, and both boats were at the extreme upper end of the lake. Mr. Lewis was having good luck, and had just had a strike, when Haines, who was leisurely rowing, inquired, "What's that?" Mr. Lewis turned and saw a large animal swimming in the water some eighty rods away. Then Haines cried out, "It's a moose! a moose!—let's head him off." No sooner said than this powerful oarsman bent to his strokes, and the boat leaped through the water. Mr. Lewis hauled in his line hand over hand, and away they went, crying out to his son, in the other boat, "*Moose! Moose!*" On rounding the point of an intervening island, they arrived just in time to intercept a large buck moose, who appeared puzzled and surprised to find the boat a few rods ahead in his course, and by hallooing and shouting was led to turn about in the opposite direction. Seeing this, Haines proposed to drive him to camp. Rowing his boat within a few feet of the animal, the intensely exciting race began. Haley soon appeared, and the two boats, one on either side, kept up the race. The moose swam rapidly, and made for Birch Point Island. Nothing could be

done to prevent his landing, and with a bound he darted into the forest. "We will catch him on the other side," suggested Haines, breathing hard between his long strokes and both boats shot around, the island in opposite directions, but found Mr. Moose already in the water and swimming away for Birch Island, a mile distant. The chase for this mile found the pursuers full of excitement, shouting, laughing, and enjoying the rare sport. The mile was soon made, and again the moose landed and plunged into the forest; again the boats were pulled as if for life, skirting the island, and arrived on the other side just in season to see the moose leap some thirty feet into the lake; and again the pursuit was renewed. Soon after, they were overtaken by a boat containing Messrs. Chase and Sargent, of Haverhill, Mass., with Fred C. Barker as guide. Now Barker and Haines took one boat to themselves, and, both being experienced trappers, the fun increased. Some one called out, "Lasso him!" No sooner suggested than, taking the anchor line, and making a lasso, Haines at the oars and Barker at the bow, they moved the boat up on to the very haunches of the moose, and Barker threw first over one and then the other horn the rope, and securely fastening it they let him out for fifty feet, and the excitement reached the climax. A second boat was fastened to the first, and the two boats were towed by the moose nearly to the camp of the Hon. William P. Frye, member of Congress from Maine. Here, as the animal showed signs of great fatigue and distress, and fearing he might die, he was turned to the shore, and landed after a swim of about five miles. After keeping him fastened to a tree for some three hours, he was cut loose by Haines, and left at rapid speed in the direction of Canada, where we presume he will warn all his family and friends never again to run the risk of a like experience by bathing in Lake Cupsuptic.

It was a day never to be forgotten by those who participated, and it will no doubt be many years before such a sight will be again seen on this or any other lake.

CHAPTER XVI.

Parmachenee Lake,

AND THE MAGALLOWAY RIVER.

The Routes, Expense, Scenery, Fishing, Hunting, etc.

SPORTSMEN visiting this lake have a choice of routes during the first half of the trip. From Boston to Portland by either route previously described. At Portland take the cars on the Grand Trunk Railroad to BRYANT'S POND, thence via ANDOVER by stage, buck-board, and boat to the MIDDLE DAM, buck-board across the "carry," to the lake, where you take the steamer, thence across LAKE UMBAGOG, and down the ANDROSCOGGIN to the MAGALLOWAY RIVER.

Or you may leave the Grand Trunk Railroad at BETHEL, thence to UPTON by stage, then by steamer down the CAMBRIDGE RIVER, across LAKE UMBAGOG, and down the ANDROSCOGGIN to the MAGALLOWAY RIVER.

Or, leaving the railroad at NORTH STRATFORD, you can reach ERROL DAM, where connection is made with the steamer "Diamond," via COLEBROOK and DIXVILLE NOTCH.

The distance from LAKE UMBAGOG to PARMACHENEE is about seventy miles, and the first eight or ten miles can be done on the steamer, with your boat in tow. Before reaching the steamer landing you pass BOTTLE BROOK on the west side of the river, a good place to throw a fly for trout.

Arriving at the steamer landing, which is in a district known

STEAMER DIAMOND ON CAMBRIDGE RIVER, LAKE UMBAGOG.

(By permission of Publisher of "Town and Country.")

as WENTWORTH'S LOCATION, you get into your boat, cast off, and pull up the river. Soon after leaving the steamer you come to the head-quarters of the Berlin Mills Lumbering Company. There is a hotel here, the BERLIN MILLS HOUSE, where you will find good accommodations at $2.00 per day. Five or six miles above this point are ESCOHOS FALLS, where is fine trout-fishing. As you pull on up the river, you notice MOUNT DUSTAN off to the west, its sloping sides covered with a growth of dark spruce, giving it a sombre appearance. Its altitude is 2,575 feet above the sea level. Due north the great white peak of AZISCOHOS — the highest mountain in this vicinity, and one of the highest in Maine — rises almost to the snow line. We have before spoken of it as furnishing a magnificent view of the entire lake region, and some tourists think the view from its summit superior to that from Mount Washington. Its ascent from this point is quite easy, and we quote here from a private journal, giving a good idea of the time and labor spent in reaching its summit. The writer says: —

"We went up through the settlement and turned off from the road to the east, passing through the pastures; about two miles from camp we entered the forest and commenced the ascent of the mountain. The path, if it can be called such, is made by spotting the trees (hewing small places on their trunks to guide travelers on their way); but even this was so obscure that it was with considerable difficulty that we could keep the trail. The distance from the commencement of the ascent to the summit is two miles, much of it being very steep, making the task of climbing it by no means an easy one. After toiling up the steep path awhile, the light suddenly came streaming through the thick forest, and we soon came out among the trees over beautiful beds of thick green moss, covering huge square masses of granite of which this mountain is composed. Many of the blocks were as square and as straight as though split by art. The quality is rather coarse, and the color almost white. There were also large quantities of the little snow-white cranberries, which grow so plentifully in these northern latitudes among the moss. They were covered with fruit just ripe, and of delicious flavor. Passing these we soon reached the easterly summit, which is the highest. The mountain is covered with forest, all but about one thousand acres of the summit, which has been burned over, and is one immense blueberry field,

except a few acres of the top, which is bare and rugged granite. The view from the top amply repaid us for the labor of the ascent, and is, I think, the finest I ever saw, *not even excepting that seen from Mount Washington.* Standing on the extreme peak the eye takes in the whole horizon. Away in the south lies UMBAGOG LAKE, a little farther east the RICHARDSON LAKES, over beyond and connecting with them is the MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC LAKE, with two large and densely wooded islands in the centre. Still farther to the north-east is the RANGELEY LAKE, with its little town of the same name lying on the hill-side beyond, and there were others whose name I could not ascertain. In the south could be traced the course of the beautiful MAGALLOWAY, which sparkled in the sunlight, a silver ribbon, as it wound its circuitous course up through the forest-clad country until lost to view under the mountain. Over it could be seen Mount Washington, and the whole chain of the White Mountains towering up against the southern sky like a gigantic barrier between us and the country beyond them. In the east Katahdin lifted his lofty peak far away in the distance, the noble rival of Mount Washington, and but five hundred feet lower. Between us and that could be seen the great basin of Moosehead Lake, but we were not high enough to see the water. From this point around to the north and west is one vast forest extending as far as the eye can reach, the horizon being bounded by mountains. The blueberries were just in their prime, and we feasted upon them until we could eat no longer. They were of very large size, and the ground was blue with them. I had the curiosity to measure one, and found it to be one inch and three-fourths in circumference, and I counted twenty-seven large and fully ripe berries in one cluster. The wind was very strong and high on the summit, and we built a large fire in order to keep comfortable. We stopped on the summit over an hour, and returned to camp about five o'clock, exceedingly pleased with our first, but by no means last, excursion to the summit of AZISCOHOS."

To the north-west the DIAMOND PEAKS display their rectangular crags, disclosing a wild, narrow valley, down which rushes and tumbles the SWIFT DIAMOND STREAM. The valley resounds to the roar of its cascades. It unites with the MAGALLOWAY at this place. The DIAMOND is considered one of the finest trout streams in this vicinity. There are occasional clearings and old

camps along the banks of the river, where lumbering operations have been previously carried on, but no cultivated clearings for a space of six or seven miles above the LOWER SETTLEMENT. The current for this whole distance is disagreeably strong — to a party going up.

There is also a short piece of rapids, just before reaching ESCOHOS FALLS, that will considerably try the muscles of any oarsman. Above this rapid you must make a carry around the falls, a distance of two or three miles; but you can obtain a team in the neighborhood, which will draw your boat and traps around for $3.00.

A little beyond the last house the carry path diverges from the road, and leads up through a pasture for a hundred rods or more, then enters the woods. This pasture is the extreme limit of the cleared land on the river. Beyond it lies the great wilderness. At this place the MAGALLOWAY falls over a long succession of ledges down the ravine between AZISCOHOS and PARKER HILL, so called. The entire length of the fall is variously estimated at from two hundred to three hundred feet.

As you go up through the pasture there is a good view of the river valley below, and of a great semi-circular mountain to the west of it, called the HALFMOON. From this point to the head of PARMACHENEE it is forty-six miles.

The upper end of the falls where you come out of the carry road is a very wild-looking place.

The stream, black as ink and overhung with straggling spruce, rolls tumultuously down over huge stones. The roar is heavy and continuous. Some of the "pitches" shows a perpendicular fall of twenty feet or more. In one of these, some years ago, a lumberman was drowned. His name (*Jack Abram*) is cut in a spruce trunk at the foot of the pitch. Whether his spirit wanders about the spot at midnight we know not, although strange sights and sounds are sometimes seen and heard there.

At the head of the falls Mr. FRED FLINT has erected a nice camp for the accommodation of the public. This will enable parties who wish to stop over night at the Falls to secure comfortable quarters. He also keeps boats to let, and can guide parties to good fishing in the vicinity.

Above this point there is smooth water up to THE NARROWS, ten

miles; the river averages from six to ten rods in width. It is deep and black, an aspect enhanced by the fir forest on either bank, dark green, sombre, and profoundly quiet. The most noticeable feature about the stream is its silence. The current creeps on steadily. If you stop rowing, it drags you slowly back. The crooks and bends are numerous. The peaks of moderately high mountains on both sides of the river valley are from time to time to be seen over the fir tops. Aziscohos is now before you, and then behind, according to the crooks and turns of the river; then to the left and right. A tall, dark hill, known as Emery's Misery, plays similar tricks. Beaver Hill, a pine-clad ridge to the east of the valley, is also noticeable.

There are many excellent camping-places to be met with along the banks of the river, and one can make a choice. Wood and water, the great requisites for camp life, are plenty at every point. Ducks, partridges, and other game are to be met with along the river, and, taken in addition to the trout, will keep the larder well supplied.

The current in the Narrows is very swift, and a good long rope is a handy thing to have with you, as you can tow your boat up by walking along the shore, keeping one in the boat to fend off from the bank. The stream here is not more than twenty feet wide, with a high ledge on each side, and through this narrow channel the current runs like a mill sluice.

A short distance above the Narrows you pass Metalic Pond, a pretty little expanse opening into the Magalloway by a broad outlet on the west side. There are two Metalic Ponds. The other is on the east side of the river, and is not in sight from it.

A few miles farther up, and you emerge from the evergreen forest, and reach The Meadows, which extend for twelve miles along the banks, and are of themselves worth a visit. Scattered over this land are some of the finest elm-trees you ever saw. Through The Meadows the current is very swift, and the stream more crooked if possible than below. Round wood-berries are very thick in this locality, and it is asserted by men who have logged in this region in winter that robins often pass the winter here, living on the berries.

Leaving The Meadows behind, you once more enter the fir woods, and soon strike a rapid, that, although not difficult to

pass, will tell on your muscles by the time you get to the end of it.

About a mile above this rapid are the "great rips," and as the banks on both sides are very unfavorable for a tow-line, the best thing you can do is to wade up the bed of the stream, and tow your boat behind you, the water not being over two feet deep. Our illustration at the end of the chapter gives an idea of the way you do it.

A hundred rods above this place are the Forks, with the LITTLE MAGALLOWAY, which joins the main stream from the north-west.

The carry road runs from FLINT'S LANDING, on the main river, a short distance above the forks, to LAKE PARMACHENEE, which is three miles distant from the camp. The road terminates at the foot of the lake near the outlet. Parties on arriving at FLINT'S LANDING should fire two shots, and Mr. Flint will answer from the camp with one shot. Then if the team is needed the new-comers should fire another shot, and the team will be sent down.

FLINT'S CAMP, the head-quarters of all sportsmen who visit PARMACHENEE LAKE, is a mile from the main stream, and stands on the left-hand side of the road, on the bank of a small piece of water known as FLINT'S POND, which is well stocked with trout. It is a comfortable log-camp, 23 × 30, having good beds, and the table is always well provided. Parties visiting this locality will find Mr. T. S. FLINT, the proprietor, a gentleman who will furnish them with excellent sport, and who will see that their wants are well attended to.

It is unnecessary for parties visiting PARMACHENEE LAKE to carry stores, as they can buy everything they desire of Mr. Flint, at fair prices.

LINCOLN POND, two miles long and one mile wide, is a fine sheet of water, distant four miles from FLINT'S CAMP. It is a very attractive place for game; and deer, moose, and caribou were killed on its shores last summer and fall. It is well stocked with small trout, weighing from a few ounces to a pound each. To reach it, go down the river about a third of a mile below the "great rips," and land on the left-hand side near a small brook. A spotted trail will be found running from the river directly to the pond. A few years ago Mr. Flint cut a path from his camp to

Lincoln Pond, and has put several boats on the pond for the use of fishermen. He has also built a small camp there, in which he will keep cooking-utensils, blankets, etc., for the accommodation of parties that are stopping at his camp who wish to visit the pond.

Mr. Flint keeps a horse at his camp in summer to haul boats and baggage across the carry, for which he charges $5.00 per load. Baggage is transported between the landing and his camp for nothing. The price of board at his camp is $2.00 per day. Although most of the ponds in the vicinity of Little Boy's Falls furnish good sport to anglers, we would speak particularly of Duck Pond and Rump Pond. The latter is five miles above the falls, while Duck Pond is still nearer. Small trout are also very plenty in all the ponds throughout this section. A spotted trail over an old "tote road" runs from near Little Boy's Falls across the forest to the Second Connecticut Lake, a distance of twelve miles, the road being plain enough for any person to follow. A small camp has been built on this carry about half-way across, and may be used by parties wishing to stop on the road over night. It is simply a shelter, and those availing themselves of its protection will have to find their own supplies and do their own cooking.

Leaving the gorge, you pull up the outlet above the dam, passing a large brook that runs into the main stream from between two hills on the east side. It is said there are beaver in this stream, but we cannot vouch for them.

From the dam to the lake proper, at Loon Point, is about a mile.

On the east side of the outlet a forest fire has killed the growth far up the ridge, and the dead trunks have fallen in every direction.

Near the lake the outlet bends sharply to the west, around a bushy point. Doubling this, the lake in all its beauty lies spread out before you, and it certainly is one of the most beautiful sheets of water I have ever seen.

It is not so large as Mooselucmaguntic, Umbagog, or perhaps a score of others, but it is prettier than them all. Its entire length is not more than five miles; and its greatest breadth, from the mouth of Moose Brook on the east shore to the foot of Bose-Buck Cove at the south-west corner, is not over three miles.

Most of the Maine lakes are long and narrow; Parmachenee is an exception. It fills a natural basin, walled about by high-

wooded hills, some of which are mountains of note. Bose-Buck, at the foot of the cove of the same name, is one of the finest cone-shaped peaks in New England.

Two hunters, with their dog Bose, were skirting the lake, — as the story runs. For some days they had shot nothing, and were suffering for food. As they passed the foot of the cove, Bose started a buck, which ran directly up the side of the mountain, till the dog overtook and pulled it down. So they named the peak *Bose's-Buck*.

In the north-east, too, a very high blue mountain is visible over the nearer peaks. This is one of the Boundary Mountains. Over all the hills which border the lake shores a heavy mixed growth comes down to the water's edge.

On the west side, above the cove, there is a gradual slope leading up from the shore, for a mile, to the height of land.

There are no islands in the lower part of the lake. Toward the northern end, and above Indian Field Point, there is a chain of three wooded islets extending down in a line; and above these there are numerous curious floating islands, some of an acre in extent, which rise and fall with the lake surface.

An hour's rowing will bring you up to Indian Point, which from the south side seems a part of the north shore, but which in reality separates the lake from a roomy expanse of a square mile or more, known as Indian Cove.

Passing between the second and third of the wooded islands, you enter the inlet where the Magalloway enters the lake. Following the Magalloway for a quarter of a mile, you reach an old logging camp, known as "Cleveland's Camp." This is a good place to establish your head-quarters, although of course there are plenty of other places where you may camp if you choose.

John Danforth has a floating camp on Parmachenee Lake, where sportsmen will find fair accommodations at $2.00 per day.

The middle of September is the best time to visit this lake, as then the trout-fishing is excellent. Game of all kinds is plenty here, and it is not promising our readers too much to say, that if they are ordinary good hunters they may bring back a deer, and even a moose. The trip is one that cannot be made in a hurry, and three weeks at least should be devoted to it, as ten days of the time will be spent in coming and going.

A party composed of four persons and a guide, which is as large as any party should be, can make the trip from Boston to PARMACHENEE and return, being absent from the city three weeks, at an expense of $50.00 each. This would be sufficient to cover the cost of the guide's services, $2.50 per day.

As it is sometimes desirable to engage the services of your guide before leaving Boston, we give the names of several of the best guides to PARMACHENEE LAKE. Their post-office address is Wentworth's Location, N.H.

NAHUM BENNETT,	PETER BENNETT, 2d,
SPOFFORD FLINT,	GEORGE FLINT,
JOHN OLSON,	DANIEL HARRINGTON, OR "NINETY."

The altitude of PARMACHENEE LAKE is not far from 2,500 feet, the air is clear and bracing, and will give a dyspeptic individual an appetite that will astonish him, and he can satisfy the cravings of his stomach without fear of paying a penalty afterwards, for the exercise about the woods will keep his digestive organs in good order. Life in a tent for three weeks on the romantic shores of PARMACHENEE will do more good for him than all the doctors in Boston could in three years. Nature is a skilful physician, and to the overworked business man, and all others who feel a restless longing for change, we say, start for the Maine woods, leaving all care behind you, and, our word for it, you will come back to the city a healthier and better man. The "proof of the pudding is in the eating," and, if you don't believe us, try it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Andover, Maine, as a Summer Resort.

THE village of ANDOVER, MAINE, one of the loveliest in New England, although comparitively unknown, until within a few years, to the great mass of tourists and pleasure-seekers, is now universally conceded to be one of the most desirable places east of the Rocky Mountains in which to spend the summer. It is situated in Oxford County, twenty-one miles from BRYANT'S POND, a station on the Grand Trunk Railroad, with which place it is connected by a first-class line of daily stages, owned by Messrs. Tuttle and Woodman.

Its altitude, some 500 feet above the sea, is about the same as that of North Conway, N.H., to which place it bears a strong resemblance. Indeed, so near alike is the general appearance of the two places, that the traveler who is familiar with the landscape of North Conway will at once, upon first visiting ANDOVER, remark upon the strong likeness between the two villages. We present our readers with an engraving showing the village from a hill on the Lake Road, on the east side of the ELLIS RIVER.

Like North Conway, ANDOVER is surrounded by mountain ranges, among which are some of the highest peaks of the State. But at ANDOVER one is more likely to be impressed with the mountain scenery than at North Conway, from the fact that the mountains lie a little farther away; thus adding to the delicate beauty of their outline, and concealing in part that rugged grandeur which a nearer approach reveals.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

and the mountains are just far enough away to impress one favorably with their height and general appearance, while giving you a longing desire to become more intimately acquainted with their beauties.

ANDOVER HOUSE, ANDOVER, MAINE.

The ELLIS RIVER is to ANDOVER what the Saco is to North Conway, and adds largely to the beauty of the landscape, as it flows through a charming intervale, twisting and turning, its clear and laughing waters flashing like silver in the sunlight, now dancing merrily through some broad meadow, and anon quietly creeping through some sequestered nook, until at length it is lost in the more turbid waters of the Androscoggin, into which stream it empties near the ferry at Rumford.

ANDOVER is easily accessible from Boston, it being but twelve hours' travel by rail and stage between the two places. The stage ride from BRYANT'S POND to ANDOVER is a pleasing experience, long to be remembered, as the road, instead of being a succession of hills, as in the White Mountain region, is level the entire distance, and follows the valleys of the ANDROSCOGGIN and ELLIS RIVERS the whole way, presenting to the traveler some of the most charming views to be met with in New England. ANDOVER is connected with the outside world by both mail and telegraph. The telegraph office is but a few steps from the hotels. The post-office is in the same building. Letters mailed in Andover in the morning reach Boston on the evening of the same day, and New York the next morning.

There are two excellent hotels in the village, known as the ANDOVER HOUSE and FRENCH'S HOTEL. The first named is kept by Albert W. and Frank P. Thomas, gentlemen favorably known to those who have visited this section of the country.

The ANDOVER HOUSE is admirably situated at the corner of the two main streets of the village, and commands a beautiful prospect in every direction. A piazza has been added to the second story, from which one may obtain sunset views equal to, if not surpassing, those to be seen from any part of the White Mountains. A new ell, containing nine additional sleeping-rooms, is a recent addition; the house as it now stands giving good accommodation to fifty or sixty guests.

The table is well looked after by Mrs. Hewey, a lady whose long experience in the *cuisine* enables her to provide for the inner man in a way most acceptable to the tired and hungry traveler.

The terms at this house are very reasonable, transient board being $2 per day, and from $7 to $10 by the week.

A good stable is connected with the house, where one can

obtain teams at very reasonable prices. In this connection we must speak of the BUCK BOARDS, or SPRING BOARDS, which are an institution in this place, and which are the easiest and most comfortable teams for mountain riding that the writer has ever met with. This vehicle is a universal favorite with the ladies, who, after giving it one trial, can scarcely be persuaded to ride in anything else.

FRENCH'S HOTEL, John A. French, proprietor, is a new house, three stories high, containing many modern improvements, and has accommodations for seventy-five or a hundred guests. There is a two-story piazza in front, and a large cupola on top of the house, from which one can obtain charming views up and down the lovely valley of the Ellis. The hotel is pleasantly located on the main street, in close proximity to stores, churches, post-office, telegraph-office, etc. A livery-stable is connected with the hotel, and teams are run daily by Mr. French to and from the lakes, connecting with steamer Welokennebacook. A good table is set at this popular hotel, and the prices of board vary according to the rooms. The transient rates are $2.00 per day. Mr. French has given satisfaction to all who have formerly stopped with him, and will do all in his power to please those who come in the future.

There are several private boarding-houses in ANDOVER, with accommodations for from twelve to thirty persons. Among those best known are Cushman's, with accommodations for thirty; Clark's, twelve; Poor's, twenty.

There is an apothecary store, dry and fancy goods, and grocery stores in the place, also carriage and blacksmith shops. A cheese factory, several starch, grist, and lumber mills, may also be mentioned. The Andover Trotting Park was built two years ago, and several very fine races have been trotted there. It is situated near the main street, a short distance from the hotel, and has a half-mile track.

The educational facilities for such a place as this are unusually good, there being four school districts, with five school-houses, which are kept open for school nine months in the year.

There are two religious societies, both occupying comfortable churches, the Congregationalist and Methodist.

A Town Hall, capable of seating three hundred people, is used for political meetings and social entertainments. The churches,

stores, post and telegraph offices and hall, are within a stone's throw of the hotels, making it very convenient for guests to visit them whether the weather be clear or stormy.

Besides being a most delightful retreat for a person to spend a vacation, or to linger through a summer, ANDOVER is one of the most favorable places for a person to stop who is anyway afflicted with catarrhal complaints. Its invigorating and health-giving mountain air is a sure and speedy cure for

Rose Cold and Hay Fever,

and the ordinary catarrh yields readily to its influences. The writer is acquainted with several who visit this place every summer, for the relief afforded them from the above complaints. There are many large groves of pine in the immediate vicinity of ANDOVER, and there are two, within a few rods of the hotels, which are charming places to while away an hour or two on a pleasant summer afternoon with a book for a companion; or one may sit, in fancy free, at the bottom of some large pine, and listen to the wind sighing through the topmost branches, far overhead, forming a music of its own, until, yielding to its gentle influence, you fall asleep, dreaming of wood-nymphs and mountain-sprites, and wake to find the shadows of the declining sun stealing down the mountain side, and a golden tint pervading all around; and wondering to yourself how you could have slept so long, you start for the hotel, no longer a dreamer, but awake to the realities of life — supper being the one at that particular time which you think most about.

In the number of its beautiful rides ANDOVER far surpasses many of the older summer resorts, and we think it can favorably compare with any other town in the mountains for the number of its places of interest. Of these we shall now speak, commencing with those easily reached from FRENCH'S HOTEL and the ANDOVER HOUSE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRIVES AROUND ANDOVER.

To Roxbury Pond, Black Brook Notch, White Cap Mountain, and Farmer's Hill.

E doubt if in New England there is a more beautiful expanse of water than this lovely pond. It is situated in the town of Roxbury, five miles distant from the village of ANDOVER, on the road leading to Mexico and Dixfield, on the east side of the ELLIS RIVER. It is a mile and a half long, by a mile wide, and contains two islands, the largest of which is about four acres in extent, and is known as I. C. ISLAND. Mr. John A. French, of ANDOVER, has built a small summer house on the island, for the entertainment of visitors, and placed several boats on the pond, which may be hired at low prices. About a third of the shore around the pond consists of a splendid beach of hard and white sand, furnishing fine facilities for bathing. The pond is noted for its pickerel fishing, and some of the largest specimens of this fish we have ever seen have been caught in its waters. Mr. French has also stocked it with black bass, which will add to its value with those fond of fishing. In several parts of it water lilies grow luxuriantly. The pond is surrounded by high wooded hills, with farms on the cleared slopes, and is as pretty a sheet of water as one would wish to see. Half a day is sufficient to visit the pond, although we are confident that you will not be contented with one drive in that direction.

Black Brook Notch

is on the lake road, nine miles from the ANDOVER HOUSE and FRENCH'S HOTEL, and four from SMITH'S MILL. Here the SAWYER

Mountain and Blue Mountain meet, leaving a passage just wide enough between their granite sides for one team to pass through. It is a wild-looking place, and numerous slides that have occurred here show how the rugged mountain has succumbed to the action of the frost-king. To add to the desolation of the place, a fire run through here two years ago, leaving the bleached rocks bare, and the blackened trunks of the trees standing like statues in armor in some deserted castle. Many of the trees have fallen, and lay piled in all shapes and directions, forming an almost impassible barrier to any one attempting to leave the road. Through this deep mountain gorge the waters of Black Brook roar and tumble, for miles beyond. Across the brook at this place a sluice dam has been built, to hold back the water in spring so that logs may be run down the stream. Up and down the brook, for several miles in this vicinity, the trout-fishing is excellent, a catch of five hundred not being considered an unusual day's work. There was one week in June, 1877, when it was estimated that a thousand trout a day were taken out of this stream, and still there were plenty left.

White Cap.

This mountain is one of the prominent features of the landscape about Andover, and is seven miles south-east from French's Hotel and the Andover House. There is a good carriage road to within a mile of the top, and its summit affords some excellent views of the surrounding country. Portland is visible from it on a fair day, there being no high hills intervening to obstruct the view. It is largely resorted to in the fall, by people living in the vicinity, to gather blueberries, which fruit grows in astonishing quantities on its bare, round summit.

Farmer's Hill,

another sightly elevation, lies north-east from the Andover House and French's Hotel, a distance of four miles. The road runs through a pleasant farming country, and the view to be obtained from its top is thought by some to be equal to that from White Cap. The whole valley of the Ellis River and the

VILLAGE OF ANDOVER. ME., WITH OLD BALD PATE MOUNTAIN.

village of ANDOVER lie spread out like a map to the south, forming a pleasing landscape for the eye to linger on. The excursion may be easily made in half a day.

A great many hops are raised yearly in this vicinity, and during the picking season the fields are alive with girls, whose nimble fingers transfer the hops from the poles to the baskets. During the hop-picking there is at least one dance a week, in some farmer's barn, and the lads and lasses have gay times. A hop-picking without an occasional dance would be decidedly unfashionable.

Sawyer's Notch

Is another gap in the mountains, similar in character to BLACK BROOK NOTCH, although perhaps not so well worth a visit as the latter place. Still the scenery here is far from being tame, and the SAWYER BROOK, which runs through the gorge, is an excellent place for trout, and is annually resorted to by fishermen who have become acquainted with its merits. It is six miles from FRENCH'S HOTEL and the ANDOVER HOUSE, over a good road, and can be easily visited in the forenoon or afternoon.

A path starts from near the head of the Notch, that leads to C. POND, about four miles beyond. This sheet of water, although not very large, is well stocked with trout, and is charmingly located at the foot of the mountain. The scenery about it is wild and romantic. "C. Pond Bluff," so called, is an immense ledge of rock, that overhangs the upper end of this miniature lake.

Upper Fall, Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.

CHAPTER XIX.

WATERFALLS AND CASCADES.

The Cataracts, Upper and Lower Falls, and Flume.

EVERY pleasant ride is the "DRIVE AROUND THE SQUARE," a distance of about eight miles. Leaving the hotels, you drive down the stage road, which is the principal street in the village, and some eighty feet wide, to SOUTH ANDOVER; and, turning to the left, you cross the ELLIS RIVER, by a covered bridge, obtaining a magnificent view of the broad meadows, which stretch north for several miles, and again turning to the left, follow the ELLIS up, driving as far as the covered bridge, at the "Corner," where you again cross the river, and return to the hotels.

Between eight and ten in the morning, while the early freshness of the day is upon the hills and valleys, or after four in the afternoon, when the sun is beginning slowly to decline, and the shadows to fall softly on the mountains, is by far the prettiest time to take this drive.

Five miles from the village, on the lake road, are THE DEVIL'S DEN, HERMIT FALLS, and SILVER RIPPLE CASCADE, which we have given a full description of in the "Middle Route;" it is therefore unnecessary to repeat it here. Suffice it to say that there is no more beautiful excursion to be made in the vicinity of ANDOVER than this, and an entire day should be devoted to it, which can easily be done by making a picnic dinner one of the features of the excursion.

We will now speak of

The Cataracts,

a most charming series of falls and cascades, whose beauties cannot be too highly praised. They are situated on FRYE'S BROOK,

or the Cataract Brook, as it is sometimes called, about five miles from the "Corner." The road follows Old Maid Brook, for most of the way, and runs through woods that furnish a most agreeable shade from the hot rays of the sun. The ride is not surpassed by any in the vicinity of Andover, and is a favorite one with all visitors to the place.

Turning from the road we enter a clearing, where the team is left, and a lovely walk of half a mile up the mountain side, which is covered with a varied growth of hard and soft wood, brings you to the first or

Lower Fall.

This partakes somewhat of the character of "Artist's Fall" at North Conway, but is far prettier. The volume of water at any season of the year is also larger. The water flows over a dark cliff, and the sides of the brook, being semi-circular in shape, furnish the visitor with a good view from any direction.

A few rods above is the

Upper Fall,

an engraving of which we present to our readers. The water here comes down in two falls, the whole height being about sixty feet. The entire bed of the stream where the water makes its first leap is solid rock, and at the bottom of the first half of the fall is a round basin in the rock, of unfathomable depth, according to local tradition. The water and frost have played sad havoc with the granite walls of the stream at this place, and immense bowlders have fallen off from the upper part of the cliff, and lie in the stream at the base of the second fall.

There are thick woods here on each side, and the place has an indescribable charm, that will cause one to linger as if unable to tear himself away from its beautiful scenery. It would furnish a fitting abode for a sylvan goddess, and we can almost imagine some Diana to appear and welcome us.

Leaving this sequestered retreat, we follow the stream up the mountain side for half a mile farther, the bare and scarred summit of Old Bald Pate frowning down upon us, as if questioning our right to invade his domain, and reach one of the most lovely places to be found on this most beautiful stream. Here the mountain

torrent pours over the whitest of granite rock, worn smooth as glass from the action of the water, forming a series of delightful cascades, known as the

Sylvan Cascades.

Here the sunlight streams in, causing the water to sparkle like diamonds, and furnishing a strong comparison to the darkness of The Flume above. There are basins worn in the solid rock here, that for beauty of shape and finish would put to shame any work of art. One can sit here for hours feasting the eye on the exquisite beauties of the place, the ear enchanted by the gentle murmur of the rippling waters.

If one is inclined to solitude no more beautiful spot could be found in which to indulge in pensive mood, for here you are entirely surrounded by nature. The murmuring stream, the granite rocks, the dark forest, lit up a little by the delicate birch and silver maple, below, the valley to which the torrent hastens, above, the frowning peaks of mountains, and over all the clear blue sky,— majestic canopy of earth.

Less than an eighth of a mile above is quite a wonder of nature known as

The Flume.

Here for several hundred feet on both sides of the brook the rock rises to a height of from twenty to sixty feet, the stream flowing along the bottom. A tree has been felled so as to fall across the chasm, affording an insecure bridge by which to cross. The width varies from ten to twenty feet. A thick growth of fir and pine have obtained a foothold on each side of the cliff, shutting out the sun, except perhaps for a few moments at noon, when it is directly overhead. The darkness adds to the solemn appearance of the place, and you gaze with feelings of awe along the cavernous sides of the frightful-looking ravine before you, —

> "Through the narrow rift
> Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
> Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
> Where noonday is as twilight, and the winds
> Come burdened with the everlasting moan
> Of forests and of far-off waterfalls."

Sylvan Cascade, Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.

We present our readers with a capital engraving of the Flume on the following page.

In the summer of 1875, the writer, with another gentleman from Boston, followed this stream nearly to its source, and the places mentioned in this book are only a few of the many that are to be found along its banks. It is, in fact, the finest mountain stream we have ever seen, and we have visited a large number. Your interest is enhanced, and new beauties are unfolded at every step of your advance, and an entire day may be most profitably and agreeably spent in exploring its hidden mysteries. Any lady who is a good mountain climber can visit all the special places of interest on this stream in one day, if pressed for time; but of course more pleasure could be derived from a slower examination.

A few years ago a gentleman narrowly escaped from a serious accident at this place. He was crossing the flume by means of the tree that spanned the chasm, and had reached the middle when his feet slipped and down he came. By good luck he caught at the tree, and held on until his companion rescued him from his perilous situation. At either end of the flume one can cross the stream without danger.

The Flume, Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.

CHAPTER XX.

BALD PATE MOUNTAIN

The Ascent, and View from its Summit.

THIS lofty peak is one of several mountains that lie west of the hotel, and is reached from the same place as the "Cataracts." From FRENCH'S HOTEL or the ANDOVER HOUSE to the summit it is nine miles, of which five can be done in a team. Leaving the road at the Cataract path, you commence the ascent of the mountain, the base being thickly covered with woods. A "blazed" path leads to the top. For the last three-quarters of a mile the mountain is bare of trees, but is covered until within a few hundred yards of the top with mountain cranberries. The singular bleak and bare appearance of the top of this mountain is no doubt what suggested its name. Near the northern end there is a crevice running nearly across the mountain, from one to four feet wide, and from ten to fifty feet deep. The summit commands a fine view in every direction, and on a fair day many of the lakes are plainly to be seen. This is the fourth highest mountain in Maine, and cannot be far from three thousand feet above the sea level. Like Mount Washington, it is frequently enveloped in clouds, and snow remains on it some seasons until late in July. It is a hard mountain to climb, but, once on top, the prospect amply repays you for your labor in reaching it. It is advisable to take a guide

when visiting it, as it is an uncomfortable place to get lost in. It will take about two hours to make the ascent, and one will need the better part of the day to make the trip easily.

One summer, the writer, accompanied by a gentleman from Bridgeton, Me., made the ascent under unfavorable circumstances. Learning at the hotel that there was a very fine view to be obtained from its summit, we started one day after dinner to climb OLD BALD PATE. We reached the clearing at the base of the mountain about two o'clock, and after fastening our horse started up. Taking the cataract path, we went up for nearly a mile without difficulty. Here the path ended, and we began to look for the blazed trees. Not finding them we continued on, traveling by the sun. After an hour of weary climbing we had reached the summit of the mountain we were on, and found we had lost our way. My companion climbed a tree, to learn our position, and, upon descending, said that BALD PATE lay a mile or more to the left of us. So we tramped on, down the back side of the mountain that we were then on, and finally saw BALD PATE towering a mile or two above and beyond us. Taking a careful look around to get the lay of the land, we started up again. The woods were thick and the underbrush troublesome, but we persevered, and finally worked our way up and through the lower belt of forest, and came out amid a growth of scrub trees and bushes, with dead cedars and pines, killed by some forest fire, strewn about us in a perfect tangle. The hard old granite face of BALD PATE was now clearly in sight of us, but still a long way off. We were tired and thirsty, but we had left the hotel, contrary to the wishes of our friends, without a guide, intending to stand upon the top of old BALD PATE without any help, and we meant to do it. So upwards we struggled. It was with a feeling of thanksgiving that we cleared the fallen trees, and stepped out on the barren rocks, where, if locomotion was still difficult, we were not compelled to climb or jump over a prostrate tree every three or four feet. A strong wind was blowing across the mountain, which felt very refreshing to our heated faces, but it cooled our bodies so rapidly that we were soon glad to put on our overcoats. We were now really suffering from thirst, and upon reaching the extreme summit we were overjoyed to find cool, clear water in the hollows of the ledge, which at that moment appeared like nectar to us. Lying

flat upon the granite ledge, we drank and drank, until at last our thirst was satisfied. Not until then did we begin to feast our eyes upon the glorious view which was spread out before us in every direction. To the north-west lay Umbagog and the Dixville Peaks. Farther east the Richardson Lakes and the Great Lake were plainly discernible, their waters shining like gold in the last rays of the setting sun. The Ellis Valley and the village of Andover formed a beautiful picture in the east, and south-east and south-west rose the peaks of Grafton and Bear River Notch, hiding the fair village of Bethel from our view. From the highest point of the mountain we counted nearly a hundred other peaks surrounding us in different directions. On the extreme height of the summit we found a monument of stones, built by those who had made the ascent before us, and we added a few to the pile. The clouds had now begun to envelop the mountain, and the chilliness of the air had increased to such an extent as to be disagreeable, even with our overcoats on. It was seven o'clock, and high time we should be moving. So we started down, and as soon as we had reached the belt of timber began to look for the blazed path. We were fortunate enough to find it. A little way down we stopped at an immense spring, which is quite a curiosity in itself, and had a drink of its cool and sparkling waters. We had been told of this spring at the hotel, but had not found it on our way up. Our thirst satisfied, we continued on down the mountain, following the path until it became so dark we could not see the marks on the trees, and then we went at random. Becoming alarmed, lest we should get too far out of our way, we struck for Cataract Brook, knowing in which direction it lay, and soon reached it. Following the bed of the stream we made better progress, because the rocks had been washed white by the freshets and we could see where to step. Reaching the Upper Cataract Fall, we were compelled to take to the woods again. And now the trouble commenced; for by this time it had grown so dark that you could not see your hand before you, and the trees grew so thick together that we could not see the sky. Guided by the sound of the brook, we worked our way along, groping and stumbling, now uttering an exclamation of disgust, and then laughing heartily as the ludicrousness of the situation forced itself upon us. Finally, in climbing over a tree, I disturbed

a wasp's nest, and for a moment after I felt as if somebody was using me for a pin-cushion. We moved away from that particular spot in a hurry, although at the imminent risk of breaking our necks as we tumbled over stumps, loose rocks, and fallen trees, and when we had reached a safe distance we sat down for a few minutes' rest and consultation. We knew that we were within a quarter of a mile of the road, and very near the cataract path, and, that once found, a few moments' walk would place us beside our team; but to find the path was the difficulty, in the profound darkness by which we were enveloped. Striking a match we started a fire, and had just got it well blazing when we heard a team in the road. A few moments later we were joined by two men with lanterns, who had been sent out as a rescuing party, by our anxious friends, from the hotel. By the aid of the lantern we descended to the road in a few minutes; and reached the hotel at about eleven o'clock. We had been seven hours in making the ascent and descent of the mountain; but my companion agreed with me in thinking that we could do better another time.

CHAPTER XXI.

Excursions to Dunn's Notch, and First B Hill, Upton.

AMONG other beautiful excursions in the vicinity of ANDOVER, perhaps there is none from which one will derive a greater amount of pleasure than a visit to this wonderful work of nature. It is situated seven miles from the ANDOVER HOUSE and FRENCH'S HOTEL, on the road to UPTON.

Leaving the carriage-road, a walk of three-quarters of a mile brings you to these walls of solid rock, so grand and impressive. The mountains here come together at a height of about 1,500 feet above the sea, leaving a passage scarcely ten feet wide between them.

The path to the Notch lies across a meadow, where grow in exhaustless numbers the most delicious wild strawberries. Then crossing the west branch of the ELLIS, which rises in the hills above, you continue on through a dense forest, that furnishes a grateful shade, and climb slowly up the mountain side. The path you follow was formerly a stage road, which, by passing through the Notch, cut off several miles of the distance between ANDOVER and UPTON. For several years, however, it has not been used, owing to a bad wash-out, that carried a part of the road into a deep ravine. This occurred near the Notch, and the damage was so great that it was thought inexpedient to repair it, on account of the expense, and another road was accordingly built around it. The road has become somewhat overgrown with underbrush, but through this you can easily pick your way. The ascent is steep, and you will be glad to rest occasionally before reaching the top. There has been some talk lately of having the County Commissioners lay out the road again, the State to make an appropriation of one thousand dollars to put it in repair.

As you climb up the side of the mountain there are occasional openings, from which you can get views of the farther side of the

gorge, and of the picturesque stream which sings noisily far below you. On reaching the top, the awful grandeur of the scene is at once apparent: two large walls of rock, rising to a height of more than a thousand feet, their sides rugged and scarred from long battle with the storm-king's forces. One immense mass of ledge, at the very head of the Notch, towers like a huge pinnacle far above all others. To the summit of this the adventuresome tourist may clamber, not, however, without some little risk to his neck, and, seated on the top, command a magnificent view, extending down through the Notch for miles. The wild and weird character of the place is more forcibly brought to your mind here than from any other point, and this view alone will amply recompense you for the toil and time in visiting this charming spot. To gain a proper idea of the height, however, one should descend into the ravine, and gaze up at the huge boulder which towers so far above. The stream, too, is seen falling like a silver thread, and flashing in the sunlight, now making a leap of several feet, and then flowing swiftly over the face of the rock, until it reaches the bottom of the ravine, through which it flows, emptying into the Ellis some miles below. A whole day should be taken for this excursion, as one needs at least four hours at the Notch.

First B Hill, Upton.

This sightly eminence is distant from the village of Andover about ten miles. It is a very pleasant excursion, and can easily be made in a day. The route lies over the same road as to Dunn's Notch; but, after reaching the point where you diverge to visit the Notch, the road rapidly rises, and you have a long, tiresome climb up the side of a hill, that, so far as height is concerned, might well be called a mountain, passing through a piece of woodland, which in the fall is an excellent place for partridges.

The road is so narrow that the trees meet in many places, effectually protecting you from Old Sol's fiery glances. This is the most hilly of any of the drives in the vicinity of Andover, but the road is good, and the "buck-board" makes easy traveling. Arriving at the top of the hill, which is over two thousand feet above the sea, you have a view fully as fine as may be obtained from many mountains.

North and north-east are to be seen Umbagog and the Richard-

son Lakes, to the south Old Bald Pate rears his frosty head, and in the west may be seen several of the White Mountain peaks, Mount Washington, whose lofty summit kisses the clouds, and looks down upon the others. With a fair opera or field glass one is easily enabled to make out the different buildings. We publish a variety of fine stereoscopic views of the places of interest mentioned in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

Excursions to Lake Umbagog, Magalloway River, and Dixville Notch.

PERSONS fond of natural scenery will find this one of the most enjoyable excursions that can be made from ANDOVER, and it will occupy from a day and a half to two days. Start some fine day the first thing after dinner, accompanied by a few friends, and drive to UPTON, a distance of seventeen miles, and put up for the night at the UMBAGOG HOUSE.

The next morning leaving the teams and driver to await your return, and accompanied by a well-filled lunch basket, — don't forget that if you wish to keep good-natured, — take the steamer "Diamond," and make the round trip of the lake and rivers, a distance of some forty-four miles. The course lies down the CAMBRIDGE RIVER and across the lake to the RICHARDSON LAKE ROAD, thence across the lake and down the ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER to ERROL DAM LANDING, where a stop is made long enough for you to inspect the Dam, which is worth a visit; thence retrace the route three miles towards the lake and enter the MAGALLOWAY RIVER, up which serpentine stream you sail for eight miles, stopping at the boat-landing, from the vicinity of which you will obtain many fine views of the surrounding country.

The steamer stops here two hours, and you have ample time for a lunch in the cabin and a stroll on shore before the whistle sounds the return. Or you may visit the BERLIN MILLS HOUSE, two miles distant, and obtain a good dinner for fifty cents. A team will take you to and from the boat free of expense, and during the ride you will obtain some charming views of the mountains that wall in the valley.

At two o'clock you start "down the river," and, reaching the ANDROSCOGGIN, again visit ERROL DAM; thence retrace your course, crossing the lake to the RICHARDSON LAKE ROAD; from

there you are "homeward bound," and once more crossing the lake, and winding along the crooked channel of the CAMBRIDGE RIVER, you reach UPTON, and the hotel about six o'clock. If you have taken the precaution to order supper to be ready on the arrival of the boat, you can at once satisfy the demands of hunger; and, starting immediately after supper, you will reach ANDOVER about half-past ten o'clock that night. If there is a moon, nothing can be more lovely than this evening ride from UPTON to ANDOVER. Or you can stop over night at the UMBAGOG HOUSE, and return to ANDOVER the next morning after breakfast.

On all excursions, where you are liable to be out after dark, proper care should be taken to dress warm, as the night air among the mountains is cool and sharp. Plenty of shawls and water-proofs for the ladies, and overcoats and blankets for the gentlemen, are never amiss.

The above trip is a most enjoyable one, and is not so very expensive, and the larger the number the less the expense to each. The fare on the steamer will be $2.00 each.

Dixville Notch.

To those who have never visited DIXVILLE NOTCH a trip to this wild and romantic region is a pleasure long to be thought of. It is easily reached from ANDOVER, and the trip can be readily made in two days, although three are preferable. The writer and a party of friends made the trip one summer, it occupying two days, and were enabled to see all the objects of interest, although they did not spend as much time in the vicinity of the Notch as they would have liked. The distance from FRENCH'S HOTEL, or the ANDOVER HOUSE, to the DIX HOUSE is thirty-five miles, — just a pleasant day's ride, and not at all tiresome when done on a "buck-board."

Leaving the hotels at ANDOVER early in the morning, you drive half of the distance, stopping for lunch by the side of the road in some cool place in the woods; an hour or two can easily be spent in sampling the contents of your lunch-basket, a social chat, and cigars. By this time the horses will have been fed and rested, and you resume your seats, and ride the remaining dis-

tance, reaching THE NOTCH about seven o'clock. The next day can be spent in climbing JACOB'S LADDER, and viewing the country from TABLE ROCK, visiting the ICE CAVE, staring at the PROFILE, and going into ecstasies over the FLUME and CASCADES on the eastern side of the Notch — for you are sure to do it. If piscatorially inclined, and you have had the forethought to bring your rod and book of flies, you may stroll a short distance from the hotel, and catch a good mess of trout for supper.

For the entire distance between the two places the scenery is charming, and the ride delightful. The road is first-rate, with the exception of a short distance in the heart of the Notch, and that is not at all dangerous. Some very pretty views of the ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER may be obtained at ERROL, at which place you cross the stream by means of a covered bridge. For a more particular description of the scenery about DIXVILLE NOTCH we refer you to former chapters of the book.

The LAKE UMBAGOG and DIXVILLE NOTCH trips may be combined in the following manner: —

Leave ANDOVER early in the afternoon, and drive to the UMBAGOG HOUSE, which you reach in time for supper, and where you will stop over night. The next morning take the steamer Diamond, and enjoy the sail on the lake and rivers, touching at the places mentioned above, and leave the boat in the afternoon at ERROL, stopping over night at BRAGG'S HOTEL. Have your teams drive during the day from UPTON to ERROL, and reach the latter place by night, and the next morning after breakfast drive to the Notch, which you can easily reach in time for dinner. You will then have a long half day in the vicinity, giving ample time to see all of interest, and the next morning start for ANDOVER, arriving there in the evening.

The two trips may be made in this manner in four and a half or five days, and the expense will be less than if they are made separately.

Rumford Falls.

These celebrated falls, the highest in New England, are situated south-east from the village of ANDOVER. The road is excellent the whole distance, and the drive very pleasant. You are in sight of the ELLIS or ANDROSCOGGIN RIVERS the most of the

way, and the falls are six miles below the Rumford ferry. The full tide of the Androscoggin makes a descent at the falls of one hundred and sixty feet in three pitches, and within the space of a quarter of a mile. There is one sheer descent of seventy feet. In the spring when the logs are going down the river it is an inspiring sight to see them leap the falls.

Still another way to reach these falls from ANDOVER is to cross the ELLIS RIVER, and drive over the road to Mexico, going through ROXBURY NOTCH, a locality of no mean pretensions, and afterwards follow the road on the east side of the ANDROSCOGGIN until you reach the falls. The distance this way is but nine miles, and would be preferable to some on that account. Our idea of this drive is to go by the way of ROXBURY NOTCH, and come back by the other road, thus giving greater variety to the excursion.

Ten miles from RUMFORD FALLS is

Mount Zircon,

a very prominent peak, and one which is well worth visiting. Some of the finest views in New England may be seen from its summit. Several years ago a large hotel stood on the top of the mountain, but it was destroyed by fire. At the base of the mountain is the famous Mount Zircon Mineral Spring, whose waters have performed some remarkable cures. The water is free to drink to parties visiting the spring. It may be obtained by the barrel from F. T. Stevens, Bryant's Pond, Me. It can easily be visited in one day from ANDOVER, returning the next day, and stopping at RUMFORD FALLS on the way back.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Trout-Fishing.

MOST of the streams about Andover abound in trout. Among those which we call special attention to, having found from practical experience that they are favorite resorts of the spotted beauties, are Black Brook, Sawyer's Brook, Old Maid Brook, Frye's Brook, and Burroughs' Brook. Trout may be found in all these waters at any time during the year, the fish averaging from one-fourth to two pounds in weight.

These streams are all within easy walking or riding distance from the hotel, and are fished without difficulty, a pair of long-legged rubber boots being the only requisite beside proper fishing-tackle.

Apropos of brook trout-fishing, the following, from Scott's "Fishing in American Waters," is worth reading: —

"Questions in relation to fishing *up* or *down* a stream should be decided by the condition of the stream and its borders. While casting from the shore it makes very little difference which way the stream is fished; but in wading it is best to fish up steam because it does not roil the water, and there is not so great liability to alarm the fish. In making a cast it is always best to draw the flies across the current, for then the drop-flies will play clear of the casting-line. This is the opinion of most good fly-fishers. First, cast up stream along the shore, and, if the stream be not too wide, cast to the farther shore, drawing your flies across the stream, but not too fast, lest the trout become suspicious. In striking, you cannot be too quick when fishing up a stream. Cast first near the shore: then a yard or two farther off; next, across the stream. If you get not a rise, take a step or two up the stream and repeat. Continue doing so until a doubt arises as to whether the trout admire your cast; then replace one fly by

another of different color from any on your cast. If that does not take, after presenting it several times, take it off and try another extreme in color. Keep changing until you hit the fancy of the trout. When you have found the fly that the trout admire, change your other flies (if you fish with three) to those of colors in slight relief to the taking one; that is, put on one a trifle darker and the other a little lighter in shade. Anglers are not so high a remove above the rest of mankind as not to be susceptible to a slight influence from the baser sentiments of humanity; but I have actually seen a man so self-willed as to fish all day without a rise, 'because,' as he said, 'he was determined to bring the trout to his terms.'

"All kinds of angling call for the exercise of patience; but fly-fishing requires the gift of genius. Do not fish with too long a cast. In fishing a creek up stream, thirty to forty-five feet are quite sufficient. In striking let it be with sufficient force to fasten the hook in his jaw; but play your fish most gingerly, and even tenderly, but not so as to give him slack line, or he will disgorge the hook. One of the principal causes of losing large fish is the being in too great a hurry to land them. If the hook is well fastened, the more delicately your fish is played the better; for snubbing a fish hard at all points wears an orifice in its jaw from which the hook falls by the mere turning of the fish. It is true that the trout has a good mouth to hold the hook; but the hook must first be well fastened to hold, and then the orifice made in hooking should not be made larger in playing, if possible to avoid it."

Another writer says: —

"To follow trout-fishing with success requires on the part of the angler much care and study as well as natural aptitude for the business. The trout is not a fish to be trifled with. He must be approached cautiously and deceived with deliberation. Although possessed of a shark-like appetite, he is a stickler for form, and objects to unseasonable food with the pertinacity of a religious devotee. When he wants flies the plumpest of angle-worms may be dragged before his very nose without quickening the play of his pectoral fins, or the easy sway of his tail, and when it is no longer fly-time with him, the very king of gray hackles might flutter and flap untouched within a finger's length of the lily-pad which serves as his shelter. But there is one dainty he never re-

jects. Be it chub, or shiner, or even the small fry of his own species, this handsome cannibal, like the pelican that he is, makes haste to take it in whenever opportunity offers. It is rare, indeed, when a big trout's stomach fails to yield his captor evidence of a fish-dinner. This weakness of the trout is often turned to good account by parties who bait strong hooks with live fish, and leave them 'set' in the water over night. Such fishing is condemned, however, as unsportsmanlike, and no reputable fisherman likes to be known as practising it. For that matter, too, trolling is looked upon as not exactly the square thing, the rule of fishcraft being that the fly ranks first in honor, then rod-fishing with a single hook. Both of these styles call for judgment, patience, and some skill, whereas trolling, and worse still, the use of gang-hooks gives the fish no chance for his life. The trout naturally runs to salt water in the winter, and this is what gives the Sandwich fish and those of Nova Scotia their exquisite flavor; while the greater abundance of food they find there keeps them plump and well-flavored. In inland places the fish pass the cold months in the deepest water they can find, and with the opening of spring may be found at the mouths of streams, where bugs and worms are likely to be more plentiful than farther out in the pond or lake, as the case may be. As the season advances and the water grows warmer they run up the streams; but in the hot and sultry days of July and August they fall back to deep, cool pools. They can't live long in water as warm as seventy degrees. The spawning season is in October, and the water is then somewhat cooler than in mid-summer, and they run into the sandy shallows of their favorite breeding grounds without inconvenience from the heat. The generally recognized fishing season extends from May 1 to October 1, but it is not until about the middle of May that the fish bite very freely. During the whole of this month bait-fishing is in order, the fish being as a rule reluctant to rise to a fly. June is the best month of the year for trout-fishing, and then it is that the deluded creatures snap at imitation millers and what-nots, as the manufacturer's skill produces them, and soon find themselves weak and bleeding, enclosed by the relentless meshes of the landing-net, and then are left to gasp their lives away on a sun-scorched raft or in the dungeon of a fish-basket. In July the festive fisher chases the still more festive grasshopper, and finds

him good bait when caught. But the hopper is rather a dweller among the hay-fields of the cultivated land than a sipper of dew in the wilderness, and it is, after all, the careless swain who follows the winding brook through grassy meadows who turns the song of insect glee to sighing. Piscatorial poetry requires a meadow as a background. There are the primroses, the violets, the buttercups, the tiger lilies, the ox-eye daisies (pretty to talk about, but the farmer's pest), the grassy banks, and all the gorgeous livery of nature shorn of her wildness, but, as a rule, no trout. He is a fish of the shade, and the wilder the rush of water the happier he is."

We do not know of any greater pleasure than to start some fine morning from the hotel, and ride to one of these brooks. Leaving the team, and carrying your fishing-tackle and lunch-basket, you strike the stream, where the eddies curl around the roots of some old tree. Obtaining a good position, you make a cast, your fly strikes the water, dances for a moment on the surface of the swiftly flowing stream, and, *presto!* you see a spotted beauty dart like a flash, and off he goes with your hook in his mouth. A few moments of anxious suspense, and he lies quivering in your basket, doomed to the ignoble end of sizzling in a frying-pan. Many more such scenes as this, and then a withdrawal to some umbrageous shade, where beneath the sheltering branches of a fine old tree, you go through your lunch-basket, with appetite heightened by the morning's sport. Lighting a cigar, after every crumb of food has disappeared, you indulge in *dolce far niente*, and watch the clouds as they sail lazily through the sky, or build air-castles in the smoke of your Havana, as it curls gracefully above your head, and is wafted into dim distance by the sweet breath of the summer zephyrs.

But, lunch over, you again take to the brook, and after a repetition of the morning's sport, with your basket well filled with the sweetest of all fish, the spotted brook-trout, you await, by the side of the road, the return of the team to take you back to the hotel, where, once arrived, you recount the incidents of the day to a crowd of sympathetic listeners.

"Where, in many straggling group,
Gnarled and crooked willows
By a chaffing streamlet stoop,
And their yellow branches droop,
Tow'rd its tiny billows;
Near the banks are little whirls, —
Whirls of fretted water, —
And beneath those rings of pearl
Trout delicious caught are."

But, although trout are plenty in all these brooks, they are not always to be caught, for, as one of the natives say, "dreffful notional critturs traout be, olluz bitin' at whodger haänt got. Orful contrary critturs — just like fimmels. Yer can cotch a fimmel with a feather, if she's ter be cotched; ef she haänt ter be cotched, yer may scoop ther hul world dry an yer haänt got her. Jess so traout."

The trout-fishing at the lakes is of course more exciting than brook-fishing. For instance, below the Upper Dam you throw your fly on top of the white water, and have it seized by a ten-pounder, instead of a baby trout six inches long; you strike hard, and the fish darts away, while fathom after fathom of your line unreels, and you begin to tremble for fear he will never stop; he turns, and you begin to reel in, carefully and watchfully, keeping his head well up to the surface, and after many moments of exciting anxiety you get him near enough to successfully use your net. It is no small job, to take an eight or ten pound trout out of swift water, with a light rod, and not break your rod or lose your line. It requires skill, patience, and practice to do it, but isn't it sport? How your eyes sparkle, your cheeks flush, and how you quiver with the excitement of the moment, while battling with one of these gigantic specimens; and what a look of disgust quickly steals across your face, if, after all your best efforts, you lose your fish! Certainly, it is provoking.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Game Laws of Maine.

CHAPTER L.

AN ACT for the protection of Game and Birds: Moose, Deer, and Caribou.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:—

SECTION 1. No person shall, before the first day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty, take, kill, or destroy any moose in this State. All persons who in any way aid or assist in so doing shall be deemed principals. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall forfeit the sum of one hundred dollars for every moose so taken, killed, or destroyed.

SECT. 2. Any person who shall, before the first day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty, have in his possession, keep, or sell, any moose-meat or moose-hide, shall be liable to the penalty provided in section 1.

SECT. 3. No person shall, after the first day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty, hunt, kill, or destroy, with dogs, any moose within this State, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for every moose so killed or destroyed; and no person shall, after the first day of October aforesaid, between the first day of January and the first day of October, in each year, in any manner hunt, kill, or destroy any moose under the same penalty as above provided.

SECT. 4. No person shall hunt, kill, or destroy with dogs, any deer or caribou within this State, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such deer or caribou so killed or destroyed; and no person shall, between the first day of January and the first day of October, in any manner hunt, kill, or destroy, any deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided. Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting moose, deer, or caribou.

SECT. 5. If any person has in his possession the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal, between the first day of January and the first day of October, he shall be deemed to have hunted and killed the same contrary to law, and be liable to the penalties aforesaid; but he shall not be precluded from producing proof in defence.

SECT. 6. No person shall carry or transport from place to place in this State the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal, during the period of time in which the killing of such animals is prohibited, under a penalty of forty dollars.

SECT. 7. The governor, with the advice of council, shall appoint one county moose and game warden for each county in the state, to hold his office for the term of four years, unless sooner removed, each of whom may appoint in writing one or more deputies under him, and require of them suitable bonds for the faithful performance of their duties, and the payment to him of his fees; and said wardens and their deputies in their several counties, shall faithfully enforce the provisions of this act. Each of the deputies shall annually, on or before the first day of December, render to his principal an account under oath of all the penalties by him enforced for the preceding year, and shall pay to him one-tenth part of the net proceeds thereof. Each county warden shall annually, in January, render to the secretary of state an account on oath of all the penalties enforced by himself, or returned to him by his deputies, for the year ending on the first day of December. The penalty for neglecting to do so shall be for a warden fifty dollars, and a deputy twenty-five dollars; and the warden shall immediately give notice to the county attorney of every county of such neglect

of his deputy, and the secretary of state shall notify such county attorney of every such neglect of the warden; and the county attorney shall prosecute for every such neglect of which he has notice; and the penalties so recovered shall be for the use of the county. In such prosecutions the certificate of the secretary of state shall be sufficient evidence of the fact of such neglect to make return to him.

SECT. 8. The municipal officers of any town may insert in the warrant for their annual meeting an article for the choice of a town moose and game warden, who, in his town and anywhere within the distance of twelve miles from the exterior bounds thereof, shall have concurrent jurisdiction with, and the same powers and rights, as the county moose warden and his deputies; and he shall make a like return to the secretary of state, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars, to be proved, recovered, and appropriated in the same way. Each of said officers shall have the same authority to require aid in the execution of his office as sheriffs and their deputies have.

SECT. 9. The county wardens, their deputies or town wardens, may recover the penalties for unlawfully hunting and killing moose, deer, and caribou, in an action on the case in their own names, or by complaint or indictment in the name of the state; and such officers may be competent witnesses, and the sums recovered shall be paid, one-half to the warden or deputy warden, and the other to the county or town, as the case may be. Any person may prosecute by action, complaint or indictment for any of the acts herein forbidden, provided no such warden or deputy, within fourteen days after the offence is committed, prosecutes therefor, and the sums recovered shall be paid, one-half to the prosecutor, and the other to the county, and such action, complaint or indictment may be commenced in any county in which such animal is killed or hunted, or into which its carcass or hide, or any portion thereof, may be carried.

SECT. 10. The secretary of state is to communicate to the legislature, in each month of January, what has been done in execution of the preceding sections of this chapter as appears by the returns received.

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

SECT. 11. No person shall in any way destroy, between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of October of each year, any mink, beaver, sable, otter, or fisher, under penalty of ten dollars for each animal so destroyed, to be recovered on complaint, one-half thereof to the use of the county where the offence is committed, and one-half to the prosecutor.

BIRDS.

SECT. 12. No person shall kill, or have in his possession, except alive, or expose for sale, any wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, or other sea duck, between the first day of May and the first day of September; or kill, sell, or have in possession except alive, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, or woodcock, between the first day of December and the first day of September following; or kill, sell, or have in possession, except alive, any quail or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between the first day of January and the first day of September following, under a penalty of not less than five nor more than ten dollars for each bird so killed, or had in possession, or exposed for sale.

SECT. 13. No person shall at any time, or in any place within this State with any trap, net, snare, device, or contrivance, other than the usual method of sporting with firearms, take any wild duck of any variety, quail, grouse, partridge, or woodcock, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so taken.

SECT. 14. No person shall at any time kill, or have in his possession, except alive, any of the birds commonly known as larks, robins, swallows, sparrows, or orioles, or other insectivorous birds, crows and hawks excepted.

SECT. 15. No person shall at any time wantonly take or destroy the nest, eggs, or unfledged young of any wild bird of any kind, except crows, hawks,

and owls, or take any eggs or young from such nests, except for preserving the same as specimens, or of rearing said young alive, under a penalty of not less than one nor more than ten dollars for each nest, egg, or young so taken or destroyed.

SECT. 16. No person shall carry or transport from place to place, in this State, any of the birds named herein, during the period in which the killing of such birds is prohibited, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so carried or transported.

SECT. 17. The provisions of this act shall not apply to taxidermists, commissioned by the governor, with the advice of the council, to take and kill birds for scientific purposes, provided they kill the birds for such purposes only.

SECT. 18. All penalties imposed by the seven preceding sections may be recovered by an action of debt, or by complaint or indictment in the name of the State, by any warden or his deputies, or any other person, before any court having jurisdiction thereof, in any county in which such offence may be committed or the accused resides; and in all actions therefor in the supreme judicial court, or any superior court for the county of Cumberland, if the plaintiff recovers, he shall recover full costs without regard to the amount of such recovery. Such penalties, when collected, shall be paid, one-half to the prosecutor, and the other to the overseers of the poor, for the use of the poor of the city or town where such prosecutor resides.

SECT. 19. This act shall not apply to the shooting of ducks on the sea-coast.

SECT. 20. Chapter one hundred and six, and section two of chapter ninety-eight of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-two, together with all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed; saving all actions, complaints, and indictments now pending, or which may hereafter be commenced for the violation of any such act before this act takes effect.—[Approved Feb. 19, 1878.]

CHAPTER XXV.

Game-Fish Laws of Maine.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

An Act to regulate and protect Fisheries and the Propagation of Fish.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows: —

Section 1. The governor, with the advice of the council, shall appoint one or two persons, as they may think best, to be commissioners of fisheries, who shall hold office for three years unless sooner removed, and have a general supervision of the fisheries, regulated by the following sections. He or they shall examine dams and all other obstructions existing in all rivers and streams in the state, and determine the necessity of fish-ways and the location, form, and capacity thereof; shall visit those sections where fisheries regulated by this act are carried on, and examine into the working of the laws; shall introduce and disseminate valuable species of fish into the waters of this state where they do not exist, and perform all other duties prescribed by law. He or they shall report annually on or before the thirty-first day of December, to the governor, who shall cause three thousand copies to be printed. He or they shall receive one thousand dollars and traveling and other expenses necessarily incurred in connection with his or their duties, which shall be audited by the governor and council, and it shall be his or their duty to see that all violations of the fish laws of the state are duly prosecuted.

Sect. 2. Every dam or other artificial obstruction in any river or stream naturally frequented by salmon, shad, or alewives, shall be provided by the owner or occupant thereof with a durable and efficient fish-way, of such form and capacity, and in such location as may be determined by the commissioners of fisheries. It shall also be incumbent on the owner or occupant of the dam to keep the fish-ways in repair, and open and free from obstruction for the passage of fish, during such times as may be prescribed by law; provided, that in case of disagreement between the commissioners of fisheries and the owner of any dam, as to the propriety and safety of the plan submitted to the owners or occupant of such dam for the location and construction of the fish-way, such owners or occupant may appeal to the county commissioners of the county where the dam is located, within twenty days after notice of the determination of the commissioners, by giving to the commissioners notice in writing of such appeal within that time, stating therein the reasons therefor, and at the request of the appellant or the commissioners, the senior commissioners in office of any two adjoining counties shall be associated with them, who shall appoint a time to view the premises and hear the parties, and shall give due notice thereof, and after such hearing they shall decide the question submitted, and cause record to be made thereof, and their decision shall be final as to the place and location appealed from. If the requirements of the commissioners are affirmed, the appellant shall be liable for the costs arising after the appeal, otherwise the costs shall be paid by the county.

Sect. 3. If a fish-way thus required to be built is not completed to the satisfaction of the commissioners within the time specified, any owner or occupant shall forfeit not more than one hundred nor less than twenty dollars for every day between the first day of May and the first day of November, during which such neglect continues.

Sect. 4. On the completion of any fish-way to the satisfaction of the commissioners, or at any subsequent time, they shall prescribe in writing the time during which the same shall be kept open and free from obstruction to the pas-

sage of fish each year, and a copy thereof shall be served on the owner or occupant of the dam. The commissioners may change the time as they see fit. Unless otherwise provided, a fish-way shall be kept open and unobstructed from the first day of May to the fifteenth day of July of each year. The penalty for neglecting to comply with the provisions of this section, or any regulations made in accordance herewith, shall be not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars for every day such neglect continues.

SECT. 5. In case the commissioners find any fish-way out of repair or needing alterations, they may, as in case of new fish-ways, require the owner or occupant to make such repairs or alterations; and all the proceedings in such cases, and the penalty for neglect, shall be as provided in the second, third, and fourth sections, without right of appeal.

SECT. 6. In case the dam is owned or occupied by more than one person, each shall be liable for the cost of erecting and maintaining such fish-way, in proportion to his interest in the dam, and if any owner or occupant shall neglect or refuse to join with the others in erecting or maintaining such fish-way, the other owner or owners or occupants shall erect or repair the same, and shall have an action of case against such delinquent owner or occupant for his share of the expenses thereof.

SECT. 7. If the owner or occupant of such dam resides out of the state, said penalties may be recovered by a libel against the dam and land on which it stands, to be filed in the supreme judicial court in the county where the same is located, in the name of the commissioners of fisheries or any fish warden, who shall give to the owner or occupant of the dam, and all persons interested therein, such notice as the court, or any justice thereof in vacation, shall order, and the court may render judgment therein against said dam and lands for said penalties and costs, and order a sale thereof to satisfy such judgment and costs of sale, subject, however, to all said requirements for the erection, maintenance, or repair of said fish-way.

SECT. 8. The governor, with the advice of the council, shall appoint fish wardens where the same may be necessary, who shall enforce the provisions of all public laws relating to fisheries, prosecute all offences that come to their knowledge, and shall have the same power as sheriffs and deputy sheriffs to serve all criminal process for the violation of any of the provisions of this act; and they shall have a right, at all times, to visit any dam or any weir or other apparatus for taking fish, and in the exercise of their duties shall have the same right to require aid that sheriffs and their deputies have in executing the duties of their office, and any person neglecting to render it when required shall forfeit ten dollars. Each person so appointed shall hold office three years, unless sooner removed, and his pay shall be fixed by the governor and council, who shall audit his accounts and cause the same to be paid from the state treasury, provided that the whole amount paid to all wardens shall not exceed fifteen hundred dollars annually.

SECT. 9. No salmon, shad, or other migratory fish shall be taken or fished for within five hundred yards of any fish-way, dam, or mill-race, nor between the Bangor and Brewer bridge over the Penobscot river and the water works dam at Treat's Falls on said river; nor between the Augusta highway bridge over the Kennebec river and the Augusta dam on said river, between the first day of April and the first day of November in each year, except by the ordinary mode of angling with single hook and line or artificial flies; nor shall hook and line or artificial flies be used at any time within one hundred yards of any fish-way, dam, or mill-race. The penalty for violation of this section shall be a fine of not more than fifty nor less than ten dollars for each offence, and a further fine of ten dollars for each salmon, one dollar for each shad, so taken.

SECT. 10. There shall be a close time for salmon from the fifteenth day of July of each year to the first day of April following, during which no salmon shall be fished for, taken, or killed in any manner, under a penalty of not more than fifty nor less than ten dollars, and a further penalty of ten dollars for each salmon so taken or killed.

SECT. 11. No smelts shall be taken or fished for in any of the tidal waters of this state, in any other manner than by hook and line, between the first day

of April and the first day of November, in each year, under a penalty of not less than ten dollars nor more than thirty dollars for each offence, and a further penalty of twenty cents for each smelt so taken; and all weirs for the capture of smelts shall be opened, and so remain, and all nets of any kind used in the smelt and tom-cod fishery shall be taken from the water on or before the said first day of April in each year, under a penalty of not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars, and a further fine of five dollars per day for each day that any such weir or net remains in violation of law; but weirs which have catch-pounds covered with net, the meshes of which are one inch square in the clear, or greater, shall not be subject to the provisions of this section; provided, however, that dip-nets may be used from the first day of April to the twentieth day of May.

SECT. 12. Any inhabitant of this State, by obtaining the consent of the adjacent riparian proprietors, may plant oysters below low-water mark in any of the navigable waters of the State, in places where there is no natural oyster-bed, enclose such grounds with stakes, set at suitable distances, and extending at least two feet above high-water mark, but so as not to obstruct the free navigation of such waters, and have the exclusive right of taking such oysters; and if any person trespasses on such enclosure, or in any way injures such oyster-beds, he shall be liable in an action of trespass for all the damage; or if he takes any oysters therein without the consent of the owner, he shall forfeit not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars, or be confined in jail not exceeding three months.

SECT. 13. There shall be an annual close time for land-locked salmon, commonly so called, trout, togue, black bass, Oswego bass, and white perch, in the waters of this State, as follows, viz.: For land-locked salmon, trout, and togue, from the first day of October to the first day of May following, excepting on the St. Croix river and its tributaries, and all the waters in Kennebec county, in which the close time shall be from the fifteenth day of September to the first day of May following; and for black bass, Oswego bass, and white perch, from the first day of April to the first day of July following.

SECT. 14. No person shall at any time catch, take, kill, or fish for any land-locked salmon, trout, togue, black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, by means of any grapnel, spear, trawl, weir, net, seine, trap, spoon, set-line, or with any device or in any other way than by the ordinary way of angling with a single baited hook and line, or with artificial flies, under a penalty of not less than ten dollars nor more than thirty dollars for each offence, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish so caught, taken, or killed. And all set-lines, grapnels, spears, trawls, weirs, nets, seines, traps, spoons, and devices other than fair angling as aforesaid, are hereby prohibited on the fresh-water lakes, ponds, and streams of this State; and when found in use or operation on said lakes, ponds, or streams, they are hereby declared forfeit and contraband, and any person finding them in use in said waters is hereby authorized to destroy the same.

SECT. 15. No person shall take, catch, kill, or fish for, in any manner, any land-locked salmon, trout, or togue, in any of the waters aforesaid, between the said first day of October and the first day of May following, nor in the St. Croix river and its tributaries, between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of May following; or black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first day of April and the first day of July following, under a penalty of not less than ten dollars nor more than thirty dollars, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish thus caught, taken, or killed as aforesaid. Provided, however, that during the months of February, March, and April, in each year, it shall be lawful for citizens of this State to fish for and take land-locked salmon, trout and togue, and convey the same to their own homes, but not otherwise.

SECT. 16. No person shall sell, expose for sale, or have in possession with intent to sell, or transport from place to place in this State, any land-locked salmon, trout, or togue, between the first day of October and the first day of May following, or any black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first day of April and the first day of July following, under a penalty of not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars for each offence.

SECT. 17. Any person, or persons having in possession, except alive, any land-

locked salmon, trout, or togue, between the first day of October and the first day of May following, or any black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first day of April and the first day of July following, or who shall transport from place to place within this State, any land-locked salmon, trout, or togue, between the first day of October and the first day of May following, or black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first day of April and the first day of July following, shall be deemed to have killed, caught, or transported the same contrary to law, and be liable to the penalties aforesaid.

SECT. 18. The provisions of this act shall not apply to white perch taken in any of the tide waters of this State.

SECT. 19. No person shall introduce fish of any kind, except trout, fresh and salt water salmon, fresh-water smelts, blue-back trout, and minnows, by means of the live fish or otherwise, to any waters now frequented by trout or salmon, except as hereinafter provided, under a penalty of not less than fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.

SECT. 20. The commissioners of fisheries may take fish of any kind at such time and place as they may choose, and in such manner, for the purposes of science, and of cultivation and dissemination, and they may grant written permits to other persons to take fish for the same purposes, and they may introduce or permit to be introduced, any kind of fish to any waters they may see fit.

SECT. 21. The commissioners of fisheries may set apart any waters for the purpose of cultivation of fish, and after notice published three weeks successively in some newspaper published in the county where such waters are located, no person shall take, kill, or fish for any fish therein, under a penalty of not less than ten, nor more than one hundred dollars, and a further penalty of one dollar for each fish so taken or killed.

SECT. 22. Any person legally engaged in the artificial culture and maintenance of fishes, may take them in his own enclosed waters wherein the same are so cultivated and maintained, as and when he pleases, and may at all times sell them for the purpose of cultivation and propagation, but shall not sell them for food at seasons when the taking of such fish is prohibited by law, under a penalty of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, and a futher penalty of not less than one dollar for each fish so sold.

SECT. 23. Any person engaged in the artificial propagation of fish known as trout, fresh and salt water salmon, on any water in this State, when the parent fish are taken from public waters in this State, shall retain not less than twenty-five per cent. of all eggs taken from said parent fish and cause the same to be properly cared for and hatched, and when hatched and in proper condition, to be returned to a suitable place for such young fish in the original waters from which the parent fish were taken, and to cause said parent fish to be returned to safe locations in the waters from which they were taken, under a penalty of not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars for each offence. But the provisions of this section shall not apply to cases in which the parent fish are taken in the manner and at the time and place permitted by law for the capture of such fish for food; nor shall it apply to any operations in fish-culture conducted for public purposes by permission of the commissioners of fisheries of this State, who may affix such conditions to their permits as they may see fit, but requiring in no case less than twenty-five per cent. of the young fish to be returned, as provided in this section.

SECT. 24. No person shall fish in that portion of a pond or other water in which fish are artificially cultivated or maintained, by the written permission of the fish commissioners, without the permission of the proprietor, under a penalty of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, and an additional penalty of two dollars for each fish so taken or killed.

SECT. 25. It shall be the duty of all sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, constables, and police-officers, as well as fish-wardens and their deputies, to cause any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this chapter to be promptly prosecuted for said offence, either by making complaint before some trial justice, municipal or police judge, or by giving information to the county attorney of the county in which the offence is committed. Said sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, constables, fish-wardens, deputy fish-wardens, and police-officers, shall be al-

lowed for said services the same fees as are now prescribed by law for sheriffs and their deputies.

SECT. 26. All fines and penalties provided for in this act, unless otherwise provided, may be recovered before any competent tribunal by complaint, indictment, or action of debt; and in all actions of debt commenced in the supreme judicial court, or in the superior court for the county of Cumberland, the plaintiff recovering shall recover full cost, without regard to amount recovered. Judges of municipal and police courts, and trial justices, shall have concurrent jurisdiction of all offences described in this act, when the penalty for the offence complained of does not exceed thirty dollars. In cases where the offence described in this act is alleged to have been committed in any river, stream, pond, or lake forming a boundary between two counties, or where the fish are caught in one county and carried to another county, the action, complaint, or indictment may be commenced and prosecuted in either county. One-half of all fines and penalties recovered or imposed, when not otherwise provided, shall be for the benefit of the party prosecuting or making complaint, and the other half to the county in which the proceedings are commenced and prosecuted.

SECT. 27. The provisions of this act shall not apply to the taking of blueback trout.

SECT. 28. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed; provided, however, that nothing in this section shall repeal the laws relating to the St. Croix, Denny, Pemmaquam, Cobscook, East Machias, and Narraguagus rivers. And this act shall not apply to fish taken in the weirs on St. Croix river.

SECT. 29. This act shall take effect when approved. — [Approved Feb. 21, 1879.]

AN ACT TO PREVENT THE TAKING OF TROUT FROM THE RANGELEY STREAM, IN THE TOWN OF RANGELEY.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows: —

SECTION 1. No person shall take, kill, or destroy any trout in the Rangeley stream, in the town of Rangeley, between the mouth of the Kennebago stream and the dam at or near the outlet of said Rangeley lake, from the first day of July till the first day of March, for five years.

SECT. 2. Any person who shall violate the provisions of this act shall forfeit and pay the sum of five dollars for the attempt, and one dollar for each and every trout taken, to be recovered by complaint before any trial justice, one half to the complainant, and the other half to the town of Rangeley.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect when approved. — [Approved Feb. 8, 1876.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

Game and Game-Fish Laws of the State of New Hampshire.

CHAPTER 1.

FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS AND WARDENS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

SECTION 1. The governor, with the advice of the council, shall appoint a board of commissioners on fish and game, not exceeding three in number, who shall hold their offices for five years from the date of their appointment (unless sooner removed), for the purpose of restocking such of our waters with salmon, shad, and alewives as were formerly frequented by those fish, and introducing the land-locked salmon, so called, black bass, pike perch, white perch, white fish, or any other desirable fish into our inland waters, and enforcing the laws relating to fish and game; and said board of commissioners is hereby authorized to coöperate with the commissioners of other States, having joint interests with this State, for the purpose of restocking the rivers, streams, and other waters with salmon, shad, and other desirable fish. The board of fish commissioners, as now constituted, is hereby continued, and invested with all the powers and charged with all the duties of fish and game commissioners under the general laws.

SECT. 2. They shall examine the principal inland waters of the State, and determine what new varieties of fish shall be introduced into the several waters. They may take fish of any kind, at any time or in any manner they may choose, for the purposes of science, cultivation, and dissemination, and may permit other persons to take fish at any time and in any manner for the same purposes, anything in this or any other chapter to the contrary notwithstanding.

SECT. 3. Each of said commissioners may personally, or by deputy appointed in writing under his hand, enforce all laws relating to inland fisheries, and may seize and remove, summarily, if need be, all obstructions to the passage of migratory fish illegally used, except dams, mills, or machinery, at the expense of the person using or maintaining the same.

SECT. 4. Every town or city council in this State shall, at some regular meeting, choose one or more fish and game wardens, whose duty it shall be to see that the laws for the preservation of fish in the waters within the limits of such town or city or upon which it may border, and also the laws for the preservation of game within such limits, are duly observed, and such wardens shall be sworn to the faithful performance of their duties.

SECT. 5. It shall be the duty of the fish and game commissioners to appoint one or more fish and game wardens in each town or city of this State including or bordering upon any body of water in which trout or other fish are prohibited from being taken during any specified time or times, whenever such wardens have not been elected in such towns or cities; said wardens to hold their said appointments until such town or city shall elect such wardens, or during the pleasure of the commissioners. Such wardens, so appointed, shall receive a warrant from said commissioners, and shall be sworn to the faithful performance of their duties.

SECT. 6. It shall be the duty of said wardens to observe and examine, and to make complaint before some justice of the peace of all infringements of laws made for the preservation of fish or game in their respective towns or cities, and to prosecute the same to final judgment.

SECT. 7. Said commissioners are hereby empowered to appoint, in writing under their hands, special detectives, not exceeding five in number, for the purpose of securing the enforcement of the fish and game laws of the State, at such times as in their judgment they may deem necessary; the expense of said detectives not to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. The fish and game commissioners, and their deputies and detectives, and the wardens shall have all the powers in enforcing the fish and game laws of the State, and all laws relating to fisheries, that are now vested in police officers and constables of this State.

SECT. 8. It shall be the duty of the fish commissioners to examine from time to time all waters in this State in which salmon or other fish have heretofore been or may hereafter be placed, and they are hereby empowered, by an order in writing duly published and posted, to close any such waters against all fishing of every kind for such time as the preservation of the fish so placed in such waters may require, not exceeding one year. A copy of such order shall be published in some newspaper printed in the county, if any, otherwise in some adjoining county, and posted in two or more public places, as near said waters as may be, in each town in which said waters or any part thereof are located, at least one week before such order shall be enforced; and this shall be sufficient notice in all cases. Any person violating this law, or any order made under it by said commissioners, shall be fined not exceeding twenty dollars, or imprisoned not exceeding sixty days, or both, for each offence. And the having in possession any fish, or any fishing tackle or apparatus, by any person in the immediate vicinity of such waters, after such order takes effect, shall be *prima-facie* evidence of a violation by such person of this law and of such order made by said commissioners.

SECT. 9. Any town or city in this State may, at any meeting duly notified and holden for that purpose, by major vote of such town or of the city government of such city, prohibit fishing in any waters exclusively in such town or city, for any period not exceeding three years, for the purpose of stocking said waters with any kind of desirable fish; and any violation of such prohibition by any person shall be prosecuted by the warden, and, if proved to the satisfaction of the magistrate, shall be punished in the same way as is provided in the preceding section.

SECT. 10. All persons are hereby forbidden to take, catch, or fish for any fish in any way upon the Pemigewasset river, near the State hatching-house in Holderness, anywhere between the abutments of the upper dam on Livermore Falls, so called, in Campton, and a point on said river half a mile below said abutments, southerly, measuring by an air line. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall pay a fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or be imprisoned not exceeding sixty days, or both, for every such violation.

SECT. 11. All fines paid under the provisions of this chapter shall be one-half for the use of the prosecutor and the other half for the use of the town, city, or county.

SECT. 12. Said commissioners shall make a full annual report to the governor and council of all their doings, together with a statement of all expenses, on or before the tenth day of June of each year. They shall be entitled to receive their traveling and other expenses necessarily connected with the discharge of their duties, and such compensation for their services as may be determined and allowed by the governor and council, who shall audit their accounts.

SECT. 13. Said fish commissioners shall have full power and control of all fishways in this State, and shall direct when and for how many months in each year said fishways shall be kept open.

CHAPTER II.

GAME LAWS, — BIRDS.

SECTION 1. If any person shall, at any season of the year, take, kill, or destroy any of the birds called robins, thrushes, larks, bluebirds, sparrows, finches, buntings, martins, orioles, swallows, fly-catchers, warblers, tanagers, bobolinks, vireos, nut-hatches, creepers, woodpeckers, humming-birds, or any other of the song birds or insectivorous birds, he shall be punished by a fine of five dollars for each and every such bird so taken, killed, or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both; but this section shall not apply to any one collecting specimens for the purpose of illustrating natural history in any educational institution which supports a cabinet for that purpose, in charge of a curator, under whose direction only such birds may be taken, killed, or destroyed.

SECT. 2. If any person shall, between the first day of February and the first day of August of each year, take, kill, or destroy any of the birds called plover, yellow-legs, sandpipers, woodcock, ducks, or rails, or shall, between the first day of February and the first day of September of each year, take, kill, or destroy any ruffed grouse, partridges, or quails, or shall, within the respective times aforesaid, sell, buy, or have in possession any of said birds, he shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each bird so taken, killed, or destroyed, bought, sold, or had in possession, or by imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both.

SECT. 3. No person shall, at any time or place within this State, take any grouse, partridge, or quail, with any trap or snare, and any person so offending shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each bird so taken, or by imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both. The penalties provided in this and the two preceding sections shall be one-half for the use of the prosecutor and the other half for the town, city, or county.

SECT. 4. Any person or persons, corporation or company, owning or occupying land, may forbid the destruction of birds on the same, at any season of the year, by posting a printed or written notice to that effect, in two public places in the town, and also on the lands; and any person taking or destroying birds on such land, in defiance of said prohibition, shall be subject to a penalty, for the use of the owner or occupier of such land, of one dollar for each bird so destroyed, in addition to the penalties named in the preceding sections, which may be recovered in the same proceeding in which the fine is assessed.

SECT. 5. If any person shall designedly take from the nest and destroy the eggs or young of any of the birds called robins, thrushes, larks, bluebirds, sparrows, martins, woodpeckers, bobolinks, yellow-birds, linnets, fly-catchers, or warblers, snipes, woodcock, plover, rails, yellow-legs, or sandpipers, partridges, grouse, quails, or wild pigeons, he shall forfeit and pay for every egg or young of any of said birds so taken and destroyed, the sum of two dollars, to the use of the prosecutor.

CHAPTER III.

GAME LAWS, — ANIMALS.

SECTION 1. If any person shall, at any time during the term of three years from the first day of September, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, by shooting, trapping, or otherwise, kill or destroy any moose, deer, or caribou, he shall be punished by a fine of twenty-five dollars for every such animal so killed or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both; *provided, however*, that it shall be lawful to kill deer within the limits of Coos County between the first day of August and the first day of December in each year; and moose and caribou, between the first day of September and the last day of December of each year.

SECT. 2. If any person shall, in any way, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of October, in any year, kill or destroy any mink, beaver, sable, otter, or fisher, he shall be punished by a fine of twenty-five dollars for each animal so killed or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both.

SECT. 3. If any person shall, between the first day of January and the first day of September, in any year, take, kill, or destroy any raccoon or coon, he shall be punished by a fine of five dollars for each animal so killed or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both.

SECT. 4. If any person shall, in any way, kill or destroy any of the animals known as hares, rabbits, or muskrats, between the first day of April and the first day of October, in each year, he shall be punished by a fine of five dollars for every such offence, or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both.

SECT. 5. If any person shall expose poison for the purpose of destroying any animals, except rats or other vermin, in his own buildings, or on his potato crops, he shall be punished by a fine of fifty dollars for every such offence, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both.

SECT. 6. If any person has or shall have in his possession the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal, between the times in which the killing of such animals is prohibited, it shall be *prima-facie* evidence that he has hunted and killed the same contrary to law.

SECT. 7. If any railroad or express company, or other common carrier in this State, or any of their servants or agents, while in their employ, shall have in their possession, for transportation or any other purpose, any of the birds mentioned in section two of the preceding chapter, or any of the animals mentioned in section one of this chapter, during the period while such birds or animals are protected by law, said railroad or express company or other common carrier shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars for each offence. But such company or common carrier may show in defence that such birds or animals came in the regular course of business into their possession for transit through this State, from some place without the State, where the killing of the same was lawful.

SECT. 8. All fines, forfeitures, and penalties prescribed in this chapter shall be one-half to the use of the prosecutor, and the residue to the town, city, or county where the trial and conviction are had.

CHAPTER IV.

FISH LAWS, VIOLATIONS AND PENALTIES.

SECTION 1. If any person shall, at any time, catch, kill, or destroy in any manner any fish in any pond, reservoir, or spring prepared or used for the purpose of breeding, growing, or preserving the same, or from any brook or stream running through or supplying such pond or reservoir on land owned or leased for the purpose aforesaid, or shall break down any dam or embankment of the same, or shall in any way poison or pollute such water, or shall place therein any fish, or the roe, spawn, or fry of the same without permission of the owner or lessee of the land upon or through which such waters stand or flow, he shall for every such offence be fined not exceeding fifty dollars, or be imprisoned not exceeding six months, or both; *provided*, that said owners or lessees shall post in at least two conspicuous places on said land a notice, with the words, "reserved for fish culture or preservation; trespass forbidden," plainly painted, printed, or written thereon, and keep the same thus posted. This section shall be interpreted to apply only to such ponds, streams, or springs as are wholly within the control of some person owning the land around the same, who has made some improvement or expended money or labor in stocking the same with fish for his own use.

SECT. 2. If any person shall, at any time, take, catch, kill, destroy, or fish for any salmon, trout, lake trout, land-locked or fresh-water salmon, grayling, bass, striped bass, pike, pike perch, white perch, pickerel, muskallonge, or smelts in any of the waters of this State, in any other manner or with any other device than the ordinary way of angling with a single hook and line, with bait, artificial fly or spoon, he shall be punished by a fine not exceeding thirty dollars for each offence, or by imprisonment not less than thirty days, or both, and a further penalty of not less than one dollar for each fish so caught, taken, or killed.

SECT. 3. All boats, nets, seines, trawls, spears, fishing tackle, or other implements used in taking or catching fish in violation of law, shall be forfeited and may be seized by any fish-warden, constable, police officer, or selectman, and shall be held, proceeded with, and disposed of as provided by law in other cases of forfeiture of goods.

SECT. 4. It shall not be lawful for any person to take, catch, kill, or have in his possession any land-locked or fresh-water salmon, lake trout, brook or speckled trout, in or from any of the waters of this State, between the month of September of any year and the month of April next following (*except* that lake trout may be taken, with single hook and line only, during the months of January, February and March); and any person so offending shall be fined not more than fifty dollars for each fish so taken or had in possession, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both.

SECT. 5. If any person shall take catch, kill, or destroy any black bass, pike perch, or white perch in any of the waters of this State during the months of May and June in any year, he shall forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars for each fish so caught, killed, taken, or had in possession, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 6. It shall not be lawful for any person to catch, take, kill, or destroy any muskallonge, pickerel, pike, or grayling in any of the waters of this State, during the months of April and May of any year, and any person so offending shall pay a fine of not more than twenty dollars for each fish so caught, taken, killed, or had in possession, or be imprisoned not more than sixty days, or both.

SECT. 7. If any person, within five years from the fourteenth of June, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, shall catch or kill any salmon, or young salmon known as parr, smelts, or grilse, or any shad in the waters of the Merrimack or Connecticut rivers, or any tributary of either of said rivers, he shall be fined fifty dollars for each fish so caught or killed, or be imprisoned not more than six months, or both.

SECT. 8. The taking or catching of any alewives or lamper-eels, in the said waters, is also prohibited during the same period, under a penalty of ten dollars for each fish or eel so caught or killed.

SECT. 9 If any person shall take, catch, kill, or destroy any white fish, black bass, land-locked or fresh-water salmon, grayling, pike, perch, or any other variety of fish which have been or may be introduced by the fish commissioners, their agents, or any person authorized by them, in any of the waters of this State, within five years from their introduction into the said several waters, he shall forfeit and pay, for each fish taken, caught, killed, or destroyed, the sum of ten dollars, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 10. Any person who shall take, catch, kill, or destroy any fish in any of the waters of this State, by the use of any poisonous, deleterious, or explosive substances, shall be fined not more than fifty dollars for each offence, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 11. If any person shall erect or maintain any dam or weir upon the Connecticut, Merrimack, Pemigewasset, Ammonoosuc, Winnipesaukee, or Baker's rivers, or any tributary of said rivers, without providing a suitable fishway, to be approved by the fish commissioners, or shall not keep open said fishway at any and all times, and for so many months in each year as said

fish commissioners shall direct, he shall be fined fifty dollars for each day's continuance of such dam or weir, or neglect to keep open such fishway; *provided*, that the commissioners on fisheries for this State shall have given notice, in writing, to the owners or lessees of dams on said rivers and their tributaries, that in their opinion the public good requires the establishment and immediate building of suitable fishways, and the owners of dams shall be allowed six months from the date of the notice of the commissioners on fisheries in which to erect and complete such fishways, before they shall be liable to any fine or action for neglect to build or keep open such fishways.

SECT. 12. The approval of the fish commissioners of fishways over any dam in this State, shall not be construed to exonerate the owners of such fishways from the obligation to modify those so approved, or to build others when necessary to make them suitable, when required by such commissioners.

SECT. 13. All fishing whatever within four hundred yards of any such fishway, is strictly prohibited under a penalty of ten dollars for each offence, or imprisonment for not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 14. The possession of any fish during the time in which their capture is prohibited by law, whether by hotel-keepers, express companies, or any other persons, shall be deemed *prima-facie* evidence of violation of the law, and such fish may be seized by any commissioner, fish-warden, or constable, and the companies or persons in whose possession such fish may be found shall be liable to all the penalties heretofore provided for such violations in their respective sections.

SECT. 15. No person shall put any of the fish called pickerel or pike, or the roe, fry, or spawn of the same, into any of the public waters of this State now containing trout, and free from pike and pickerel, and any person violating this section shall be fined one hundred dollars for each offence.

SECT. 16. No person shall catch, preserve, sell, or expose for sale, within the limits of the State of New Hampshire, any lobster between the fifteenth day of August and the fifteenth day of October of each year; and from the said fifteenth day of October to the fifteenth day of August next following of each year no lobster shall be caught, preserved, sold, or exposed for sale, under eleven inches in length, measuring from one extreme of the body to the other, exclusive of claws or feelers, nor shall any female lobster be killed or destroyed while carrying her spawn or hatching her young; and any person violating any provision of this section shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for every lobster so caught, used, sold, or exposed for sale, as aforesaid.

SECT. 17. No person shall take oysters from Great Bay, in the county of Rockingham, or any of its tributaries, during the months of June, July, and August, nor shall any person dredge for oysters through holes cut in the ice during any month in the year, unless said oysters have been bedded in said bay, or its tributaries, by the person so taking or dredging for them; and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

SECT. 18. No person, not a citizen of this State and resident therein, shall take by seine or net any fish called herring or hardheads, or mackerel, in any waters within the jurisdiction of this State, for the purpose of salting or barreling the same.

SECT. 19. Any person who shall violate the provisions of the preceding section shall forfeit for each offence a sum not exceeding forty dollars.

SECT. 20. Any net or seine, set or used for the purpose of taking such fish, shall be forfeited to any person who may take or sue for the same.

SECT. 21. All weirs, pounds, stake or set nets, which may be erected or maintained for the purpose of taking or trapping fish, in the waters of the Piscataqua river and its tributaries, including the Great Bay, so called, shall be one mile or upwards from each other, the distance to be measured from the head of tide water, by the main channel of said rivers, and shall be kept open from the fifteenth of July to the first of April in the succeeding year, and from sunrise on Friday morning till sunrise on Monday morning of each week be-

tween the first of April and the fifteenth of July of each year; and any person or persons guilty of violating the provisions of this section shall be fined not more than fifty dollars, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 22. It shall not be lawful for any person to catch, kill, keep, or have in his possession any brook or speckled trout, from any of the waters of this State, of a length less than four inches, or any striped bass of a length less than ten inches, under a penalty of five dollars for each fish so taken, kept, or had in possession.

SECT. 23. It shall not be lawful for any person to take, catch, or kill any of the fish known as fresh-water or salt-water smelts, for the purpose of manuring land, under a penalty of five dollars for each fish so taken or used.

SECT. 24. Nothing in this chapter shall prohibit the owners of private waters from taking fish for purposes of propagation, dissemination, or science, at such times and in such manner as may be most convenient; but they shall not be taken, used, or sold for purposes of food, during the time when such capture is prohibited by law.

SECT. 25. All fines, penalties, and forfeitures, imposed and incurred under the provisions of this chapter, shall go one-half to the use of the complainant. The proceedings for the punishment of any violation of said provisions and for the recovery of any penalty or forfeiture shall be the same as provided by law for other cases; but there may be embraced in one action, complaint, indictment, or information, several offences committed by the same person in taking, catching, killing, or destroying fish.

ESTABLISHED HACK-FARES IN BOSTON.

For one or more adult passengers within the City Proper, or from one place to another within the limits of South Boston or of East Boston, Fifty Cents each.

Between the hours of 11 P.M. and 7 A.M., the fare for one adult passenger shall be One Dollar.

For two or more such passengers, Fifty Cents each.

For one adult passenger, from any part of the City Proper, to either South Boston or East Boston, or from East Boston or South Boston to the City Proper, One Dollar.

For two or more such passengers, between such points, Seventy-Five Cents each.

For children, between four and twelve years of age, when accompanied by one adult, one-half of the above sums; and for children under four years of age, when accompanied by an adult, no charge is to be made.

By order of the Board of Aldermen,
S. F. McCLEARY,
City Clerk.

BAGGAGE. — One Trunk, a Valise, Box, Bundle, Carpet-Bag, Basket, or other article used in traveling, shall be free of charge; but for each additional Trunk, or other articles, Five Cents shall be paid.

HORSE-CAR CONVEYANCE. — Persons who travel light, *i.e.*, with little baggage, can save Hack-Fare in Boston by taking the Horse-Cars, which now run to all the depots, and to the wharf of the Portland steamers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

List of Hotels, Accommodations, and Rates.

ANDOVER HOUSE, Andover, Maine, Albert W. Thomas, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 50 guests.

BARDEN HOUSE, Phillips, Maine, Samuel W. Farmer, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 50 guests.

BERLIN MILLS HOUSE, Magalloway, River, N.H., Berlin Mills Co., Proprietors. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 40 guests.

BETHEL HOUSE, Bethel, Maine, J. F. Barden, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 to $2.50, per day, $7.00 to $14.00 per week, according to rooms. Accommodates 100 guests.

CAMP KENNEBAGO, Indian Rock, Maine, O. T. Richardson, Superintendent. Terms, $2.00 per day. Accommodates 50 guests.

DIX HOUSE, Dixville Notch, N.H., George Parsons, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10,00 per week. Accommodates 40 guests.

ELMWOOD HOUSE, Phillips, Me., E. D. Prescott, Proprietor. Transient rates, $2.00 per day, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 40 guests.

FLINT'S CAMP, near Magalloway Forks, Me., T. S. Flint, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day. Accommodates 30 guests.

FOREST HOUSE, Farmington, Maine, G. H. Fletcher, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 50 guests.

FRENCH'S HOTEL, Andover, Maine, John A. French, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 75 guests.

GREENVALE HOUSE, Greenvale, Maine, George Esty, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 40 guests.

MIDDLE DAM CAMP, Lower Richardson Lake, Maine, Godwin & Brooks, Proprietors. Terms, $1.75 per day. Reduction by the week. Accommodates 40 guests.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, Rangeley Outlet, Maine, Henry T. Kimball, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day. Reduction by week or month. Accommodates 50 guests.

OQUOSSOC HOUSE, Rangeley, Maine, John Herrick, Manager. Accommodates 30 guests. $1.50 per day, transient. Reduction by the week.

PARSONS HOUSE, Colebrook, N.H., E. F. Bailey, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 75 guests.

POPLAR HOTEL, North Newry, Me., Charles R. Bartlett, Proprietor. Terms $2.00 per day, with reduction by the week or month. Accommodates 30 guests.

PREBLE HOUSE, Portland, Me., M. S. Gibson, Proprietor. Transient rates, $2.00 per day. Accommodates 200 guests.

RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE, Rangeley, Me., Eben Hinckley, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient. Reduction by the week or month. Accommodates 60 guests.

SOULE'S NEW CAMP, Haine's Landing, Lake Mooselucmaguntic, Me., George Soule, Proprietor. Terms, $2.00 per day, transient, $7.00 to $10.00 per week. Accommodates 60 guests.

STODDARD HOUSE, Farmington, Me., John B. Marble, Proprietor. Transient board, $2.00 per day. Reduction by the week or month. Accommodates 50 guests.

UMBAGOG HOUSE, Upton, Me., W. I. Abbot, Proprietor. Terms, $1.50 per day, transient. Reduction by the week. Accommodates 30 guests.

UPPER DAM CAMP, Upper Richardson Lake, Maine, Thomas McCard, Superintendent. Terms, $2.00 per day. Accommodates 50 guests.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Rates of Fare and Round Trip Excursion Tickets.

Philadelphia to New York, rail,	$2 50
" Boston, (steamer) stateroom and meals included,	10 00
New York to Boston, all rail	6 00
" " boat and cars	1 50
" to Portland, steamer, includes stateroom, meals extra	4 00
Boston to Portland, boat	1 50
" " cars	3 00
" Bryant's Pond	4 80
" Bethel	5 15
" Gorham	5 80
" Groveton	6 80
" North Stratford	7 50
" Farmington	5 25
" Phillips	6 75
" Greenvale	8 75
" Rangeley Outlet	9 75
" Andover	6 30
" Middle Dam, via Andover	9 00
" Upper Dam, via Andover	10 00
" Indian Rock, via Andover	11 00
" Dixville Notch, via Colebrook	10 00
North Stratford to Colebrook	1 00
Colebrook to Dixville Notch	1 50
" Errol Dam	3 00
Bethel to Upton, stage	2 00
Upton to Richardson Lake Road, steamer	1 50
" Errol Dam	1 50
" Magalloway River, Steamboat Landing	2 00
Errol Dam to Richardson Lake Road, steamer	1 00
" Magalloway River, Steamboat Landing	1 00

Steamboat Landing, Magalloway River to Richardson Lake Road	$1 00
Crossing Middle Dam Carry on Buck-board	1 00
Bryant's Pond to Andover, stage	1 50
Andover to Arm of Lake	2 00
Arm of Lake to Middle Dam, steamer	75
" " Upper Dam, steamer	1 50
" " Mill Brook, steamer	2 00
Middle Dam to Upper Dam, steamer	1 00
" " Mill Brook, steamer	1 50
Farmington to Phillips, stage	1 50
Phillips to Greenvale, stage	2 00
Greenvale to Rangeley Outlet, steamer	1 00
Indian Rock to Upper Dam, steamer	1 00
Glen House (White Mountains) to Andover. Stage to Gorham, rail to Bryant's Pond, stage to Andover	4 00
Glen House, (White Mountains) to Upton. Stage to Gorham, rail to Bethel, stage to Upton	4 75
Glen House (White Mountains) to Dixville Notch. Stage to Gorham, rail to North Stratford, stage to Colebrook, Concord wagon to Notch	4 75

The fares to many of the above places are largely reduced by purchasing

Round Trip Excursion Tickets,

to go and return by same route. All excursion tickets are good until Oct. 4th, inclusive. We give the price of tickets over some of the most popular Excursion Routes.

Boston to Andover, Me., and return, cars and stage	$10 00
Boston to Richardson Lakes, and return, via Andover, cars, and stage	13 00
Boston to Middle Dam (Anglers' Retreat), and return, via Andover, cars, stage, and steamer	13 50
Boston to Upper Dam, Richardson Lakes, and return, via Andover, cars, stage, and steamer	14 00
Boston to Indian Rock, and return, via Andover, cars, stage, and steamers	15 25

Boston to Indian Rock, via Andover, cars, stage and steamer, and return via Farmington, steamers, stage and cars	$18 00
Boston to Bryant's Pond, and return	7 50
" Bethel, and return	8 00
" Gorham, and return	8 50
" Upton, Lake Umbagog, and return, cars and stage	12 00
" North Stratford, and return, rail	11 00
" Errol Dam, and return, via Colebrook	19 00

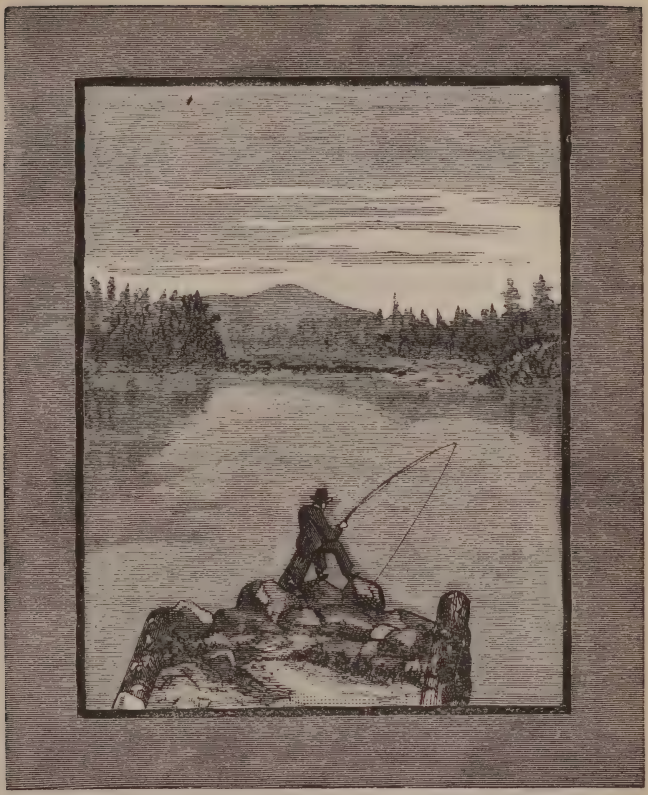
The above Excursion fares are by rail between Boston and Portland. If travelers desire to go by steamer, the fare will be $1.00 less.

Boston to Farmington, and return	9 00
" Phillips, and return, rail and stage	11 00
" Greenvale, Rangeley Lake, and return, rail, stage	14 00
" Indian Rock, and return, via Farmington, rail, stage, and steamer	15 25
" Upper Dam, and return, via Phillips and Greenvale, cars, stage, and steamers	16 25

Round Trip Tickets on Richardson Lakes.

South Arm to Middle Dam and return	$1 25
Middle Dam to Upper " " "	1 50
" " " West Arm " "	2 00
South Arm " Upper Dam " "	2 00
" " " West Arm " "	3 00

These tickets will be good to go on one day and return the next.



Rapids below Upper Dam and Aziscohos Mountain.

THE
Rangeley Lakes,

The Adirondacks of New England, and rapidly coming to be known as the chief place of Wilderness resort in the country.

The **Oldest, Cheapest, Quickest** and **Most Reliable** route is by the

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD

To FARMINGTON,

Thence by Stages to

PHILLIPS AND RANGELEY,

through the Sandy River Valley, the garden of Maine. This is the only route affording good comfortable conveyance the entire distance, and the **Upper Dam, the Mooselucmaguntic, Capsuptic, Rangeley, Kennebago, and Parmachenee Lakes, Indian Rock, Camp Kennebago and Soule's Camp** are reached in no way so easily as by this route, it being in fact the only direct route to the points named.

Trains leave Portland, daily (Sundays excepted), after arrival of morning trains from Boston of the Eastern and Boston & Maine Railroads, arriving at Farmington early in the afternoon, making close connection with Stages for Phillips same evening. Leave Phillips for Rangeley every morning at 7.30, connecting at Greenvale and Rangeley with steamer for Mountain View House, Indian Rock and the Lower Lakes, arriving at Indian Rock

HOURS AHEAD OF ANY OTHER ROUTE.

Fares from Boston to Indian Rock and return, $15.25. Rangeley, $14.00. From Portland, $3.00 less.

Excursion Tickets on sale from Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad. From New York by all of the Sound Lines. From Providence, Worcester and Nashua by the W. & N. R. R., and from Boston by the Eastern and Boston & Maine Railroads.

SEE THAT YOUR TICKETS READ *VIA* MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

PAYSON TUCKER,
Supt. M. C. R. R.

F. E. BOOTHBY,
Gen. Ticket Agt. M. C. R. R.

SPECIAL STAGE LINE

FROM

BETHEL TO ANDOVER,

AND FROM

BETHEL TO UPTON, LAKE UMBAGOG.

During the

SEASON OF SUMMER TRAVEL

the undersigned will drive a Four-horse Stage from Bethel to Andover, Upton, or wherever people may wish to go.

Applications for this Stage may be made by Letter or Telegraph to

J. S. LANE, Proprietor,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Mr. Lane will meet parties at either the morning or evening trains if desired.

PREBLE HOUSE, M. S. GIBSON, Proprietor,

PORTLAND, Maine.

THE HOUSE has been thoroughly refitted, with every regard to comfort, and the aim is to make it first-class in all its appointments.

IF YOU ARE GOING

—TO—

Moosehead Lakes,
Rangeley Lakes,
Richardson Lakes,
Bar Harbor,
South West Harbor,
Passamaquaddy Bay,
Boothbay,
Castine,
Poland Springs,
Bethel,
Andover,

Or to any other place in

THE STATE OF MAINE

—OR—

THE MARITIME PROVINCES,

You will find it advantageous to take Tickets and travel from

Boston to Portland

BY THE

Eastern Railroad,

THE SEASHORE LINE.

The Eastern Railroad

ALSO FORMS

THE DIRECT SHORT ROUTE

To all points in the

White Mountains

ITS TRAINS RUNNING TO FABYANS WITHOUT CHANGE

THROUGH CRAWFORD NOTCH,

Saving Forty Miles over any other Line.

Among its many points of interest, not already named, are Swampscott, Marblehead, Beverley Farms, Magnolia, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Gloucester, Rockport, Pigeon Cove, Salisbury, Boar's Head, Rye and Hampton Beaches, Newburyport, Portsmouth, York, Newcastle, The Isles of Shoals, Wolfboro, Lake Winnepescogee, and the Islands in Casco Bay at Portland.

Its equipment is unexcelled. Pullman Palace Cars and Observation Cars are used. Fast and frequent trains are supplied and every endeavor is made to maintain this

as

The Tourists' Line.

Through and Excursion Tickets procurable at principal Ticket Offices.

LUCIUS TUTTLE,
G. P. and T. A.

JOHN HORNBY,
Mast. Trans.

BOSTON.

FOR RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES.

Daily Line of first-class Steamers between

BOSTON and PORTLAND

ONE OF THE STEAMERS

"John Brooks," "Falmouth," "Forest City"

WILL LEAVE INDIA WHARF, **BOSTON,**

FOR PORTLAND

Every Evening (Sunday excepted) at 7 o'clock,

Connecting, on arrival, with Maine Central, Knox & Lincoln, Portland & Ogdensburg, Grand Trunk, and Portland & Rochester Railroads, and with Bangor & Machias Steamers for points on Coast of Maine.

THIS LINE AFFORDS A MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

Lewiston, Old Orchard Beach, Poland Spring, Rangeley Lakes,

Mt. Desert, Bethel, Gorham, N. H., North Conway, Crawford's, Fabyans, &c.

Finest Ocean Trip on Eastern Coast, and best route to White Mountains, and Inland and Seaside Resorts of Maine.

THROUGH TICKETS AT LOW RATES.

Leave Portland for Boston every evening (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock, connecting, on arrival, with the earliest trains on all diverging lines.

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—TO THE—

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Maine Central Railroad

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—AND—

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Train leaves Portland daily at 12.35 P. M., or on arrival of trains from Boston, for

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H. R. GODWIN and ALDANA BROOKS,

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TERMS, - - - - $1.75 per day.

With reduction by the week or month.

THE NEW MIDDLE DAM CAMP occupies a lovely site, a short distance north of the old camp. The hotel faces the lake, and commands an unrivalled view of lake, forest, and mountain scenery. It is but a few rods from the lake shore, and near the steamboat-landing. The house contains twenty sleeping-rooms, ladies sitting-room, dining-room, office, kitchen, etc., etc. The steamer Welokennebacook stops here over night, and makes two trips daily to Upper Dam, and one to the Arm of the Lake. The carry road between the Middle Dam and Lake Umbagog has been considerably improved the past winter, and a team is now running over it, conveying passengers each way. Fare between Lake Umbagog and Middle Dam, $ 1.00.

Parties who think of visiting the lake region this summer, and wish for pleasant rooms and comfortable quarters, will do well to give the New Middle Dam Camp a trial. This is one of the most healthy places in the world, being located 1,500 feet above the sea, surrounded by pure mountain air, and in the midst of fir and pine forests, whose balsamic odors carry life and health to all around them. Some of the most renowned fishing-places in the entire lake country are within half a mile of this house. There are also many charming walks, and fine facilities for boating and bathing in the immediate vicinity of the hotel. The Middle Dam Camp is only sixteen miles from Andover, and is in daily connection with the village. Guides, boats, and camping outfits may be engaged from the hotel. For further information in regard to board or rooms, address either of the hotel proprietors, at the Middle Dam, via Andover, Oxford Co., Maine.

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QUIMBY & MURCH, - - - Proprietors.

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The dining-room is large and pleasant; the table, all that could be desired.

There is a billiard-room, reading, writing, and smoking rooms in the hotel, and all the guests' rooms are connected with the office.

Terms reasonable.

Silver Ripple Cascade, Black Brook, Andover, Me.

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" Richardson (Rangeley) Lakes and Return via Andover	13.00
" Middle Dam and Return, via Andover	13.50
" Upper Dam and Return, via Andover	14.00
" Indian Rock and Return, via Andover	15.25
" Indian Rock, via Andover; Return via Rangeley, Phillips and Farmington	18.00

☞Parties purchasing tickets via Grand Trunk Railway have choice of Boston & Maine, Eastern or Boston & Lowell, Lowell & Nashua, and Portland and Worcester Railroads between Boston and Portland. The Grand Trunk issue of tickets is the only one offering travelers this advantage.

The Round Trip Ticket from Boston to Boston is issued to go in by Andover and out by Farmington, or in by Farmington and out by Andover, as the purchaser chooses.

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To the **RANGELEY LAKES** is

Too Well Known to Require any Puffing,

And travelers only consult their own INTEREST and PLEASURE in purchasing tickets that way.

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E. F. BAILEY, PROPRIETOR.

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Stages leave daily for North Stratford, connecting with trains on Grand Trunk Railroad, also four times a week for Errol Dam, connecting with Steamer Diamond on Lake Umbagog, for Middle Dam and Magalloway River.

This House is large and commodious, and has been improved in many respects the past season. It is pleasantly situated, surrounded by mountain and lake scenery, intersected with the most beautiful drives in New England.

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the most grand and romantic mountain pass in New England. This pass is more Alpine in character than any in the White Mountain Region.

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at Grand Trunk Railway Office, Exchange Street, and at Depot, foot of India Street.

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These Tickets are for sale at Reduced Rates, and are all good until November 1.

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A good Livery Stable is connected with this House, and single or double teams will be furnished by Mr. THOMAS at short notice, at reasonable prices.

Good boats are kept on the Richardson Lakes by Mr. THOMAS, which may be hired for 50 cents per day. Guides are also furnished to parties visiting the Lakes, for $2.50 per day.

Parties who wish to "camp out" can procure a nice tent of Mr. THOMAS, capable of accommodating six persons, at a reasonable price, and thus avoid the trouble and expense in bringing one from places at a distance.

The route to the Lakes BY WAY OF ANDOVER is the

CHEAPEST, SHORTEST, AND BEST.

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From BOSTON TO UPPER DAM, AND RETURN,

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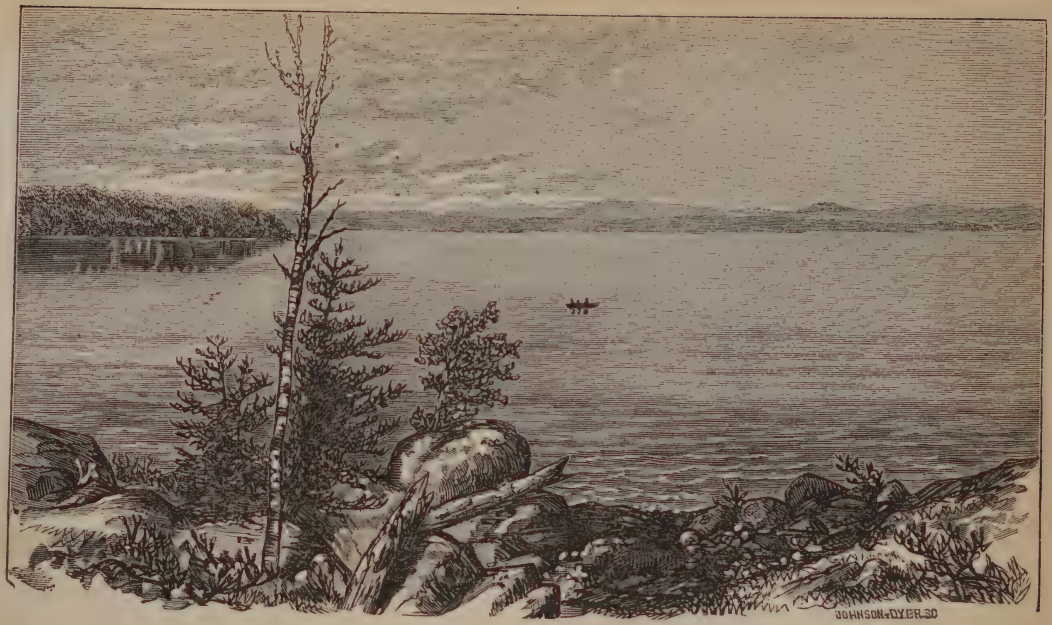

LAKE MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC AND BEMIS MOUNTAINS FROM BUGLE COVE.

RICHARDSON (RANGELEY) LAKES STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

SUMMER SEASON, 1879.

The new and elegant Steamer, **WELOKENNEBACOOK,** will commence her regular trips on the Richardson Lakes, on Thursday, May 22, 1879, connecting with the teams from Andover, the steamer DIAMOND on Lake Umbagog, and the steamer on the Upper Lakes.

TIME-TABLE.—Leave Middle Dam for Metalic Point, Mosquito Brook, and Upper Dam at 8 A.M. Leave South Arm at 1 P.M. for Middle Dam, Metalic Point, Mosquito Brook, Upper Dam, and Mill Brook. Returning, leave Upper Dam at 10 A.M., for Mosquito Brook, Metalic Point, Middle Dam, and South Arm. Leave Upper Dam at 4 P.M., for Mosquito Brook, Metalic Point, and Middle Dam.

RATES OF FARE.

South Arm to Middle Dam .....$0.75; Round Trip, Ticket good 2 days..$1.25
South Arm to Upper Dam.....1.50; Round Trip, Ticket good 2 days ..2.00
Middle Dam to Upper Dam .....1.00; Round Trip, Ticket good 2 days ..1.50
Middle Dam to Head of Lake....1.50; Round Trip, Ticket good 2 days ..2.00
South Arm to Head of Upper Lake 2.00; Round Trip, Ticket good 2 days ..3.00

The Steamer may be hired for **Excursion Parties** at reasonable rates, when not engaged on regular trips.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS.

From Boston to Middle Dam and Return, *via* Bryants Pond and Andover (Rail and Stage).....$13.50
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The above tickets are $1.00 less where parties go between Boston and Portland by Steamer.

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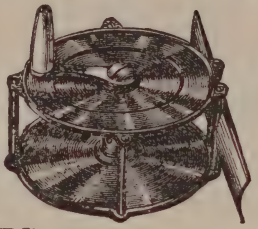

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VIA ANDOVER,

☞ $12.50. ☜

FROM BOSTON TO

UPPER DAM AND RETURN,

VIA ANDOVER,

☞ $13.00. ☜

FROM BOSTON TO

INDIAN ROCK AND RETURN,

VIA ANDOVER,

☞ $14.25. ☜

Conveyance as follows: From Boston to Portland by steamer; thence to Bryants Pond by Grand Trunk Railway; thence to Andover by stage; thence to Arm of the Lake by stage; thence to MIDDLE or UPPER DAMS, and INDIAN ROCK, by steamer.

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where all information about the RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES will be cheerfully given.

☞ Persons buying through tickets to Indian Rock, can stop over at Middle and Upper Dams, going and returning, without extra expense.

Season of Summer Travel, 1879

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The favorite steamer Oquossoc, Capt. Fred C. Barker, will commence her regular trips on Lakes Mooselucmaguntic and Cupsuptic as soon as the ice will permit, leaving Indian Rock for Upper Dam every morning on arrival of steamer on Rangeley Lake, touching at Haines Landing, Allerton Lodge, and Bemis Stream, to accommodate passengers. Leave Upper Dam on arrival of steamer on Richardson Lakes, connecting with steamer on Rangeley Lake. Connection made at Upper Dam with steamer on Richardson Lakes for Middle Dam, Lake Umbagog, and Errol Dam, and for the South Arm and Andover. Parties for Parmachenee Lake will take steamer Oquossoc at Upper Dam or Indian Rock for Cupsuptic Falls.

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Foot of Lake Umbagog, - - Upton, Maine.

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The Favorite Resort of Sportsmen and Tourists

For the LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

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REGULAR STAGES BETWEEN BETHEL AND UPTON.

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☞This house is pleasantly situated near the Cambridge River and Lake Umbagog, and in the vicinity of good Fishing and Hunting. Parties visiting the Magalloway River and the Parmachenee Lake, make the house their headquarters in going and returning.

Pleasant rooms, good beds, and an excellent table are the leading features at this old-fashioned travelers' home.

Transient rates, $1.50 per day. Reduction by the week or month.

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DIRECT LINE BETWEEN PORTLAND AND NEW YORK.

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS;

A STORY OF SPORTING AND ADVENTURES

—AT THE—

RANGELEY LAKES,

By CHARLES A. J. FARRAR.

224 Pages, Paper Cover, Illustrated. Price 50 cents.

This is a delightful story of life in the woods, and has all the breezy freshness of an out-door narrative. The author is perfectly familiar with all the places and incidents mentioned in the book, and a ten years' experience in the lake country gives an additional interest to Mr. Farrar's writings. All sportsmen and tourists will be certain to like the book, and the large sale at this early stage of its publication shows its popularity. A few notices from the Press are appended below.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS: By Chas. A. J. Farrar, Boston. A. Williams & Co.

Mr. Farrar has been a frequent contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM, and our readers are already familiar with his pleasant style of narrating woodland adventures. The pages will recall to those visiting the Rangeley Lakes, many pleasant days spent there, and those who contemplate visiting the wilds will find in Mr. Farrar's book much practical and useful information.—*Forest and Stream*, Feb. 13, 1879.

"Camp Life in the Wilderness" is a tale of the Richardson Lakes in northwestern Maine, written by Chas. A. J. Farrar, with illustrations, and published by A. Williams & Co., Boston. It gives a lively and entertaining description of a visit of eight gentlemen, of whom the author was one, to the region of the lakes, and it preaches just the kind of sermon which every tired, overworked man should read as the summer months advance.—*Attleboro (Mass.) Advocate*, May 3, 1879.

"This is a very pleasing recital of the experiences and adventures of a trip from Boston to the Richardson Lakes, by way of Portland, Bethel and Andover. While the author has evidently drawn upon his imagination for many of the incidents he relates, route and scenery are all correct, and he has evidently been there himself. It will please every one familiar with the localities described to find them so faithfully reproduced, while all those who contemplate a visit to that beautiful resort should by all means before starting out gain possession of the hints on camp life and kindred topics which the book contains. We are pleased to see the merits of the good town of Andover as a summer resort so pleasantly set forth. A personal knowledge of the place enables the writer to say that Scribbler said not a word too much in praise of that attractive town."—*Portland Eastern Argus*, May 5, 1879.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS, by Chas. A. J. Farrar, of Boston, published by A. Williams & Co., will be very serviceable as a guide-book to the region of the Richardson (Rangeley) Lakes, in Maine. The book takes the form of a narrative, describing the actual experiences of a party of pleasure-seekers, with numerous illustrations — sure to whet the appetite for the text. The Richardson Lakes region is fast becoming popular as a wilderness resort —and has all the advantages of the Adirondacks, with the added one of being much more accessible.—*Springfield Daily Union*, May 7, 1879.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS, by Charles A. J. Farrar, is the title of a little volume published by A. Williams & Co., which relates the experiences of a party of Boston gentlemen during a summer vacation in the Rangeley Lake region. The author tells these pleasantly in what he terms a "story," and takes the story-teller's license to embellish somewhat his narrative. The book will interest more those familiar with its scenes, of which it gives a good description.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, May 3, 1879.

Can be obtained at any Bookstore, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

FROM

PORTLAND AND LEWISTON

TO THE

RICHARDSON (RANGELEY) LAKES

—*VIA*—

Bryants Pond and Andover,

Are sold by the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY

At the following Prices:

FROM PORTLAND

To Andover and Return, ...	$7.00
To Middle Dam and Return, ...	10.50
To Upper Dam and Return, ...	11.00
To Indian Rock and Return, ...	12.25
To Indian Rock *via* Andover, Return *via* Farmington, .	15.00

Ticket Offices in Portland on Exchange St., and at Depot, foot of India St.

FROM LEWISTON

the above tickets are sold at *ONE DOLLAR LESS* than from Portland.

Ticket Office in Lewiston at Grand Trunk Railway Depot.

BETHEL HOUSE,

Bethel, Maine.

J. F. BARDEN, Proprietor.

TERMS:

$2.00 to $2.50 per day, $7.00 to $14.00 per week, according to rooms.

ACCOMMODATES 100 GUESTS.

This Hotel, located in the most beautiful and romantic village on the line of the Grand Trunk R. R.,

Twenty Miles from the White Mountains and Six Miles from Greenwood Caves,

has been recently built with special reference to the wants of the pleasure-travelling public.

It contains fifty spacious, well-ventilated, and neatly furnished rooms, from all of which

GRAND MOUNTAIN SCENERY

may be had.

No pains will be spared to make this a favorite resort for tourists and pleasure-seekers.

A First-class Livery

is connected with the House, and

PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS

WILL RECEIVE EVERY ATTENTION.

FARRAR'S

POCKET MAP

—OF THE—

RANGELEY & RICHARDSON LAKE REGION,

Connecticut, Parmachenee, & Kennebago Lakes,

AND THE HEADWATERS OF THE

CONNECTICUT, ANDROSCOGGIN, SANDY, AND MAGALLOWAY RIVERS,

DIXVILLE NOTCH, ANDOVER,

AND VICINITY.

Neatly folded, and bound in handsome cloth covers.

Indispensable to the Sportsman and Tourist visiting the Lakes.

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